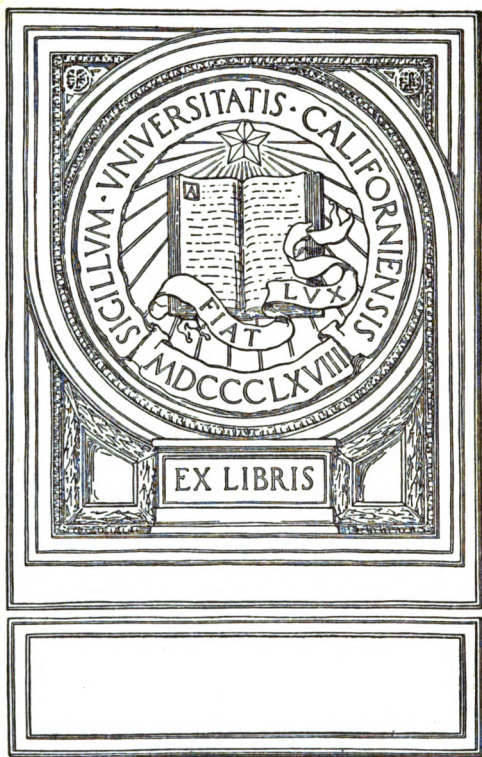

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BY THE POSTMASTER GENERAL

ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND. "



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ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND

JANUARY, 1900.

Our Comrades in South Africa

HE events of the last few weeks have made us feel that everyone of our soldiers at the front is a comrade whom we should like to shake warmly by the hand, and by whose side we should like to take our stand in the next fight, but there are among them some who have a special claim upon our hearts. Probably there are few people connected with the service who have not read with pride that among the detachments sailing in the constant stream of transports leaving our shores, the Army Post Office Corps is included, as well as detachments of the Corps of Post Office Telegraphists, who form the reserve of the Telegraph Battalion of the Royal Engineers; and we are sure that some account of the history and constitution of these Post Office sections of the British Army will interest our readers.

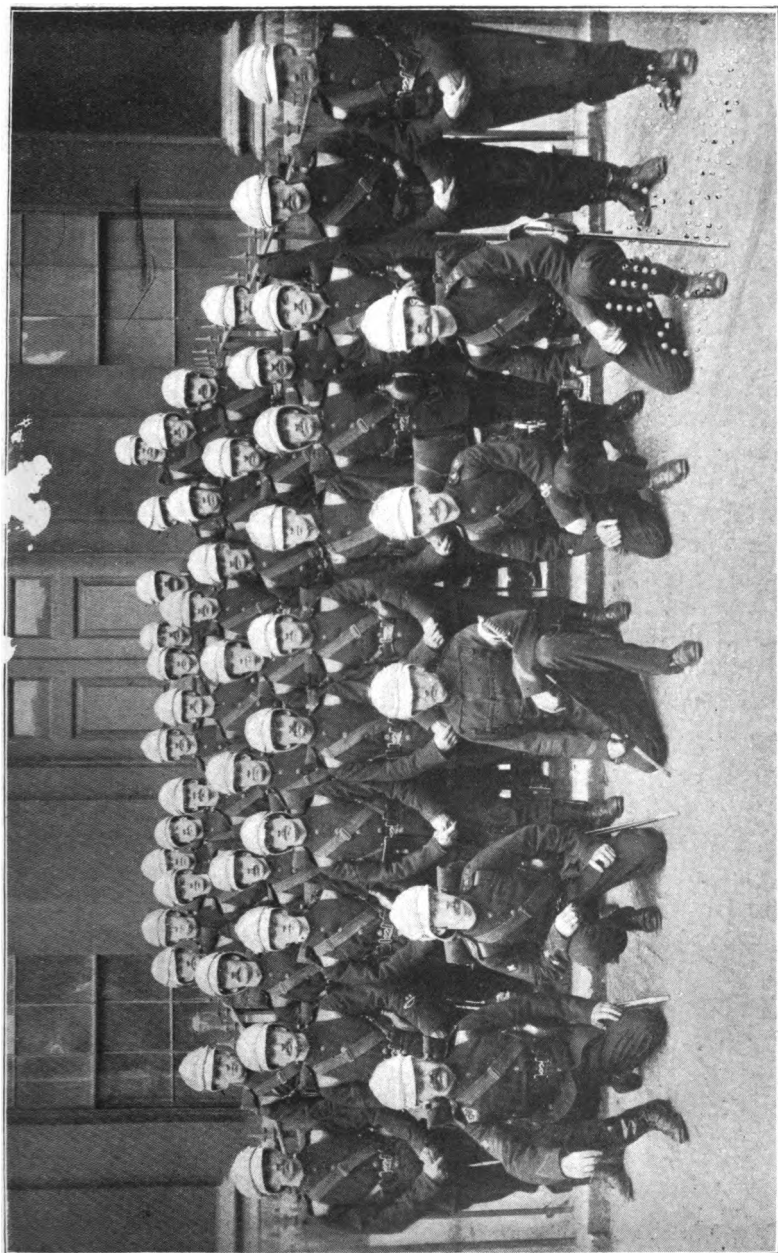
THE ARMY POST OFFICE CORPS.

Sometime about 1877 Colonel du Plat Taylor, who raised and commanded for so many years the Post Office Rifle Volunteers, now known as the 24th Middlesex, proposed to the Government to form a company to undertake postal duties in connection with any force sent abroad on active service. His happy idea of utilising the combination of military and postal training possessed by our volunteers was not taken up at the time, but, when in July, 1882, the bombardment of Alexandria was followed by a sudden determination to send an army to Egypt, the offer was renewed and accepted. Colonel Taylor was authorised to select a body of 100 men and two officers to be enlisted in the Army Reserve, and the officers with 50 men were immediately called upon to proceed to Egypt. Major Sturgeon, who was then in the Money Order Office, and is now well-known to us as Postmaster of Norwich, was placed in command with the rank of Captain in the Army. Captain Viall, of the Receiver and Accountant General's Office, was second

in command, with the rank of Lieutenant. He, alas, is no longer with us, and his premature death in 1890 is still mourned by many among his brother volunteers and officials.

It is needless to say that when the formation of the Corps was announced the 24th Middlesex volunteered almost to a man, and the difficulty was to distribute the chances of service fairly among the companies. The terms offered by the Government, which are still in force, were that each man was to receive his Post Office pay, and in addition, while on active service, pay corresponding to his rank in the Army. Sergeants received $2\frac{1}{4}$ a day, corporals $1\frac{1}{8}$, and privates $1\frac{1}{2}$, in addition to a free kit and rations. When not on active service men were to receive pay of 6d. a day, as members of the First Class Army Reserve, into which they were passed after a nominal service of one day "with the colours" on enlistment. The period of service was fixed at six years.

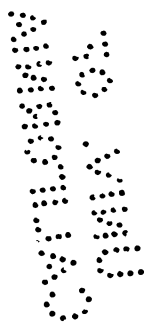
The authority to form the Army Post Office Corps was given on the 18th July, 1892. On the 26th the detachment for Egypt, completely equipped to carry on Post Office work in the field, was inspected by the Postmaster-General, Mr. Fawcett, in the corridor, outside his room, in the General Post Office West; and if any of our readers wish to visit this historic site they will find it now forming the inner side of the public office. It is clear that no time was lost in the preparations, and this was due not only to Colonel Taylor's energy but also to the advice and assistance of two veterans who acquired their experience of army postal work in the Crimea—Mr. H. Mellersh, of the Circulation Office, and Mr. T. W. Angell, so well known in artistic circles in London as "Tom Angell," who was then Postmaster of the S.W. district. The company sailed for Egypt on the 8th August, in the "British Prince," and landed at Alexandria on the 21st August. There, and at Ramleh, post offices were opened, but soon closed, for on the 23rd August the company re-embarked for Ismailia and arrived there on the 26th with the rest of Lord Wolseley's force. A base post office was opened there, but next day Major Sturgeon went on with the army and established a daily service between Ismailia and the front. On the 9th September was fought the battle of Kassassin, memorable not only for the charge of the Household Cavalry, but also as the first battle in which British volunteers were under fire of the enemy. Then followed the storming of the lines of Tel-el-Kebir, and in a few days the British Army with its post office had arrived at Cairo. On the 7th October the Company re-embarked for England and arrived on the 23rd,



Photograph by Brown, Barnes and Bell, London.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE FIRST DETACHMENT OF THE ARMY POST OFFICE CORPS SENT ON ACTIVE SERVICE.
THEY LANDED IN EGYPT 21ST AUGUST, 1882.

[To face page 2.]



after an absence of little more than two months. Brief as was the campaign it was long enough to prove not only the efficiency of the Post Office Corps, but also its necessity as a part of the army. Sir Garnet Wolseley, in his dispatches and orders, gave them great credit for the excellence of their discipline and for efficiency in work, and thenceforward it was laid down in the Military Regulations that a detachment of the Army Post Office Corps is to be included in the troops which make up the composite body known as an Army Corps. As a reward for his services, Major Sturgeon was made a major in the reserve of officers, and every member of the company received the Queen's Medal and the Khedive's Star.

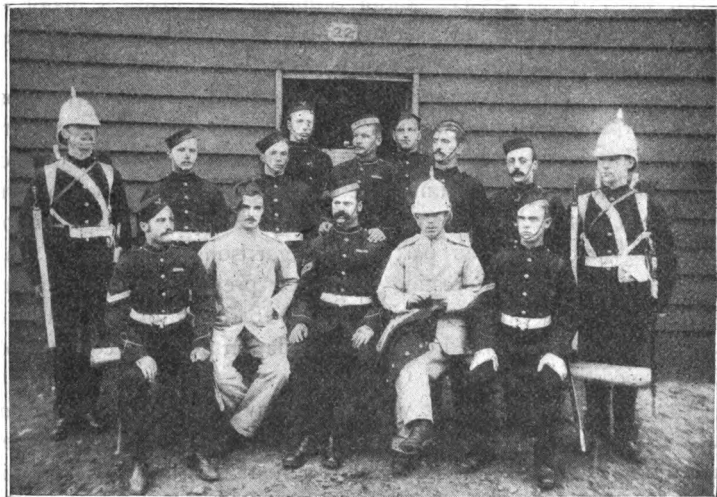
Thus ended the first experience of active service by the Army Post Office Corps. Their next was in 1885, when a force was dispatched to Suakin, to defend that place against the forces of the Madhi. Major Sturgeon, with 20 non-commissioned officers and men, sailed on the 3rd March, and returned to London on the 28th July, after a period of very trying service as part of the garrison of Suakin. This expedition was less interesting than their previous experience, but probably far more trying, owing to the badness of the climate. Again the company earned only commendation from the commander of the expedition, Sir Gerald Graham.

From 1885 till the present year the Army Post Office Corps has lived in the easy obscurity of peace, and now again it has answered the summons to the field in greater numbers than before, and again we feel sure, they will not fail to render good service.

THE FIELD TELEGRAPH CORPS.

In 1884, Colonel du Plat Taylor suggested to the military authorities the formation of a company of telegraphists from amongst the members of the 24th Middlesex, and the suggestion was adopted. Authority was given for the enlistment in the Reserve of the Royal Engineers of 50 men of the regiment, and it was not long before their services were required. A detachment of twelve men was asked for in September, 1884, and they proceeded with the Telegraph Battalion of the Royal Engineers to Egypt, to take part in the Gordon Relief Expedition. In March, 1885, a further detachment of twelve was sent to Suakin. The detachment from the Nile returned in July, 1885, with the exception of three men who remained at Assouan until 1887. The Suakin detachment also returned in July, 1885, and were most favourably reported on by Sir Gerald Graham, who commanded at Suakin. Four members

of the Nile detachment: Sergeant Parish, Corporal Hopgood, and Sappers Isles and Tee, were specially commended by the Commander-in-Chief. Both Sergeant Parish and Sapper Tee, who has now for several years been the colour-sergeant of the Field Telegraph Company, had previously served in the Army Post Office Corps during the 1882 expedition, and Sergeant Tee is now on his way to South Africa to take part in his third campaign.



DETACHMENT OF FIELD TELEGRAPH CORPS WHO SERVED IN THE
GORDON RELIEF EXPEDITION, 1885.

The conditions of service in the Field Telegraph Company are much the same as in the Army Post Office Corps. The members are enlisted in the army, serve one day "with the colours," and then pass into the First Class Reserve, receiving pay in time of peace as members of that body. When, however, they are called up for active service, they do not serve as a separate corps, but are amalgamated with the Telegraph Battalion, R. E., and to all intents and purposes become Royal Engineers. They then receive military pay according to rank as well as their Post Office pay. Since its first formation the strength of the company has been increased to 100, half of whom are drawn from the Central Telegraph Office, and half from Provincial Offices.

OUR MEN IN THE PRESENT CAMPAIGN.

Almost as soon as the announcement appeared that General Buller with an Army Corps would be sent to South Africa, there came a demand from the War Office for the services of the Army Post Office Corps, and in a very short time a detachment of three officers and 92 non-commissioned officers and men were ready to embark with complete equipment. Captain Treble, of the London Postal Service, who has commanded the Army Post Office Corps Service since Captain Viall's death in 1890, has gone in



CAPTAIN G. W. TREBLE.

Army Post Office Corps now at the front in Cape Colony.

command, and we are glad to hear that his services have been recognised by the bestowal of the local rank of Major. Captain Price and Lieutenant McClintock, both of the Secretary's Office, are the other officers. Colour-Sergeant Yardley is the senior N.C.O., and he has, since landing, been promoted to be a warrant officer. He served in both the detachments which were in Egypt in 1882 and 1885, so that the present is his third campaign. Most of the company sailed from Southampton in the ss. "Moor" on the 21st October, and experienced a good deal of rough weather before reaching the Cape. Captain Treble and a small detachment had sailed a few days before with General Buller and his staff. Two more detachments of ten each have since been sent with the fifth

and sixth divisions, as well as a relief detachment of twenty-five men. Others will probably leave with the seventh and eighth divisions.

Since landing at the Cape the Company have been scattered in small parties along the lines of communication, and just as we are going to press comes the news that one of these parties took part in the battle of Belmont, while others at the front have received their "baptism of fire." Captain Treble is somewhere near the front in Cape Colony, moving about the various forces. Captain



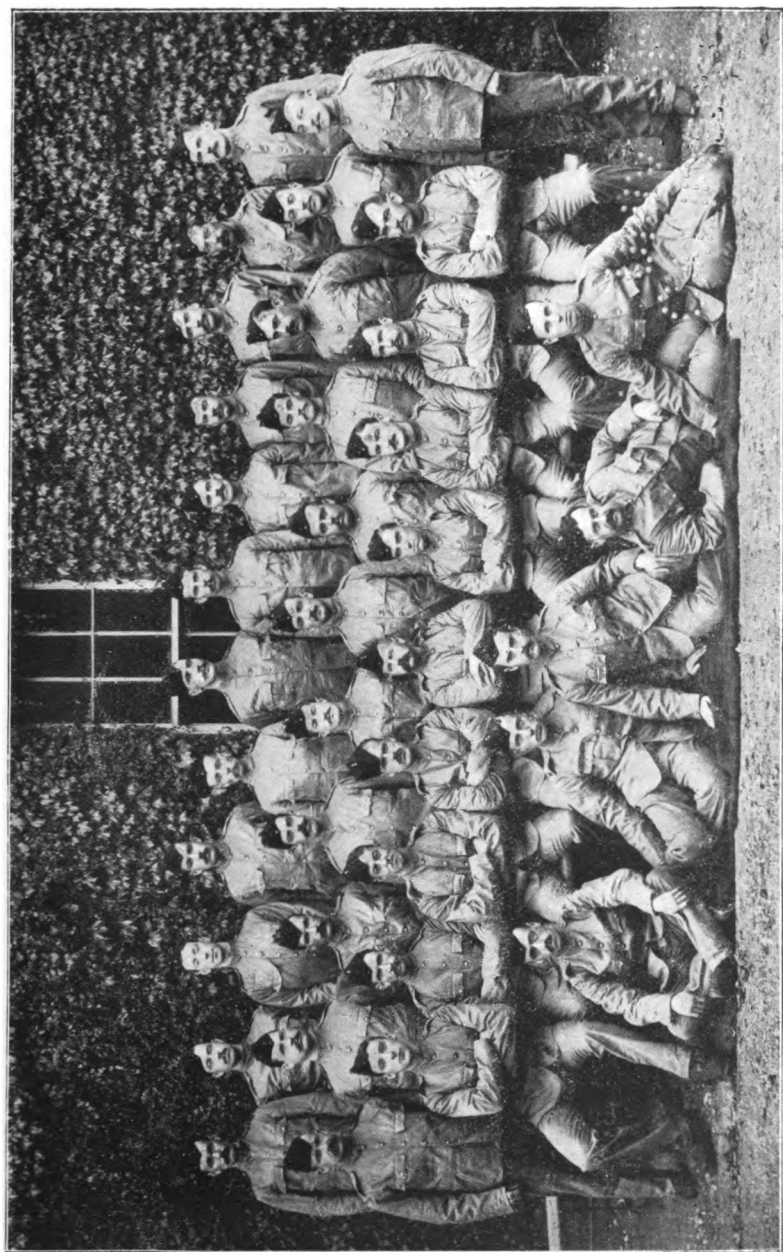
CAPTAIN W. PRICE.

Army Post Office Corps now serving in Cape Colony.

Price is at Cape Town, and Lieutenant McClintock is at Pietermaritzberg. We hope in our next number to give many details of their experiences.

The first detachment of the Field Telegraphists also started on the 21st October in the ss. "Gascon" with the Telegraph Battalion, R.E. They numbered 37. Two others for whom the War Office could not find large enough uniforms sailed in the "Bavarian" a few days later.

Another detachment of 35 men have since then been despatched, and more will probably be required. Letters from members of both detachments are being collected by Colour-Sergeant Kemp of I Company of the 24th Middlesex R.V., and some very interesting extracts have been published by him in the *Telegraph Chronicle*.



DETACHMENT OF FIELD TELEGRAPH COMPANY OF 24TH MIDDLESEX R.V. ATTACHED TO THE TELEGRAPH BATTALION ROYAL ENGINEERS, WHO SAILED IN THE SS. "GASCON," 20TH OCTOBER, 1899.

[To face page 6.



The men are now scattered along the lines of telegraph, and no doubt the Boers are keeping them busy in repairing wires. A considerable number were lately at De Aar. In choosing the parties about equal numbers have been taken from the Central Telegraph



LIEUTENANT H. MCCLINTOCK.

Army Post Office Corps now serving in Natal.

Office and from Provincial offices. The voyage to the Cape, except for some rough weather and the heat at night in the crowded deck spaces, seems to have been very much enjoyed by everyone.

A. M. OGILVIE.

The Absinthe-minded Beggars.

The French Committee of Action on behalf of the Transvaal met for the first time and drank absinthe. They have met several times since with the same result. Some forms of action are more agreeable than others.—SUNDAY SPECIAL.



DO not know what authority the lively correspondent of the *Sunday Special* has for the above statement; but, true or not, it suggests the only possible explanation of many of the anti-English utterances in certain quarters of the French press. The alcoholic violence of the adjectives used, the hatred such as no honest grape juice could inspire, the loose logic and looser morality all stink of absinthe. Before me as I write is a stack, to be consigned to purifying flames before I turn in to-night, of some dozen or more of the filthiest caricatures I have ever seen, and a bundle of newspapers the stench of whose prose exceeds if possible the dirt of the obscene and libellous daubs that are now being sold in France by the ten thousand. And the object of these attacks and scurrilities is no less a person than the aged and Gracious Lady who rules over this realm!

Faugh! For two hours I have been reading this stuff, and, *if I did not know better*, I should be inclined to curse all Frenchmen as cads and cowards, burn my Littré French dictionary and my Firmin Didot Balzac, and vow that no power on earth would ever induce me to set foot in France again. But I certainly know better, and so I do no one of these things.

In the October number of this Magazine I ventured lightly to touch on the fevered condition of France—a sickness produced mainly by the circulation of newspapers of a rather deadly type—and as an instance of the ravings incidental to this sickness I mentioned that foolish attacks on Her Majesty were made by bagmen and others. I was told at the time that my imagination had, for once, outstepped the bounds of possibility, and one able

pressman shirked the crude candour of calling me a liar by hinting that I was "damnable deaf." I wish I had been, it might have saved my bicycle tyres. Unfortunately I heard too well, and the ears and eyes of the whole English-speaking world have now been roughly convinced. Yet in one respect I was quite mistaken. I thought the Anglophobe fever was slackening: unluckily the thermometer of abuse had still to rise a point or two higher. In cases of moral typhoid like the present, where the drains have been more heavily to blame than was at first suspected, even a specialist might be excused for failing to get the exact curve of the Fahrenheit. And now, as they say on board ship, "What about it?"

Well, to talk plain pothouse English, I don't think it matters a tinker's curse whether these poor things go on writing their smut or painting dirty pictures. What does matter very seriously indeed is that decent Englishmen should not believe that any portion of France worth considering is at the back of it. It is not. That these things are insults, and abominable insults, I do not for a moment deny. I also grant that they circulate widely among the French people and have a certain effect—a temporary effect—in driving large bodies of otherwise well-intentioned men to hatred of the Anglo-Saxon. But two things should be remembered. First, that such feelings evoked in the larger body of light readers are very evanescent; secondly, that, with the rarest exceptions, the great mass of thinking and working Frenchmen detest these scurrilities even more than we do ourselves. That is the idea to cling to, if I may be allowed to put it that way. Before us is a crowd, some noble, others—not so. It is the curs and the mongrels who have yapped and done this thing: and if a noble hound has occasionally joined I think it will be found that some accident of fortune has made him kennel companion of the itch-stricken and the poison has infected him.

All that is noble and of good odour in France revolts against these insults to a gentle and Gracious Lady. Of this there are proofs enough, clear to any man who knows a number of Frenchmen. So when I hear all the talk about reprisals and boycotting and God knows what, I am moved with a great desire to cart out one of the office chairs (the newer issue, not those lame backbreakers of the second floor) and to stand upon it and cry out to my countrymen that the great generous France we knew still exists, and the little yelping France is of no solid account. Luckily for these same countrymen, maybe, I have no voice; and there is, if

only you unearth it, a regulation prohibiting the Supplementary Establishment from taking anything but work outside the office.*

As I cannot take the chair I occupy the pulpit of *St. Martin's* for these poor five minutes. I take it that out of the three thousand six hundred readers of this Magazine one per cent., that is thirty-six people, will look at the beginning of this article. Of these thirty will drop it from laziness, stupidity, fastidiousness, or because they have too many brains or too few. There still remains to me a select audience of six. I pray these six gentlemen to believe that there is in France on our side—the side of decency, order, and reverence for age—a large body of what is best and greatest in that country. Further, I assure them that no boycotting or reprisals will be necessary. The finer France will get the better of the “absinthe-minded beggars.” Indeed, there are signs that this reaction has already set in. With one more word, then, I dismiss my select six to their slumbers—or their official duties.

For there is perhaps one word more to be said: a word that will be uttered ere long with an accompaniment of more or less stately prose by the great voices of England. Yet it may as well be lisped in these pages. If civil servants are children, as I am too often told, they may at least claim the frank freedom of the nursery in its evening hours. The point, if point it be, is this. The French—the true French who have made and are still making the greatness of that marvellous race—are a generous chivalrous people who worship courage and are deeply moved by the story of heroic lives or noble deaths. What is before them now? Englishmen are fighting with a dogged pluck that was never surpassed by the finest troops of the Great Napoleon, and fighting against enemies armed with deadly weapons of precision, compared with which the guns of Austerlitz and Jena were antiquated crossbows. Heroism of the sternest, simplest, truest kind is being shown not only once but on every occasion where the muzzles of an unseen enemy had to be faced, or a comrade saved, or an impossible position won. Great heaven! was there ever finer chivalry than this? “If,” says a soldier writer fresh from that dark field hard by the Modder River, “if the Victoria Cross were granted for each case of conspicuous gallantry it would

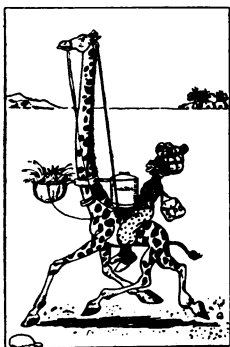
* On this point see (possibly in Muniment Room) *File of Papers. Instructions to 183, 184 File xcvi. (1) (2) and 41 (a) (b). Also Solicitor's opinion on “The Chair in Open Spaces.” Also docketed and filed papers on “Abuse of the Chair by Post Office Servants,” especially clause xci. (2) (b), wherein is mention of imprisonment “with or without Hard Labour.”*

be necessary to distribute it by hundreds, for never in the history of war have so many acts of individual heroism been achieved." And if the record of these thousand deeds of valour stirs as it never stirred before the pulses and the souls of men in dear, steadfast, faithful, yet cold and unemotional, England, think you that the sons of Saint Louis, the descendants of Bayard and Duguesclin, can listen to it unmoved? The gentlemen of France are the same true-hearted gentlemen still. They bow the knee, as they ever did, in reverence for that knightly courage which faces death with a smile and challenges with cheery quip and crank from battered city walls the overwhelming, closing in, hordes of the besiegers. Not in England alone will the names of Symons, Baden Powell and young Roberts be added with so many more to the roll-call of heroes. In the heart of true France they, too, will hold a place of honour.

As I write, in those dark times which saw Roberts fall—dark times but as the sunset which as surely precedes the sunrise, the dawn of the asserted power of our own England—another spectacle is given to France which she, of all nations, wonders at and fain would imitate. In one short week thousands of Englishmen, the pick of our army, are killed, wounded or taken prisoners. Guns are lost, positions lost, ships wrecked, civil war threatens, all in one week. What happens here? Do we tramp the streets yelling "*A bas Chamberlain*"? Do we demonstrate before the windows of the Foreign Office with a chorus of "*Conspuez Balfour*"? Do we even have a monster gathering in Piccadilly Circus to the cry of "*Hicks-Beach à la lanterne*"? Not a bit of it. England, sure of her sons and secure in her story, is as calm to-day as if no blow had fallen, no national wound had been received. She knows her children, their failings and shortcomings, their faults and heroism; she sees with clear eyes the certainty of that ultimate success which, may be, is not so far off. Bad days we have each of us—duke's son or postman's son—experienced in our own unrecorded lives. Dark days, hard days, days of death, maybe. And we have faced fortune with such calm as may have been given to us. Some of us have made a poor show of it, possibly, yet after a shake up and a struggle have regained our English calm. But whatever weakness may have been shown by individual units in their pain, England, as a nation, is charmingly self-possessed, courteous, calm, nay almost *official* in the finer sense of a word that has been blurred by much sealing wax. There is no panic, no fuss. The official edicts are as calm and classical as the wording of the Post Office Guide, and their English almost as

chillingly obscure. All is quiet and in order, working towards the coming light, as the night watch on a huge vessel just before the dawn. Across the Channel men in France, whose fathers went through dark days, are watching and wondering with increasing and expressed respect. The great Frenchmen do not hate us though the absinthe drinkers do. These are, or should be, a *quantité négligeable*. For the first effect of absinthe is to dull the memory, which accounts for the ingratitude of the gutter press. The second symptom is the ruining of what was once a temper, which accounts for the strong words, though not for the filth in them. The final effects of the opal poison are the degradation and gradual destruction of what once might have been a bundle of intellectual powers; and this explains the fine disregard of logic or reason in these wasted souls. With this final mention we may let them fly away into space, poisoning the air as they go. They interest us, concern us no more. The "absinthe-minded beggar" may shriek as if he was the voice of France; but he is not. The voice of France is more courtly, more stately and more generous. It may be heard by those who will listen, yet disregard the hoarse voices of the street and the paid cries of the gutter. It is speaking now in quiet, tender, yet no uncertain tones.

J. SCOTT STOKES.



LA POSTE EN AFRIQUE

ou le moyen de restaurer le courrier postal sans faire subir de retard aux lettres.

[From *La Feuille Illustrée*.

Some South African Postmasters at the Seat of War.

THE whole nation is possessed at the present moment with one subject. We give our first thought in the morning to the war, and we are reading the latest edition of the evening paper when it is time to go to bed. Even novel reading is in a depressed condition: we don't need to be thrilled by works of imagination: if we are devotees of the short story there are General Buller's or Lord Methuen's dispatches to take its place; if we like the novel of larger proportions and with plenty of detail, there are the special correspondents' letters in the big London dailies; if, on the other hand, our tastes lie in the direction of the shilling shocker, there is always the *Daily Mail* or the *Evening News*.

Since the commencement of hostilities however there has been a marked change, not so much in opinion as in feeling, on the part of the public towards the war. At first, thanks to the efforts of what is called "The Yellow Press," the man in the street seemed disposed to regard the war as an admirable successor in interest and excitement to the Yacht Race. Not knowing within his own experience anything of the horrors of war or invasion, the business simply appealed to his sporting instinct, while the notion of giving a good hiding to a nation with the objectionable name of "Boers" appealed to his sense of the fitness of things. And so long as glorious victories were dished up for his consumption he paid his halfpennies like a man, and cheered and treated "absent-minded beggars" wherever he came across them. But, little by little, as the long lists of killed and wounded came out, and the stories of reverses and mistakes and terrible sufferings on the part of both sides in the war were brought home to him, "the man in the street" sobered down, and he is now beginning to speak of his enemies less in the tone of a vulgar bully, and more in the language of a man who has learnt to respect his opponents. The Press has helped to convince him of the horror of war, and he has almost given up seeing any fun or pleasant excitement in the business. The Angel of Death has perhaps visited his household.

If this is the case in London, where we get our news of the war by means of the press, what must be the feelings of non-combatants on

the spot who occupy official positions, and in this way have in the past been brought into daily contact with both Boer and British, and who can realise perhaps better than any other class of man, the fratricidal nature of the present conflict. Like many of our contemporaries, whose correspondents have been shut up for several weeks in one or other of the besieged towns of South Africa, we have been deprived by force of circumstances of the services of several of our contributors who would otherwise have been able to give us an



MR. H. HAMILTON FLOWERS.
Postmaster, Mafeking.

account at first hand of their experiences at the post of duty. There is, for instance, Mr. H. H. Flowers, the Postmaster of Mafeking, who has in the past contributed articles to this magazine on South Africa, and who we hope will in the future be able to tell us the story of the siege. Mr. Flowers was a native of Bath, and for two years held an appointment in the Postal Telegraph service in that town. He went to South Africa with the idea of entering commercial life, but volunteered for service in Sir Charles Warren's Field Force, and his knowledge of telegraphy bringing him into notice he was placed in charge of the Setlagoli office. He was afterwards transferred to

Vryburg, and since 1890 has been Postmaster of Mafeking. Our photograph shows that Mr. Flowers can take care of himself.

The condition of Kimberley has excited the greatest interest for many weeks, and some of us dull Londoners have even envied the lot of the residents in that town, whose life, to judge from some accounts which have been published, has been during the siege a ceaseless round of dissipation. We don't however believe all we read, and Kimberley has evidently gone through some terrible experiences. The Postmaster of Kimberley, Mr. John Henry, will have much to tell us some day of the Postal service during the siege, if he



MR. JOHN HENRY.
Postmaster, Kimberley.

cares to write of his experiences. He is a son of the late Mr. John Henry, architect, of Durham, who was for fifty years a surveyor in that city. Our Mr. Henry began his career in the Durham Post Office. He was transferred to Liverpool in 1871, and was for some time attached to the Surveyors' Branch under Mr. Rich. In 1878 he was selected to assist Mr. French at Cyprus when the Post Office was established on that island. In 1881 he entered the Secretary's Office of the Cape Colony Postal Service, and in 1890 was appointed Postmaster at Kimberley.

Mr. Salisbury, Postmaster of Liverpool and Surveyor, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, and for putting us into communication with Mr. Henry's relatives, has a brother who is an accountant at

Kimberley; and we have been shown a copy of the *Daily Graphic* of the 14th of November, in which there appears a sketch of the Kimberley Town Guard. Mr. Salisbury recognises his brother among the men, and he says that the Postmaster is believed to be also one of the group.

The story of Mr. H. H. Paris, the Postmaster of Dundee, Natal, is now public property, and his father has received a special letter of congratulation from Mr. Chamberlain, on his son's devotion to duty. Mr. Paris is a Liverpool man, and we owe what we know about him also to Mr. Salisbury's good services. Although Mr. Paris's letter has been published in all the newspapers, we print it again, in order to secure in a permanent form in Post Office annals the simple and stirring story he has told. Mr. Paris is 33 years of age, and was educated at Liverpool College. About six years ago he was specially recommended as a telegraphist by Mr. Rich, the then Postmaster of Liverpool, for an appointment in the Durban Post Office. From there he went to Pietermaritzburg as private secretary to the Postmaster-General of Natal, and he afterwards received the appointment of Postmaster of Dundee. He was in this country early last year, and only arrived back in Dundee a month before the battle of which he writes took place.

We take the following from his letter, which is dated from Pietermaritzburg, 27th October :—

“ I arrived here this morning from Ladysmith by train after a terrible journey from Dundee. You will, by the time you receive this letter, have read full descriptions of the great fight. I was under arms the whole of the day with a view to helping to defend our town. The fight started at daylight on the 20th inst. I was roused by one of the clerks, who told me the Boers had commenced operations. Needless to say, I was quickly out of bed and looking towards the hills to the east of the town. I saw they were crowded all along the edges with Boers. Shortly after the shells came whizzing over the Post Office in the direction of the camp, and from the office window we could see them ploughing up the ground. Owing to bad fuses, only a few of them burst. Then our artillery came out at a gallop past the Post Office, and we gave them a ringing cheer as they went by. Our artillery were quickly in position and started shelling the Boer guns, which they soon put out of action. They then directed their fire on the crowded mass of Boers on the summits, who could be seen running in all directions, but time after time they returned. The shelling was kept up for seven and a half hours,

and how the Boers stuck to their position is a marvel. Some Boers were directing a cross fire from a conical hill at right angles to Peter Smith's hill. Our artillery soon spotted them and opened fire. Some got amongst Kaffir kraals and fired from there, but our artillery fire was perfect, and soon set the kraals on fire and sent them in all directions. The Boers were 15,000 strong around Dundee. We had only about 4,000. They were to have attacked from three different points at once, but, luckily for us, a misunderstanding had arisen, and only about 5,000 Boers attacked from one direction. The others were not up in time. Peter Smith's Hill, or Talana Hill, is very steep, and is covered with great stones. There are also two stone walls running across the hill, which are part of Peter Smith's farm. I was near the artillery the whole of the day, and saw a bugler's head blown off by one of the Boer shells. His brains and blood were all diffused over his horse's flanks. His horse was only very slightly wounded. As you know, we lost over two hundred killed and wounded in storming the hill, and the Boers also lost very heavily. They lost far more than we did. Unfortunately our own shells killed a number of our own men who were eagerly climbing the hill. I went over the battle-field and saw the dead and wounded.

"I saw General Penn Symons brought in mortally wounded in the stomach. He was suffering intense agony, and craved champagne or whisky. He said, 'Oh! tell me, have they taken the hill yet?' That was at 10.20 a.m. and the hill was not taken for hours later. After the doctors had injected morphia his pain was easier, and he said he would be with the column on the following day. Instead of that he is under the sod.

"From 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. the main street of Dundee was occupied by the Indian bearers bringing the wounded from the battlefield. On the following afternoon I went up the hill with the burial party and saw our dead. There were eight officers awaiting burial, lying side by side in an outhouse on the farm, including Lieut.-Colonel Gunning, Lieut.-Colonel Sherston, Capt. Pechell, and others, and in the next outhouse were 22 men, all lying like waxwork models, but exhibiting the most frightful wounds. Some had their eyes torn away, others their jaws; others were shot through the head, abdomen; and in fact, there were nearly all descriptions of wounds. As I was coming down the hill the Boers opened fire from a different direction, and I made a hasty retreat to town. In one house on the other side of the hill about 80 wounded Boers were lying with only

one doctor to attend to them. They were very down-hearted, and said they had no idea that our artillery fire was so terrible.

"On the evening of the 21st we received orders to leave the town and proceed to the South African Collieries. My staff and I were about the last to leave, and we set off on a three miles' walk on a pitch dark night. No lights were allowed. About half-way we were stopped by our outposts, who demanded the password. I replied that I did not know it, but that I was the postmaster. The password was given to us, and further on we were again stopped. Here I asked to see the officer in charge, and was led into a dirty coolie store, where I found him with his head bandaged up drying his



MR. H. H. PARIS.

Postmaster, Dundee (Natal).

trousers before a wood fire. It appeared that he had fallen down a well in the dark. I told him I was willing to go back and work the instruments if they thought it was safe, but he advised me to go forward instead of back. Journeying through slush and mud, and a pitiless cold rain, we came to the machinery shed of the collieries. We were ordered up a steep ladder to a room above. Here we stumbled over sleeping bodies, because no lights were allowed, and finally we wedged ourselves in, lying on the bare floor on a night that seemed to wither one's marrow. At 3.30 a.m. we were again ordered to get up, and we made the best of our way to the new camp, which was at Rowan's farmhouse, about a mile away. When we arrived there was nothing to eat, and we found hundreds of civilians huddled together shivering. When daylight came they broke open the cupboards in search of food, and a little tinned fish

was found. Major-General Yule then took up his position in this house, and he sent for me asking me to go to the office with a message stating that the Boers had surrounded us. He required reinforcements from Ladysmith, and expected they were near at hand. In fact he was going to Glencoe Junction to meet them.

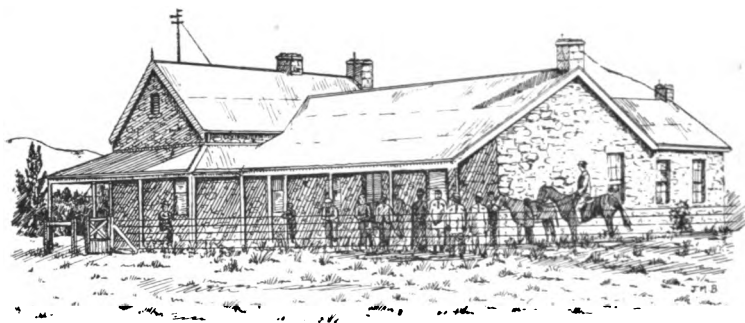
"As I rode in the Boers were shelling the town with two 40-pounders. The shells went whizzing over the office, and you may be certain I got the messages sent as soon as possible. I also ascertained that no reliefs were being sent, which surprised General Yule very much. Previous to starting I was given a biscuit and some corned beef, which I ravenously ate as I rode along. Altogether we were at the office four different times during the day, having to travel the distance in full view of those 40-pounders.

"At 7 p.m. the General asked me to go in with another telegram, adding that he wished us to destroy all military messages that had been sent. I replied that my staff and myself would go in, but I pointed out that we did not desire to be abandoned, and I asked him if he could let us know when they were retreating to Ladysmith. He said that he quite understood the position, and, if they decided to leave Dundee, he would send a mounted orderly to inform us.

"As we could not get horses we walked into town and we did as requested, whilst we also kept up telegraphic communication with Pietermaritzburg. The Postmaster-General wired congratulating us on sticking to our posts till the last. The Camp Field Telegraph Staff had bolted the day before.

"At 11.30 p.m. a friend, who is a guide to the military, rode up very excitedly, saying he had seen lights in the office and came to inform us that the troops had gone, and that their last wagon was then moving down the street. The General had forgotten all about us! Needless to say, we soon had the lights out after cramming the registered letters in the safe and carrying away what office cash and stamps we could, amounting to £200. We soon caught up the last wagon, and walked throughout the night, toiling through slush, mud, and rain, over a very bad, hilly road. We caught up the camp a mile and a half past Beith, where the artillery had drawn up in position to cover us. Some of the men of the Royal Irish Fusiliers shared their rations with us, and we were very grateful to them. We left Dundee on the Sunday night, and arrived at Ladysmith on the Thursday (midday), after going a roundabout way. The distance was about 70 miles. Some civilians named Verney, seeing that I was looking unwell, owing to exhaustion and want of proper food,

offered me a lift in their ox wagon, which I eagerly accepted. But the jolting was fearful, and the wagon contained their furniture, which began skipping all about. So long as they had food they shared it with me, and with others who craved their help. Several times we were ordered to walk to lighten the wagons. I explained to the major in charge of the A.S.C. that I could not walk further, as I was done up. I had done this man many favours in Dundee, but he exhibited a nasty spirit, and told me to cheer up, adding that I could not ride. However, I sneaked back into the wagon when his back was turned. We travelled mostly at dead of night, so that the Boers should not see us. They were endeavouring to cut us off, but this move was frustrated by a column from Ladysmith sent out to



THE DUNDEE (NATAL) POST OFFICE.

our relief. We had little ammunition, and towards the end of the journey the men were put on half rations. I shall not dilate further on the miseries and discomforts of that jolting journey; suffice to say that I hope never to have such another experience, yet I would not have missed seeing the battle for anything. I had to leave all my pictures, clothes, furniture, &c., behind. I don't expect to find any of them when I return, although I am hoping for the best."

In an article entitled "Unofficial Heroes," by Hamish Hendry, which appeared in the *Review of the Week* of the 2nd December last, the following appreciative references are made to this letter:—"Figure to yourself that postmaster at Dundee, who was suddenly plucked from the sale of postage stamps to play the part of hero. He was a man indispensable, the connecting link between a field force in extreme danger outside Dundee and its supports at Ladysmith. Again and again he faced the shells from the enemy's 40-pounders in order to get the anxious messages over the wires to

General White. Yet in writing to his old father he does not dwell on the danger, but on the discomfort; the three miles walk through the pitch-dark night, the slush and mud, the pitiless rain, the cold that 'seemed to wither one's marrow,' the prolonged hunger. It is doubtful whether it ever occurred to this simple postmaster that he was playing the hero's part nobly on a wide stage. His pride in it all is centred in the fact that he did his duty. 'The field telegraph staff bolted the day before,' he remarks, but it satisfies him to think that he stuck on to the last. The desperate column was in hurried retreat, the general had forgotten his promise to give him warning to leave his post, the last wagon had taken the road, but here was the postmaster still at his instrument. Learning that he is left behind, he is not so flurried as you might suppose. His tidy, professional instinct is strong; he puts all the registered letters in the safe and takes with him the cash and stamps. Then on to Ladysmith in the rear of the retreat, through slush, mud, and rain, over a bad, hilly road. There is the simple hero in action! Not himself but his duty is the mastering thought first and last. It is the same spirit, mark you, that caused General Symons to cry out amid the agony of his death wound—'Oh! tell me, have they taken the hill yet?' The postmaster himself gives us this authentic piece of history, little dreaming when he did so that he was linking his name—the name of H. H. Paris—with an indubitable immortality."

We have one more story of Post Office heroism to record, and we give it in the words of the *Daily Mail*. The heroine is Miss Harris, the postmistress of Lady Grey:—"When the Boers entered the town they went to the post office with the intention of taking possession of it. They were met by the postmistress, an Englishwoman, who not only declined to turn over the post office to them, but ordered them off the premises, and dared them to interfere with Colonial property. The Boers were nonplussed by the lady's determined manner. They went outside and hoisted the Free State flag. The postmistress pulled it down, and ran up the Union Jack again. The Boers stuck up a proclamation annexing the district. The postmistress tore it down and put up the Governor's proclamation against treason. The Boers finally retired, and the last accounts from Lady Grey state that the heroic woman is still in possession of the post office."

We believe that the real facts of the case are that it was not the Boer troops who were the aggressors, but the disaffected inhabitants of the town, who attempted to seize the place and convert it into a Boer stronghold. This view of the matter is borne out in a letter to

the same paper by Mr. Hess of *The Critic*. He describes Lady Grey and its district as "an absolute hot bed of Dutch disaffection." Mr. Hess informs us that the Lady Grey post office has been in the Harris family for some generations. We hope in a subsequent issue to publish a portrait of the gallant postmistress.

The postmaster of Ladysmith, Mr. James Burke Craddock, who is 35 years of age, entered the Postal Telegraph Service at Cardiff in September, 1887, and in February, 1889, obtained a transfer from the English to the Natal Government. About three years ago Mr. Craddock, writing to one of his old colleagues at Cardiff,



MR. W. GARDINER HAMILTON.
(*Postmaster-General of Natal.*)


informed him that he was selected to take charge of the Ladysmith Office, and that he had twelve men under him, six on the postal and six on the telegraph side. Previous to his entering the Service at Cardiff, Mr. Craddock spent some years with the English Army in South Africa, and his love for that country no doubt caused him to seek employment there again, as he always spoke with interest and pleasure of the time thus spent.

This article would not be complete without some account of Mr. William Gardiner Hamilton, Postmaster-General of Natal, whose colony has borne and is bearing the chief burden of this war. We owe the particulars we have been able to obtain about him to his

uncle, Mr. W. Fleming Gardiner, a retired officer of the Savings Bank Department. Mr. Hamilton, who, on the death of his mother in 1866, was adopted at the age of eleven by Mr. Gardiner, was appointed a year ago to succeed Mr. Chadwick as Postmaster-General of Natal, and he owed the appointment to the recommendation of Sir Spencer Walpole. On the 25th February last he left Southampton on the "Norman" to take up his new duties.

Mr. Hamilton began his career in the Receiver and Accountant General's Office of the General Post Office, London, shortly after the purchase of the Telegraphs by the State. In 1883 he joined the surveying department and assisted in the organization of the then new parcel post service in Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland. Subsequently, as assistant surveyor and acting surveyor, he took part in the carrying out, in the South-Eastern and Western Districts of England, of the arrangements connected with the introduction of sixpenny telegrams, the rural post extensions, &c. Since entering on his duties in Natal, he has given practical proof of conspicuous ability under circumstances of great stress and difficulty occasioned by the war. He has initiated many beneficial alterations in the Postal Service generally, including an improvement in the scale of pay of several officials and the construction of new offices. The care, efficiency, and despatch with which the field telegraph service is at this crisis carried on under his superintendence has attracted the warm encomiums of members of the local press, and the value of his services and his unwearied assiduity have been duly recognised by the Governor of Natal and his official advisers. In recent private correspondence with relatives in this country, Mr. Hamilton has written in enthusiastic terms of praise of the bravery and self-sacrifice of his telegraphists, who have been performing their duties with admirable efficiency at the front. His wife has recently been contributing to *The Daily Telegraph* "An Englishwoman's Diary in War Time."

The Irish Post Office Fifty Years Ago.

ERHAPS a sketch of the Post Office in Ireland fifty years ago may not be without interest to the readers of the *St. Martin's-le-Grand* magazine, but in order that the picture may be seen in its true light, and a correct judgment formed, it must be framed in a brief recital of the political and social events in Ireland at the beginning of the half century.

The appalling Potato Famine had just passed away, leaving in its wide and blighting track a ruined gentry and a poverty-stricken and decimated peasantry, who had learned nothing from the past, and who had no hope in the future. The Repeal Agitation under the great Tribune Daniel O'Connell had also practically crumbled away, and from its ruins sprang the Young Ireland Party, with Smith O'Brien, John Mitchell, and Thomas Francis Meagher as its chief leaders. This party placed more reliance on the sword than their "Moral Force" predecessors, and accordingly large bodies of men were organised, armed, and drilled in Dublin and the provinces. No one knew how soon an outbreak might be expected, with perhaps a repetition of the horrors of the Rebellion of 1798. There was thus much unrest and anxiety throughout the country, and the widespread interest created was fully shared by the officers of the various Government Departments in Dublin, and especially this was the case in the General Post Office, which then, as now, was the fountain from which flowed all home news. In the Dublin office the officials were split up into little rival camps, or coteries, for or against the popular movement, the latter being, as might be expected, in a large majority. In one respect, however, there was perfect concord, not only between officials, but between all sections of the community from the highest to the lowest, and this was in the matter of sport, particularly hunting and racing. The love of sport inherent in the Irish race had received a check in the dark days of the Famine, but it was not dead, and seemed to regain increased vitality in the succeeding years leading up to the Great Exhibition in Dublin in 1853. In their sporting proclivities Government officers did not lag behind their countrymen, and undoubtedly at this time sporting, as well as politics, bulked largely in their lives, and both were discussed during office hours with a

freedom and fulness that would have done credit to a debating society.

At this period the Secretary of the Dublin G.P.O. was Augustus Godby, father of the late esteemed and able chairman of the Surveyors. His chief clerk was Thomas Ord Lees, less distinguished perhaps as an official than as a gentleman of cultivated tastes and kindly sympathies, a member of an influential family, of which the well-known Sir Harcourt Lees, Bart., was the head.

The Sorting Office was under the control of its "President," W. Burrowes, whose period of service stretched almost back to the time when Ireland had its Parliament in College Green in the unique and beautiful building now known as the Bank of Ireland.

The four provinces were divided into three postal districts, North, Midland, and South, of which the Surveyors were respectively Messrs. Urquhart, Drought, and Kendrick. I was then a boy clerk in the Dead Letter Office, an office where the duties and pay were equally trifling. No one on scale could possibly rise higher than £180 a year, the amount of the salary of our chief clerk, Mr. Vere Riddle. As may be imagined, there was little scope for ambition, and the only zeal and energy I saw displayed was in newspaper reading and discussions in politics and sport. One part of our duty was to return letters to the writers, but it was generally in arrears, and when this was so sorters were employed at 3s. 6d. for each 180 letters returned. These men at last got to look on the work as their perquisite, and felt aggrieved and offended when it was discharged by ourselves. As the youngest officer I was expected to keep a sharp look out for creditors and bailiffs, as our Superintendent was always in a chronic state of debt and fear of arrest.

My colleagues in the Returned Letter Branch were gentlemen in the best sense of the word, and were kind and considerate to me, and it was therefore with some regret, mingled with pleasure, that after a few months spent in this office I received orders to proceed to the Midland District to assist Mr. Drought. Without any experience, my only qualification for assisting anybody in anything was that I understood horses and rode well to hounds. Fortunately this was exactly what Mr. Drought required, as he kept a pack of hounds, and was becoming unequal to hard riding, and of this I could relieve him. However, he still went out with his hounds, but it could not be said that he made his official duties subservient to sport. On the contrary, it was just the other way, and he blended them carefully, always arranging the Meet in the vicinity of a post

office which required inspection or other enquiry. The work, if a little hurried over, was at all events not worse done than he who performed it wore the gay uniform of the hunting field.

Anthony Trollope, the late well known novelist, was Mr. Drought's clerk. He kept a couple of saddle horses, and rode boldly if not judiciously to hounds; he was, however, a heavy man and appeared to prefer the kindred sport of shooting. When travelling, he usually took his groom with him, and a couple of guns so as to combine a little shooting with official business, and the latter was not always finished until the game grew scarce. On one occasion he had an adventure which illustrates his determined character and the times and country which made such an occurrence possible. I had the story from his own lips, and it was subsequently confirmed by other testimony.

It appears he was sent to survey an office in the West of Ireland, and as usual took his servant and a couple of guns. On arrival at his destination he selected a bedroom for himself, and a private sitting room. He had just been installed in the latter when he received a message from an officer commanding a detachment of soldiers on the march stating that he required the room which Mr. Trollope was occupying. Mr. Trollope courteously replied that he would be happy to share his room with the officer, but that he could not think of relinquishing it. He was then informed in language more concise than polite that if he did not clear out he would be forcibly ejected. Mr. Trollope at once desired his servant to bring his two guns and load them with ball cartridge. He next threw the sitting room door wide open, placing in front of it a heavy dining room table and with his servant took his stand behind it, each with his gun in his hands. Presently the tramp of the soldiers ascending the stairs was heard, and in a few moments they filled the passage outside the open door. At their head was the officer and a sergeant. The former called on Mr. Trollope to leave the room, and the answer he received was that he would not, and that if the officer attempted to force his way in he would shoot him, and he could answer for his servant similarly disposing of the sergeant. The officer was taken aback, and, while hesitating, the sergeant whispered to him that they were acting illegally, with the result that the soldiers were ordered to retire, and Mr. Trollope was left in undisturbed possession of the room for which he had battled so bravely. A few years after this episode, the brother-in-law of Mr. Trollope, the late Sir John Tilley, succeeded to the Secretaryship of the Post Office in

London, and Mr. Trollope was at once made a Surveyor at the maximum instead of the minimum of the scale, which shows the advantage of having the permanent Head of the Department for a brother-in-law. Up to this period Mr. Trollope had written but one novel—"The McDermotts of Ballycloran"; he headed it "I tell a tale that was told to me," the narrator being McClusky, a well known passenger coach guard. McClusky was unusually well read with an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and stories which helped to beguile the time on the long coach journey between Mullingar and Sligo.

In 1850, the railways to the more remote districts were like angelic visitants "few and far between," but their absence was not so much felt owing to the "Bianconi Cars" which commenced running after 1830. These cars, drawn by one, two, and even three horses, covered all parts of Ireland excepting the extreme North. In more than one instance they were driven by men who had held a pike in '98. The enterprising founder of these cars was Charles Bianconi, an Italian who began life selling images and small works of sculpture which he conveyed in a pony cart from place to place in the South of Ireland. He gave lifts to tired wayfarers, and after a time saved enough to enable him to run a regular passenger car between Waterford and Kilmallock. It was the first of its kind in Ireland, and was a success. In a very short space of time his cars had spread over the whole country, supplying the travelling and postal wants of places untouched by the coaches, which were not numerous, though assisted by large subsidies from the Post Office. When I first met Mr. Bianconi in 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, he owned 2700 horses, a number probably unequalled by any individual in Europe. Although these cars ran at all hours of the day and night, Mr. Bianconi assured me, no robbery from or hindrance to one of his cars had ever taken place, high testimony indeed to the integrity and good behaviour of the people. However beneficial to the general community, it must be borne in mind that these conveyances were outside cars without any shelter from the weather, and fifty years ago travelling was hard and disagreeable for surveyors' clerks, who had not even the protection of hooded ulsters, which were not then designed.

The surveyors were better off. They generally confined themselves to travelling by railway or coaches, or short drives from railway stations, and as they were paid 8d. a statute mile, they made a handsome addition to their salaries, which otherwise were

inadequate, being only £300 a year. On the other hand, the surveyor's staff had to visit all the remote and inconveniently situated places, and as they could not afford to be always posting, had frequently to spend whole nights on a mail car exposed to the inclemency of the weather. When they did post, a one-horse outside car was the only conveyance available. True, at each hotel there lingered an antique specimen of the old fashioned post chaise, but these relics of bygone days were little used, and were generally out of repair, or occupied by a colony of cocks and hens—never absent from inns in the country. The inns themselves were too often shabby and uncomfortable, and in such cases the travelling staff had to rely, and not in vain, on the hospitality of the local landlord or parish priest.

The chief work of the surveyors and staff was the establishment of rural deliveries, and the extension of existing posts consequent on the introduction of the Penny Post, as well as arranging for the mail service when the extending railways took the place of the old coaches. At this early period there were no surveyors' stationary clerks, and the whole clerical work was divided between the two travelling clerks attached to each district. Every week two stone weight of time bills for every mail car and foot post was sent to one or other of these officers, and usually he had to examine them while sitting on an outside car, making a large bon-fire on the roadside of those bills which were not required for return and explanation.

The wages of rural postmen, then designated messengers, were usually about 7s. a week. They had no uniform, and their ragged clothes, with a greasy and worn wallet on their backs, made them look more like tramps than servants of the Crown. It was not until the sixties that the wages of town and rural postmen were raised, and in the two following decades their position was still further improved.

In the present day railway extensions are few and unimportant. Rural deliveries have been established wherever practicable, while a vast amount of travelling has been transferred from the surveying staff to the Head Postmasters. This must have naturally affected the work of the travelling officers, and there can be no doubt it is lighter, less harassing, and more pleasant in character than that which devolved on their brethren of fifty years ago.

C. A. MAITLAND,
Late Post Office Surveyor.

A Short History of the Post Card.

IT is just over thirty years since the first post card was sold. That was in Austria, on the 1st October, 1869. The new departure was immediately due to Dr. Emmanuel Herrman, of Vienna, who had ventilated, in the *Neue Freie Presse*, an idea for the issue of post cards. That gentleman had been struck by the fact that the importance of the contents of large numbers of letters sent was in no proportion to the waste of trouble and the polite sentences involved. The letters, he considered, might just as well have been sent without covers. He calculated that 100 letters entailed an expense of 31 francs 55 centimes, one letter thus costing $31\frac{1}{2}$ centimes, while one-third of the letters, he argued, contained simple information which could just as easily have been communicated at a lower price. Letters of this kind, Dr. Herrman suggested, should be allowed to be forwarded through the post without covers at a lower rate than was charged for the ordinary letter. This suggestion, together with all his views and arguments, he set forth at length in an article which he contributed to the *Neue Freie Presse*. The Austrian Post Office was much impressed with the importance of the proposition, and, what was the best evidence of its favourable view, carried it into operation forthwith. Such briefly are the circumstances under which the postcard sprang into existence. But the original idea of a post card did not emanate from Dr. Herrman. It is to Dr. Von Stephan, the late famous German Postmaster-General, that the credit is due. Whether or not Dr. Herrman had any knowledge of Dr. Von Stephan's suggestion, which had been made some years previously, when he formulated his own scheme, must go unrecorded in this history, as it is not possible to determine the point. It is a fact, however, and it seems to me a significant one, that the new Austrian post card, which was manufactured by the Postal Administration in a certain prescribed size, was in accordance with the idea as proposed by Dr. Stephan. The address was to be written on the front, and the communication on the back, the charge for each card being 2 new kreuzers.

It was at a postal conference held in 1865, at Carlsruhe, that Dr. Von Stephan submitted to the delegates of the German Postal

Administration his plan for a new kind of letter in the shape of an open post card (*öffenes post blatt*), one side of which should bear the name and address and the other the communication, and which should be sold at a low price. The scheme received the fullest consideration, but it was ultimately rejected on the grounds (1) that the German postal service had not the necessary uniform organisation, and (2) that the adoption of such a plan might lead to a diminution of revenue.

In Austria the sale of post cards met with marked approval from the public, as is fully demonstrated by the fact that from the date of their first issue to the end of the same year (three months) the number sold amounted to 2,926,102. It is not surprising that this unqualified success of the plan should have attracted the attention of other civilized countries. The North German Confederation was the first to take up the matter, into which it entered so warmly that on the 1st July, 1870, post cards were on sale at all the North German post offices, at the price of one silver groschen. This sum—the equivalent of one penny—was the ordinary charge for inland letters, so it will be seen that the post card was introduced in North Germany with no idea of a reduction of postage. It appears that the letter postage in North Germany had just previously been reduced, and the object of introducing the post card was to simplify and facilitate the exchange of letters. The plan was warmly welcomed by the German public, and on the first day 45,468 cards were sold in Berlin alone. The scheme gradually extended to the South German States and very soon was embraced by all Germany, a mutual arrangement for an interchange of cards being entered into. This Convention Austria-Hungary also joined in August, 1870. Great Britain was not long also in adopting the new postal feature, and commenced the sale of post cards just a year after their first appearance in Austria. Of this I shall presently speak more at length.

Switzerland adopted the post card system in 1870, while Belgium and Holland introduced it on the 1st January, 1871. Three months later (1st April, 1871), post cards made their appearance in Denmark, Sweden and Norway, the matter having been taken up very vigorously in these countries. The post card found its way to the Dominion of Canada early in 1871. Russia did not adopt it until 1872, selling the card at 5 copecks. This charge was reduced to 4 copecks in July, 1875, while town post cards were sold at 3 copecks each. The plan spread to Asia also in 1872, but at the outset was only introduced into one of the smallest divisions of

this large continent, namely Ceylon. France was dilatory in adopting the post card, for it was not on sale in that country until the end of 1872. When the post card system was introduced in America it soon gained ground, but it was not until May, 1873, that the United States adopted the plan which had already been brought into use in Chili in South America on the 1st January of that year. The United States Postmaster-General had reported in 1870 in favour of post cards as contributing to an augmentation of correspondence, and recommended a one-cent post card. The cause of the delay in adopting post cards in America is not known, but when they commenced to be sold the demand for them, it is recorded, was so great that the Post Office could scarcely cope with it. Some idea of the demand may be formed from the fact that in the first half year of their sale no less than 60 million cards were sold.

The year 1873 also saw the introduction of post cards into Servia, Roumania, and Spain, and the following year into Italy. That country was somewhat tardy in adopting the plan, for, although it had been resolved in 1870 to do so, the necessary Act was not passed until June, 1873, the delay having been caused by the pressure of more important Parliamentary business. The charge fixed for the post card was 10 centesimi for all Italy and her islands. Japan and Guatemala commenced the sale of post cards in 1875, and Greece the following year. Other countries gradually adopted the plan subsequently, and the post card now flourishes in all countries where any organised postal system exists.

The subject of post cards was first brought to the notice of the English Government by an article published in the *Scotsman* of the 17th September, 1869, and also by many private individuals; but the proposition was, after consideration, rejected. The public were not willing, however, to let the grass grow for long under their feet, and on the 17th of February of the following year (1870) Dr. Lyon Playfair—as he then was—presented a largely signed memorial in favour of what was designated a *card post*. This met with a more favourable reception than the former applications, and resulted in the institution of immediate inquiries in Austria as to the working of the post card system in that country. The result of these inquiries would appear to have been quite satisfactory, for on the 26th May of the year mentioned, the Postmaster-General recommended the issue of post cards here to the Treasury, and the consent of that department having been obtained, a clause authorising the

sale of such cards was included in the Newspaper Postage Bill, 1870, and the system came into actual operation, as already stated, on the 1st October of that year. It is curious to recall at the present time the ridicule and even hostility with which the post card was met on its introduction. The main argument against the card was that it would afford an opening for the ill-directed efforts of those who indulge in public libel and defamation of character for the purposes of venting their spite and malice. The argument was, of course, not without reason, for the moral assassin is unhappily one of the evils of the age. Fortunately, however, conviction of such a misdemeanour carries with it penalties of a sufficiently deterrent character to depress the number of cases of the kind to a very low average. Some people, too, urged that the use of the post card was little short of an insult to the recipient, inasmuch as if the communication were not worth a penny it was not worth sending at all. This somewhat foolish idea became dispelled as the use of the post card rapidly increased. No one helped more in this direction, perhaps, than the late Mr. Gladstone, who, as is known, was a prodigal user of this means of communication. There was yet another class of persons who resented the introduction of the post card. They were those who still regarded letter writing as a fine art. This old school of letter-writers naturally looked upon the innovation as the death-blow to the carefully-written epistles of the past. That such has been the case is more or less true, but in an eminently utilitarian age like the present, the fact that post cards have become a most useful and indeed indispensable adjunct of social and commercial intercourse must far outweigh any disadvantage which the old-world letter-writer ascribes to its use.

Notwithstanding all the objections, however, which in the beginning were urged against the post card system, their use in this country spread very rapidly. On the very first day of their introduction 575,000 cards passed through the office at St. Martin's-le-Grand alone, while the weekly number of cards posted throughout the country averaged nearly 1,500,000. In the first year of their use the number of cards sent was 75 millions, and since then they have increased each year at an extraordinarily rapid rate, until the present almost fabulous number of 382 millions a year has been reached.

At the outset post cards were sold at their face value, that is to say, without charge for material, and this circumstance, it is curious to notice in the light of current events, gave rise to much agitation on

the part of the stationers, who regarded it as unfair competition. The stationers took up the matter warmly, and deputations waited



A PICTORIAL POST CARD FROM HANOVER.

(On the Leine at Hanover.)

on the authorities for the purpose of ventilating their grievances. Various proposals were made but without result, and negotiations

attempted with Messrs. De la Rue, the manufacturers of the cards, broke down. It was not until 1872 that a settlement was arrived at. In that year it was decided to make a charge of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for a dozen cards, twelve cards being sold for 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., while private cards, which had hitherto been prohibited, were permitted to be used provided they were stamped at Somerset House. The Inland Revenue Department commenced stamping private cards on the 17th June, 1872, and the concession was much appreciated by the public. The grounds on which the use of adhesive stamps for private cards was objected to were that a breach of uniformity in the size of cards would be caused, and that the penny letter rate might be endangered by the use of cards for invitations and other social purposes. In June, 1874, Mr. Gladstone introduced a slight alteration into the system by allowing senders to write their signatures on the address side of post cards, while in the same year he decided upon the issue of stout cards of better quality to be sold at 8d. a dozen, the price of the thin cards being raised to 7d. a dozen, as the existing price of 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. was found to be unremunerative. The sale of the stout cards was commenced in February, 1875, and gave rise to great demand, and they as well as the thin cards were sold in half dozens. It was not till August, 1877, that post cards were allowed to be sold singly or in odd numbers, a change that was, as may be supposed, hailed with considerable favour, as to many it was not always convenient to buy cards by the half-dozen. In that year, too, a new design of post card was introduced.

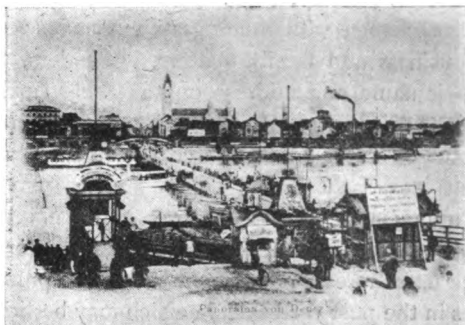
The agitation for the use of postage stamps in connection with private cards was revived in 1882, and received the support of the late Mr. Fawcett, who was then Postmaster-General, but the Treasury resisted the proposal, and it was not until many years later, namely, 1894, that they gave way. From the 1st September in that year private cards, under certain conditions as to size and weight, were permitted to be used with postage stamps affixed thereto, a concession that had long been fought for and when granted was greatly appreciated by the public. The question of only charging face value for post cards, though it has long been raised and warmly advocated, has not had so successful an issue, and still remains a debated one. Since 1881 the matter has been keenly ventilated in and out of Parliament. A Select Committee in 1888 fully considered the merits of the case, the only result of which was a slight reduction in the price of post cards. The Government's objection is that if post cards were sold at face value it would be doing a wrong

to the paper makers and would involve a loss of revenue, a heavy cost having to be paid to the contractors.

An important feature was introduced into the post card system in 1882 by the issue of reply post cards. The salient feature of these cards, of course, is that they go far towards ensuring an answer. The advantages of such a card are too obvious to require being dwelt on, and it need scarcely be said that their sale has been rapid and has now reached a high figure. The only wonder is that this great convenience was so long deferred, for it is to be observed that reply post cards were brought into use in Germany, just ten years previously, namely, on the 1st January, 1872. The German public, we are told, received the change with much gratification, as being highly convenient for business and family matters. Senders, too, were allowed to write their name and address on the reply card as being the best security against its use for any other than its original purpose. Reply post cards for foreign correspondence were introduced under the auspices of the Postal Union and, as may be imagined, have been appreciated even still more than the inland post card. The Union, it should be added, fixed the charge for all countries at one-half the letter rates, pre-payment being compulsory. Amongst minor changes in the post card system which may be briefly referred to are the introduction of the court or correspondence size card in 1895, the permission to use stamps to denote additional duty on post cards in 1890, and the introduction of foreign post cards in 1874. The last named change was one of the results of the first convention of the Universal Postal Union (the 25th anniversary of whose establishment occurred in October last), and one that has proved an unqualified boon to foreign correspondents. It may also be mentioned that in 1883 the Inland Revenue Department commenced making a charge of 1s. per 1000 for stamping private post cards. This was done with the view of protecting official cards from competition, and it was found expedient to raise the charge to 1s. 6d. in 1884, as the stamping of private cards had not been sufficiently checked. Later on the charge was raised to 2s. 6d. per 1000 cards, at which rate it now stands.

The latest development of the post-card system is the pictorial post card, for which the use of the private card is largely if not wholly responsible. The craze, which originated in Germany, is growing fast in this country, and bids fair soon to outstrip all other forms of pictorial souvenir. It is not proposed to advert at any length to this phase of the post-card system, for one reason because

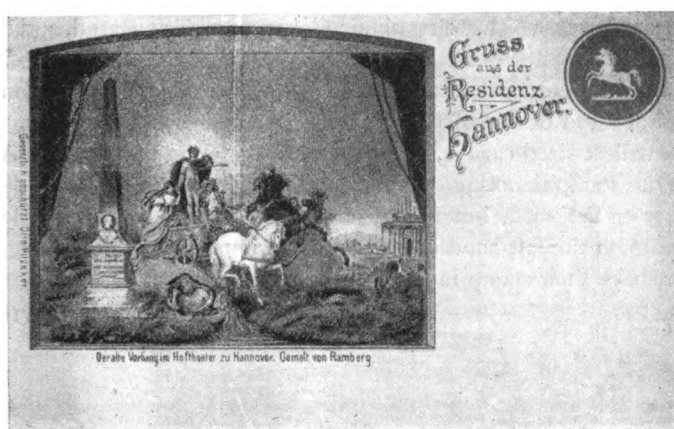
I have already encroached, I fear, on the space which an indulgent editor has placed at my disposal, and secondly because the subject has been very fully and ably dealt with in a recent number of *Chambers' Journal*. From that article it appears that the craze originated with an astute photographer in Passau who, having chemically sensitised an ordinary post card, subsequently printed a view of his native town upon it. That was the origin of the pictorial post card, and, as the writer of the article referred to remarks, little did the photographer think that what he had done had given birth to a craze absolutely unparalleled in the history of souvenir cards. As



A PICTORIAL POST CARD.
(*Deutz viewed from Cologne.*)

has been stated, the craze has assumed large dimensions in this country, but this, notwithstanding, we cannot cope with the enthusiasm of the Germans in this respect. In Germany it is the practice for newspaper boys to hawk along the train, as it remains stationary at the platform, pictorial cards representing views of the town at which the train may happen to be stopping. And these cards are of all shapes and sizes, as is evidenced by the shop windows in Germany. The writer in *Chambers* remarks, as regards German post cards, that "a post card, measuring twelve inches by ten, with a panoramic view of the town from which it is to be sent, is certainly something new." I however obtained at Cologne a card measuring over 16 inches in length and in three folds, depicting a view of the Rhine with Cologne on one side and Deutz

on the other. But when I suggested that, for the benefit of the readers of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, it should be reproduced full-size in the pages of this magazine, the Editor looked aghast and remarked, it couldn't be done at any price! Nor was I more successful in persuading him to give a reproduction of a "*Riesen Karte*" or "Colossal Post Karte," which measures 12 inches by 9 inches. This card gives a very good representation of a scene in Hanover, where, as in other German towns, the pictorial post card is enormously in evidence. These large cards pass through the post at the rates for printed matter (*Drucksache*). The *Chambers'*



A PICTORIAL POST CARD FROM HANOVER.

The illustration on the Post Card shows the historic drop-curtain of the Hanover Theatre Royal. Painted by Ramberg, it was so valuable a work of art that the First Napoleon "commandeered" it, but it was subsequently recovered. It is now pensioned, and has come to pieces through old age.

Journal article remarks "that the illustrated post card is bound to become immensely popular in England, if only our apathetic designers, printers, and retail shop-keepers awake to the fact that profits will follow adequate commercial exploitation." I venture to think the writer's desire shows signs of being speedily realized, for there cannot be any doubt that the pictorial post card is now well in evidence in all stationers' shop windows. There can be no question that, as the same writer observes, pictorial post card collecting forms an interesting and fascinating hobby, and the filled album will make an agreeable diversion, at once artistic, reminiscent, and instructive. In Germany, where such collections are the

passion of the day, I saw many that were interesting in the extreme. It is stated that even the Queen has taken a great interest in the development of the picture post card, having carried her enthusiasm to the extent of requesting a royal relative to form a collection on her behalf.

In conclusion of this short history of the Post Card it may be noted that post cards have become an inseparable factor in the social and commercial economy of our present day life. Their immense popularity may be accounted for by the saving in time and money they effect, while to the commercial world, they have become an invaluable medium of correspondence. The fear of their being put to indiscreet uses, which at first obtained, has quite disappeared, and they are now used most freely by all classes here and in all other civilized countries. As may be supposed there is considerable variation in the shape and design of the cards used by different countries, and the smallest sized card is, we are told, to be found in Austria. As a rule the stamp denoting the postage duty appears on the right hand corner of the card, but in two countries, Switzerland and Italy, it appears on the left hand corner, while curiously enough Spanish post cards have their stamp in the middle.

A.G.D.

ARCHIBALD GRANGER BOWIE.

The Liverpool Post Office—Past and Present.—III.

THE Foundation Stone of the new Revenue Buildings was laid on the 12th August, 1828, by the Mayor of Liverpool, Mr. Thomas Colley Porter, who had been elected the previous year after an exceptionally severe contest, which was notable, even in the good old days, for its extravagance and corruption. It lasted for six days; single votes fetched as much as £30 or £40, and each candidate is believed to have spent £10,000 in the contest.

The ceremony of laying the Stone is described by Picton as very imposing. There was a procession of the Mayor and Corporation with trades and schools, with flags, banners and music. There was a champion in brazen armour mounted on a charger, who attracted great attention. There were boat races on the river and a display of fireworks at night, and in the evening the Mayor entertained about 200 gentlemen at dinner in the Town Hall.

On the 15th September, 1830, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opened for traffic. The first trip, made simultaneously in each direction, was marred by the death of the Right Hon. Wm. Huskisson, then Member for Liverpool. Mr. Huskisson descended from the train from Liverpool to greet the Duke of Wellington—who was travelling by the train from Manchester—at Parkside, the point at which the trains crossed. In attempting to re-enter his own train, Huskisson was knocked down and killed by the well-known engine called "The Rocket."

The first mail sent to Manchester by railway was despatched on the 11th November, 1830. Two mails each way were conveyed at first, the despatches from Liverpool being at 10.0 a.m. and 1.0 p.m., and the arrivals at 9.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m. Nearly two hours was then allowed for the journey of 35 miles—now done in 40 minutes. In the following year the communications were increased to four each way, and in August, 1835, to five each way. A statement of the annual revenue collected on letters passing between the towns of Manchester and Liverpool shows that, for the three years prior to the opening of the Railway, the amount averaged almost £13,000

a year, while the conveyance of the letters by coach (including guards) cost £228 8s. 3d. a year; in 1831 the revenue had increased to £13,500, and the cost to £465, and in 1833 the figures had increased to £14,500 and £645 respectively, showing that the train service, if more efficient than that by coach, was much more expensive. The rate of postage between the two towns was 7d. for each quarter of an ounce.

The ever-watchful Banning soon perceived that the railway was being extensively used for the illegal conveyance of letters, and the following notice was extensively circulated:—

“CAUTION.

“September, 1836.

“By the 5th Geo. 4th., C. 20, it is enacted that no person or persons whomsoever in any part of the United Kingdom where any post is or shall be established under His Majesty's Postmaster-General shall receive, take up, despatch, convey or deliver or send or cause to be sent or conveyed otherwise than by the Post any Letter or Letters on pain of forfeiting for each letter the sum of £5, one moiety thereof to the use of His Majesty and the other moiety to the Informer.

“The Postmaster-General has received information that the illegal sending of Letters by the Railway between Liverpool and Manchester and the neighbouring towns prevails to a great extent to the very serious injury of the public revenue.

“Notice is, therefore, hereby given that the Postmaster-General will henceforth feel it his imperative duty to enforce the full amount of Penalties against any person or persons by whom any such offence shall be committed.

“By Command.”

“N.B.—The sender of a Letter may inform against the party by whom it is illegally conveyed; and any person conveying, delivering, or receiving a Letter may inform against the person or persons by whom it may have been illegally sent. Whether the letter be printed or written makes no difference.”

The railway was not the only means of conveyance used for the smuggling of letters, for I find that in 1827 attention was drawn to the fact that, while 150,000 “ship letters” reached England yearly from New York, only 900 a year were collected by the Post Office for transmission by the same ships in the opposite direction. A quaint old fashioned report, written by “Henry Ball,” apparently an Inspector of the “Ship Letter Office,” on the 9th July, 1827, describes a raid made by himself and his son on the “New York” and “New England” coffee houses, in London, and furnishes the explanation of this singular disparity in the numbers.

He describes "having left at each of those houses a letter fully addressed to New York, to be sent by way of Liverpool, for the ship 'Wm. Byrnes,' to sail on the 8th instant, for which 3d. was demanded for each letter, being informed at the same time that letters would be taken in the same rooms until seven o'clock." Subsequently he went again to the "New York" coffee house, "but, could only discover a few letters left." His son, however, who went to the "New England," was more successful, "as he is stated to have seen upwards of forty persons bring letters and pay 3d. each letter; some brought from twenty to thirty, others more; about six o'clock a large drawer full of letters was taken from the bar and carried upstairs, and quarter before seven the servant took up a large apron full, and about twenty minutes afterwards the answer given at the bar was 'that the Mail was made up.'"

A report by Mr. Peacock, then apparently Solicitor to the Post Office, points out that by the 17th section of the 9th Queen Anne, the proprietors of the coffee houses had incurred a penalty of £100 per week, for receiving and collecting such letters, and an additional penalty of £5 for every letter so forwarded. Actions were brought against the parties, but not apparently until 1833; but as it appeared that the practice had continued for nearly twenty years, the Postmaster-General consented to forbear proceedings on payment, by two persons, of a single penalty each, and costs, on the distinct understanding that the offence should not be repeated.

A group of London American merchants attempted to dispute the decision, and petitioned the Postmaster-General and the Houses of Parliament against it, contending that the collecting and sending of letters by private means was not illegal, or if illegal, that the service was better than could be given by the Postmaster-General and was therefore desirable, and that as the vessels used were American, the Postmaster-General could not lawfully use them, but that he could only lawfully send mails for the United States "first to His Majesty's Colonies in America and so, by that circuitous route, into the United States."

The Solicitor, however, advised upon this that the "Postmaster-General has by the 'Ship Letter Act, of the 39 Geo. 3rd, C. 76,' full powers to make-up and forward letters from Liverpool to New York, by the American vessels, at half the packet rates of postage, and ship letter bags are constantly so made-up and forwarded," and the petitioners finally failed.

Foreign mails have always been of interest to Liverpool, and a

new mail to Egypt and India is recorded as commencing in January, 1835. In the same year a new "Ship Letter Act" appears to have become law, and to have given rise to much correspondence between Postmasters, Surveyors, and the Secretary. It empowered the Postmaster-General, "at his discretion," to establish ship letter communications where he might consider them expedient and advantageous.

The facilities given by the Act were used very cautiously at first, and the public could not claim the right to send ship letters by every or any particular ship. It is interesting to note that in many cases the "ship letter mails" were quicker than the regular services, but no "ship mail" was to be despatched at the same time as a Mail; this was to protect the Revenue, for "ship letters" were conveyed direct from port to port, at a lower rate than by the ordinary post. For instance, a "ship letter" from Glasgow to Liverpool cost 8d., as compared with $1/0\frac{1}{2}$; and from the Clyde to Irish ports 8d., as compared with $1/3$. From Liverpool to Ireland, however, the "ship letter" postage remained 8d. (for the $\frac{1}{4}$ oz.), for which sum letters had been conveyed since 1829 under a private arrangement between the Postmaster-General and the agents for private steamers; the former had agreed to abstain from enforcing penalties, provided the latter delivered all letters to the Post Office, on the arrival of their ships, instead of smuggling them in for private delivery—a practice then popular because it was profitable.

In 1835, the time allowed for mail coaches for bringing the mails from London to Liverpool, by way of Coventry and Knutsford, 202 miles, was reduced from 22 hours and 7 minutes to 20 hours and 50 minutes. In the same year the London and Chester coach was extended to Liverpool (via Woodside, Birkenhead), the time allowed from London to Liverpool, by this route, being 22 hours 19 minutes.

The tunnel between Edge Hill station and Lime Street, two miles long, through sandstone rock, was opened in August, 1836, thus bringing the mails by train into the centre of the town; up to that time they had been received and despatched at Edge Hill, being conveyed to and from the Post Office by mail cart in charge of a guard.

On the 27th May, 1837, the postmaster, Mr. Wm. Banning, reporting on the new Post Office, which was still incomplete, reported that "the proposed premises are ill adapted to the use of the Post Office." He pointed out that "the proposed Post Office is 1,300 yards from the termini of the Manchester and Grand Junction

Railway, but the present office (off Church Street), only 600 yards. Most of the mails will in the future come and go by those railways.' There was much force in Mr. Banning's objection, but the Canning Place office remained for 60 years the headquarters of the Liverpool Post Office, notwithstanding.

It is significant of the rapidity with which the postal business was growing, even in those days, that a Custom House committee reported in the same year—1837—that "the offices appropriated for the use of the Postmaster are totally inadequate," and this before they were even occupied. The Corporation had then spent £50,000 upon the building, in addition to the Treasury contribution of £150,000, and had given the site, valued at £30,000. The building was still incomplete, but appears to have been finished shortly afterwards, as the Mayor, Mr. Wm. Rathborne, forwarded on the 29th January, 1838, the resolutions of a special council meeting urging the removal of the post office to the new building. The actual cost had so much exceeded the original estimate, that the finishing touches were curtailed, and an ornamental spire or cupola, intended by the architect to decorate the top of the somewhat ugly round dome shown in the frontispiece of the October number of this magazine, was omitted. This was a pity, for the building, as a whole, is handsome, in the solid and massive style of sixty years ago, and the interior of the dome contains some fine stone carving. The large room beneath the dome was originally used as the Customs "Long Room," but the Customs officers were ejected some years ago by the ever increasing and aggressive Post Office, to make room for the parcel post.

In August, 1838, a ship letter mail from Liverpool for New York was established, and sent by train to Bristol, to go forward by the steamer "Great Western," which sailed every six or seven weeks.

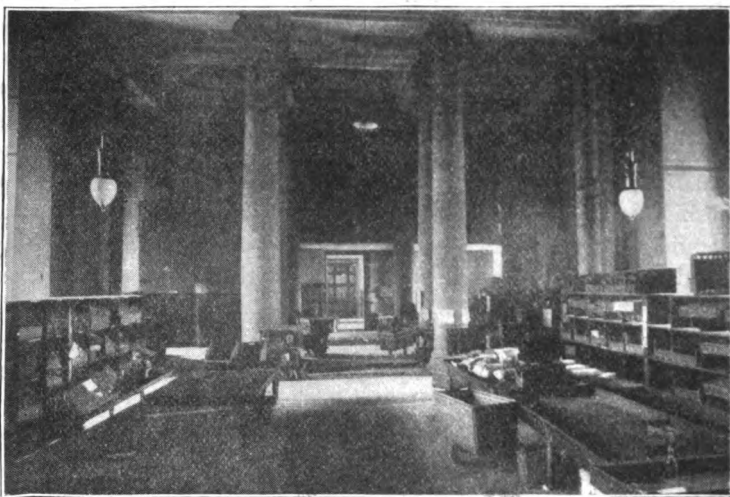
In October, 1838, the railway from London to Liverpool was completed, and it was decided that the Irish mails, as well as those for Liverpool, should be sent by it, the Holyhead route being abandoned for the Irish mails. The mail was despatched from the General Post Office, London, at 8 p.m., and reached Liverpool at 8 a.m.; the Irish packet sailed as soon as the mail was on board, and was due to arrive in Kingstown about 10 p.m.

On the 6th December, 1838, the Postmaster General took over the business of issuing and paying money orders from the officers by whom it had previously been carried on as a private speculation. I am indebted to Mr. H. S. Carey for pointing out that the statement,

repeated by me on page 285, as to the genesis of the money order system, is incorrect, although time honoured; the true history is given in the Postmaster General's Report of 1896.

In April, 1839, a day mail was established between London and Liverpool, with a window delivery in Liverpool. This mail left Euston at 9.45 a.m. and was due in Liverpool about 7 p.m.; a contract was made with the City of Dublin Co. to start a steamer of not less than 160 horse power, at 7.30 p.m., after the arrival of this mail, reaching Dublin at 7 a.m. the next day.

Early in March, 1839, the Transatlantic Steamship Co., whose



Photograph by Mr. F. Higginson.

PARCEL OFFICE, CANNING PLACE POST OFFICE.
(Formerly the Customs "Long Room.")

office was at 24, Water Street, Liverpool, advertised that their steamship "Liverpool" would sail for New York on certain fixed days about once in seven weeks, and Mr. Banning was instructed to offer them £100 for each single trip. This sum the company refused as inadequate, but offered to carry Government despatches only for £50 per single trip. The company strongly objected to being prohibited from collecting letters at their Liverpool and New York offices, and urged that the American practice should be followed and that they should be allowed to collect and convey such letters; they proposed to charge 6d. for each letter and to give half that sum to the Post Office. This proposal was refused.

The Post Office was finally removed to the new building in Canning Place on the 18th June, 1839, and four additional receiving houses were opened on the same date in Church Street (from which the head office was removed), Marybone, Regent Road, and Queen's Dock.

Only a few months after the new premises were occupied, on the 15th November, 1839, a fire broke out in the newspaper sorting office. It appeared to be due to an oversight in the construction of the building, wooden logs having been placed in the walls round the room to support the skirting boards. One of these logs was placed immediately behind the fire-place of an adjoining room, and the heat of the fire ignited the log, which burst into a flame between 4 and 5 in the morning. Fortunately, the outbreak was at once discovered by the resident messenger, who called in the police, and with their assistance the fire was got under without doing much damage, although the newspaper counter and sorting divisions were entirely destroyed, and about 30 newspapers were burnt. After this Mr. Banning was supplied with leather fire buckets, and asked that the Department would pay the expense of insuring his office furniture and fittings.

On the 3rd January, 1839, the ship "David" arrived in the Prince's Dock from the Cape of Good Hope, and the captain took to the post office a mail containing 13 letters and 6 newspapers. On the 18th November, 1841, a box was found at the same dock among some unclaimed property at the Custom's Depôt, addressed to the Postmaster of Liverpool. When opened it was found to contain 10 letters and 89 newspapers, which had also been brought by the "David" nearly 3 years before; these were all delivered with an explanation of the delay. Two Custom House officers were supposed to have been in fault, but both were dead.

In November, 1840, application was made for a late evening collection from the town receiving houses, and supported on the ground that many local letters were delivered by private messenger because there was no collection at a convenient time fitted to the morning delivery. Up to that time the town collections were made at 12.0 noon and 4.30 p.m., and a third was now added at 8.30 p.m. The town was still so small that three allowances of 3/- a week each sufficed to provide for this extra work.

The National Penny Post was carried out in this year, 1840, and it is remarkable that I can find no local records of the preparations made for carrying out that great change or of its immediate effect.

When the office was occupied the previous year, however, 79 persons were employed—29 clerks and 50 postmen—and 103,000 letters passed through the office weekly, and comparison between these figures and those for subsequent years will show the marvellous effect of that great change.

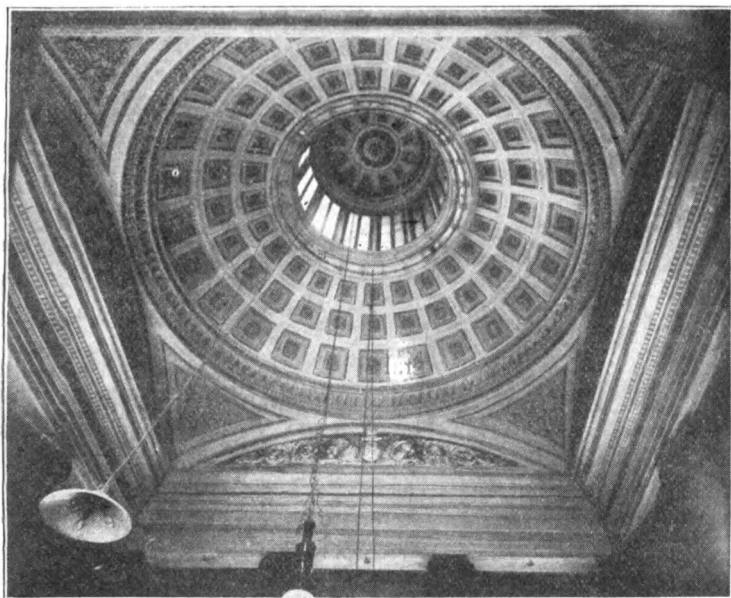
At the time the Penny Post commenced, Mr. Willmer—the senior partner in “Willmer & Smith,” newsagents, dealers in stamps, and stationers—was receiver of letters in Church Street; and in that capacity sold stamps, at the rate of 12 for a shilling, in the small portion of the shop partitioned off for postal business. The firm however sold a considerable number of stamps in the other portion of the shop, where they charged 1/1 for 12; and after due consideration the Postmaster-General of the day, Lord Lichfield, decided that “Mr. Willmer in his individual capacity is quite distinct from the firm of Willmer & Smith, and so long as he, as receiver of letters, complies with the direction of the Treasury to sell postage stamps at the prices they have laid down I cannot interfere with the transactions of the firm of which he is a member.”

In October, 1843, Henry Overton Collard, inspector of letter carriers at Liverpool, was arrested on a charge of stealing a letter containing two £10 notes. The prosecution failed and Collard was released, but was dismissed by the Postmaster-General. The missing letter was sent by a poor woman in Shrewsbury, whose husband—a maltster—had failed and committed suicide a few months before. A public subscription had been raised for her, and the amount so raised enabled her to open a small huckster’s shop. The £20 sent in the stolen letter was a remittance in payment of goods she had ordered, and her application to the Post Office respecting it was very pitiful.

In August, 1845, the Money Order Office was removed to premises in South John Street, where it remained until 1851. It is stated that Sir Rowland Hill, when visiting that office and enquiring into the duties of the clerks employed in it, remarked that the work could be done as well, and more cheaply, by women. The employment of women has since become general, but at that time was unusual.

In 1846 the question of enlarging or removing the Post Office had already become urgent, and a proposal was made to remove it to a site between Hotham Street and Pudsey Street, with a tunnel to Lime Street station for the convenience of mails. This scheme however was opposed by the public; memorials protesting against it were forwarded in June, 1847, and February, 1850, and resolutions

against it were submitted by the Mayor, Mr. John Holmes, to Lord John Russell—then Postmaster-General—in August, 1850, and the proposal was dropped. In the latter year the Corporation themselves offered a site—covered by the “Saracens Head” and other property—at a cost of £4 4s. a yard, and Messrs. Curry & Statham—on behalf of the Rev. Mr. Statham (a relative, I believe, of Thos. Statham, who was Postmaster from 1753 to 1798)—offered Clarendon Buildings,



Photograph by Mr. W. Cooper, Telegraph Branch.

CANNING PLACE POST OFFICE.

(Inside of Dome, over Parcel Office, showing fine stone carving.)

bounded by Lord Street, South John Street, and Cable Street, but neither proposal was entertained.

In June, 1846, a letter was addressed to the Postmaster-General by Messrs. Smith, Rogerson & Co., proprietors of the *Liverpool Mercury*, complaining strongly of defective communication with neighbouring towns and villages. They mentioned specially Crewe, which they said “is now at the same distance from Liverpool as Dover,” Parkgate, Runcorn, Chester, St. Helen’s, Ormskirk, and Flint. No cause for complaint was admitted except as regards Crewe and Runcorn, which had been injuriously affected by a recent

alteration of the day mail up, which had been accelerated and did not leave Liverpool until 5.45 a.m., missing in consequence the despatches from Preston Brook to Runcorn, and from Crewe to Nantwich, which were made after the arrival, at Preston Brook and Crewe respectively, of the night mail from London. Crewe at that time was a sub-office, under Nantwich, a small town 4 miles distant, and all the letters for Crewe had to be taken to Nantwich and carried back by a foot messenger to Crewe. Liverpool letters for Crewe sent by the up day mail were actually carried on to Stafford by train and brought back (viâ Crewe) to Nantwich, finally reaching Crewe at 7.45 a.m. the next day—26 hours after their despatch from Liverpool, about 30 miles from Crewe. This anomaly was removed by the simple expedient of making Crewe a post town, exchanging bags with Liverpool by every mail train, and steps were also taken to restore the communication between Liverpool and Runcorn.

On the 28th January, 1847, Mr. Charles Barber Greaves Banning, who had previously been a clerk in the Secretary's Office, Dublin, was appointed Postmaster of Liverpool, in succession to his half-brother, Wm. Banning.

In the course of 1847 several small changes are recorded, all tending to improve the Service. Additional receiving offices were opened, and a Sunday collection from those offices established at 4.30 p.m. Many improvements in circulation and despatches were effected, including an alteration of the Chester Bag for Dublin, which was not brought to Liverpool until 6.15 p.m.—in time for the 7.30 p.m. packet—instead of at 2.50 p.m.

In 1847, the private letter boxes were more numerous than at present, frequent and regular deliveries by postmen having now made them less necessary. The clerks of the "Letter Delivery Department" gave credit to boxholders for considerable amounts, and at Christmas sent out a circular to the boxholders inviting "Christmas gifts," and enclosing their "annual statement," which is of great interest, though unfortunately too long to reprint. It gives full particulars of the arrivals and despatches, and of the deliveries; of the latter there were four by letter carrier, at 8 a.m., 1 p.m., 4 p.m., and 6.30 p.m., and ten to callers. British and foreign rates of postage, a list of the foreign mails, and lists of the 26 receiving offices and 20 country sub-offices, and of the persons who keep them, were also given in this useful sheet, which was "Printed for the clerks of the Post Office." Happily this system is now a thing of the past.

In 1848, improvements continued, among them a mail to Gloucester (including letters for all South Wales) by 4.40 p.m. train. This bag was commenced on the 11th March, but discontinued after a few days until the 14th August, when it was recommenced subject to the condition that it was not to exceed 50 lbs. The Service remains an important one to this day, but the restrictive condition has long since been removed.

In August, 1848, the Chester and Holyhead Railway was completed, and the Irish night mails were again forwarded *via* Holyhead. In June, 1849, the day mails were also sent by the Holyhead route, and Liverpool ceased to be a packet station for Ireland, notwithstanding protests from the City of Dublin Steam Packet Co. and the "Liverpool Guardian Society for the Protection of Trade," the petition of the latter being presented and supported by Mr. W. Brown, M.P., and Mr. J. Baker, M.P.

On the 22nd July, 1848, Mr. Banning reported that, as the Mayor was afraid of "an outbreak of the disaffected" that night, and public buildings might be attacked, arrangements had been made to keep 30 officers on duty all night, as a guard, and a party of soldiers in readiness at Duke Street Barracks, 200 yards distant, in case they were required. A further report on the 24th July, however, stated that no disorder had occurred, although the Mayor was still apprehensive.

In 1849, improvements in the circulation of letters continued, especially in extensions of the Railway Post Office system. The London night mail was improved, being due to arrive at 4.4 a.m., and to depart at 9 p.m. Instructions were given this year that every provincial post office was to be closed on Sundays from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except when necessary for the receipt or despatch of mails.

In December, 1849, Southport, then quite a small town, became a sub-office to Liverpool, the letters being despatched by the Crosby mail cart at 7 a.m., and received by the same cart on its return journey at 6.45 p.m.

In December, 1849, the United States mail packets between New York and Bremen ceased to call at Southampton. This appears to have increased the importance of Liverpool as an American mail station, and it was then arranged that the Secretary to the Department in London should always be advised by telegram of the arrival of an American packet, and of the time at which the mails for London would go forward. A special messenger was

employed to watch for each mail packet from America, and to advise the senior clerk on duty of the ship's arrival in the river. He then took the message for the secretary to the telegraph office, and proceeded to the residences of the clerks and stampers, required to work off the mail, to summon them for duty.

In 1850, further improvements of the service were made, including the arrival of the night mail from the north by train from Preston at 6.25 a.m.

In this year I find a record of a punishment now happily obsolete :—"In consequence of many careless and serious errors



PRIVATE BOX HOLDER'S CARD.

Established in 1851 to prevent any repetition of Bamber's fraud.

of which Mr. — has been guilty, I have felt it my duty not to grant him any leave of absence this year." On the other hand I find that shortly afterwards the Postmaster-General granted an officer "15 days' leave on his marriage."

In 1850 and 1851, many Sunday day mails were stopped, in consequence of the order given in 1849 to restrict the Sunday hours of attendance. Of late years public opinion appears to have changed on the Sunday Post question, and the only applications we now receive on the subject are for extended deliveries and increased attendance on Sunday.

In May, 1851, a clever robbery was effected by a boy named Richard Bamber, who saw a registered letter addressed to

Messrs. Parkinson, commission agents, in their private box, when he was calling at the office on other business. He afterwards called again at the Box Office, and boldly asked for all letters for Messrs. Parkinson; they were given to him, including the registered letter, for which he signed in the name of "Chas. Haughton," and which contained bank notes for £680. As a check against similar frauds, printed cards were adopted (of which a fac-simile is given), and, up to the present time, no private box letters are given out unless the messenger calling for them is in possession of this card.

In 1852, Mr. Banning proposed that all the letter carriers and post messengers should be provided with and required to wear a distinctive uniform, as was then done by the letter carriers in London. This was not then approved, but three years later, in 1855, all the letter carriers in Liverpool were supplied with an official uniform—hat, &c.

After the parliamentary election of 1852, two letter carriers of the Scotland Road Division were charged with having interfered in the interests of two of the candidates by visiting their committee room and marking in a certain way some cards, which they afterwards delivered. They explained, however, that they only visited the committee room to obtain a fuller address for the cards, which they were unable to deliver, and their statement was accepted.

In 1852, I find it recorded that the "British and North American" and the "United States" mail steamers from Liverpool were "never equalled in speed and regularity," and that the ordinary length of the voyage between Liverpool and New York was from 10 to 12 days. Now the fastest steamers accomplish it in less than 7 days, and are so regular that their arrival can usually be anticipated within a few hours.

In July or August, 1854, the first pillar letter box was erected in Princes Park, Liverpool, and in December, 1856, several others were erected in various parts of the town.

In 1856, the Liverpool Mutual Guarantee Society was started by the staff of the Liverpool Office with the consent of the Postmaster-General. It was very successful, and continued until the business was transferred a few years ago to the "Post Office Employees' Mutual Guarantee Association," a body formed to do for the whole kingdom what the local society had done for Liverpool over 30 years before.

F. SALISBURY.

(To be continued.)

The Pension Systems of Europe.

[The following paper on "Pension Systems" was read by Mr. C. H. Garland, of the London Central Telegraph Office, at the International Congress of Telegraphists, held at Como, to celebrate the centenary of the discovery of the Voltaic pile. The Congress was opened on the 31st May by the Marquis of San Giuliano, the Italian Postmaster-General. The paper we print was read at the third sitting on the 2nd June, and secured the election of the author to the vice-presidency of the Congress on the following day. At the termination of the Congress the delegates visited the following towns, and were entertained by the municipal bodies: Como, Bellagio, Milan, Florence, Bologna, Rome, and Venice.



THE BRONZE PLAQUE AND WREATH PLACED ON THE STATUE OF VOLTA, AT COMO, BY THE DELEGATES AT THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE.

We give illustrations of the old Palace of Broletto, adjoining the Cathedral at Como, in which the Congress was held, and of the commemorative tablet and crown which was affixed to the statue of Volta in the market-place of Como.—*Editor.*]

THE study of the Pension Systems in European countries proves to us that governments have widely different ideas concerning their duty towards their employees.

In some countries we find the system founded upon a broad and liberal generosity, whilst in other countries it is narrow and without consideration for the well-being of officers who have passed their whole life in the service of the State. Nevertheless, the study is well worth making, for we can deduce from the various systems certain principles which are useful in considering the duty of a civilised government towards its servants. It seems to me that when a man consents to devote his life to the service of the State the contract implies also a certain duty on the part of the State towards the employee and his family. The European States recognise this duty, but in diverse manners. Some embrace it frankly and without reserve, whilst others, supporting themselves on certain commercial considerations which should have no place in the economy of a State, limit their duty, and consequently show themselves less generous or, we may say, perhaps, less civilised.

A State should always move towards the Ideal. If the duty of a State be to safeguard the moral and material interests of all its citizens, it can do no better than to commence by the interests of those citizens whom it directly employs. The State should be the model employer, the ideal master. This is the principle actually accepted in England, but, unhappily, the practice is quite another thing.

The consideration which has induced me to attempt to interest the International Congress of Telegraphists in the question of pensions is briefly this: In civilised countries there should exist a certain uniformity in the conception of the duty which a State owes to its employees. The ideal towards which a State should move should be composed of elements drawn from the best existing systems.

As an example of a system in which benefits are reduced to a minimum the English system may be cited. In England Postal and Telegraphic employees cannot regularly claim their pensions until they arrive at the age of sixty. The established staff only have a right to a pension, and the large army of auxiliaries have no claim. Proportional pensions are also granted. In order to obtain a proportional pension the employee must prove by means of medical testimony that he is not in a condition to continue his work. The pension is calculated on the basis of so many sixtieths of the mean

salary of his last three years of service as he can reckon completed years of service. If an employee die ere he take his pension neither his widow nor his children receive a *sou*. The funds necessary for these pensions are furnished by the State without deduction from the salary. But in determining the salary the fact that the officer will receive a pension is taken into account, and as a consequence the salary is fixed lower than it would be had he no such prospect. There is thus an actual if not a declared deduction. According to certain official declarations this undeclared deduction is not less than 16 per cent. of the salary.

To find a system which falls into the category that we may call generous we can turn to Germany. According to the information in my possession the German Postal and Telegraphic employees are entitled to a pension for which the necessary funds are provided by the State without deduction from the officer's salary. In order to claim this pension it is necessary to have completed at least ten years of service, but service before the age of 20 is not reckoned, even if the officer enters at 18 years of age (the usual age). After ten years the employee is entitled to $\frac{1}{4} = 15/60$ of his salary. The pension is increased by one-sixtieth of the salary for each additional year of service. In order to receive the maximum pension the officer must have completed 40 years service. In addition to the salary, the subsistence allowance, which varies with the size and importance of the town in which the officer is stationed, is reckoned towards pension.* The pension of an officer's widow is fixed at one-third of the pension to which the officer was entitled, but she never receives less than 160 marks or more than 1,600 marks. If the widow be fifteen years younger than her husband the pension is reduced one-third. The widow loses her pension on re-marriage. For each child she receives an amount equal to one-fifth of her own pension, this payment continuing until the child reaches eighteen years of age. Should the officer's wife be dead each child receives a pension equal to one-third of the pension its mother would have received.

Here we find ourselves in the presence of a system which recognises that an officer's widow and children forming an integral part of his social self should share in the fruits of his work. Even if the pensions are in themselves meagre or insufficient the principle is

* This "subsistence allowance" is called variously "*Frais de Sejour*" or "*indemnité des logements*" in France, and "*Wohnungsgeld*" in Germany. The salary throughout the country being uniform, the subsistence allowance adjusts the salary to the variable cost of living in the different towns in the same way as the various schedules are supposed to adjust the English salaries.

recognised that the State owes some duty towards the widow and children of an employee who has devoted his whole life to its service. In principle the German system is an ideal system. Other systems can be classed as good or bad according to the degree of their approximation to the principles of the German system. The English system thus judged must stand among the bad systems.

In France, the right of the widow is recognised, but, according to my information, it is not recognised as completely as necessary. Half the pension of a deceased officer is granted to his widow, provided always that the marriage has been contracted six years before the pension is granted. But the children are entitled to nothing! France, then, is far from the front rank in this respect. Switzerland is worse, for there is no system at all in that country, and the employées have been compelled to establish a society to which relatively small sums are contributed and from which pensions are granted proportional to the payment.

In Belgium the funds for pensions are furnished by the State without any deduction from the officer's salary. A pension is granted on condition that the officer is 60 years of age and has performed at least 30 years' service. In case of illness a proportional pension is granted after ten years' service on the basis of one-sixtieth of the mean salary for the last five years for each completed year of service. There is also a fund for the provision of pensions for widows and children. This fund is furnished from deductions made from the salaries on a basis determined by law. The deductions are as follows: from salaries of 3,000 francs and above, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; from those below 3,000 francs, 3 per cent. The amount of the widow's pension is 20 per cent. of the mean salary enjoyed by the deceased husband during his last five years' service. The pension is increased by 2 per cent. of the mean salary for each child of less than 18 years of age. The pension of a single orphan is three-fifths of that which the mother would have enjoyed; the pension of two orphans, four-fifths; that of three orphans, the total widow's pension. For each orphan above three there is an allowance of 2 per cent. of the *mean salary* of the father.

It will thus be seen that the Belgian State, whilst recognising the rights of widows and children, is not so generous as the German State inasmuch as it draws the funds from the officers' salaries.

Italy recognises in a distinct manner the rights of widows and children. The necessary funds are provided partly by the State and partly by the employees themselves. The arrangements are

according to a law promulgated April 24th, 1864. The employees contribute monthly sums in the following proportions :—

<i>Salary.</i>			<i>Contribution.</i>		
From	0 to	800 francs	1 per cent.
„	801 „	2,000 „	2 „
„	2,001 „	3,000 „	3 „
„	3,001 „	4,000 „	4 „
„	4,001 „	5,000 „	5 „
	above		6 „

A pension is granted :—

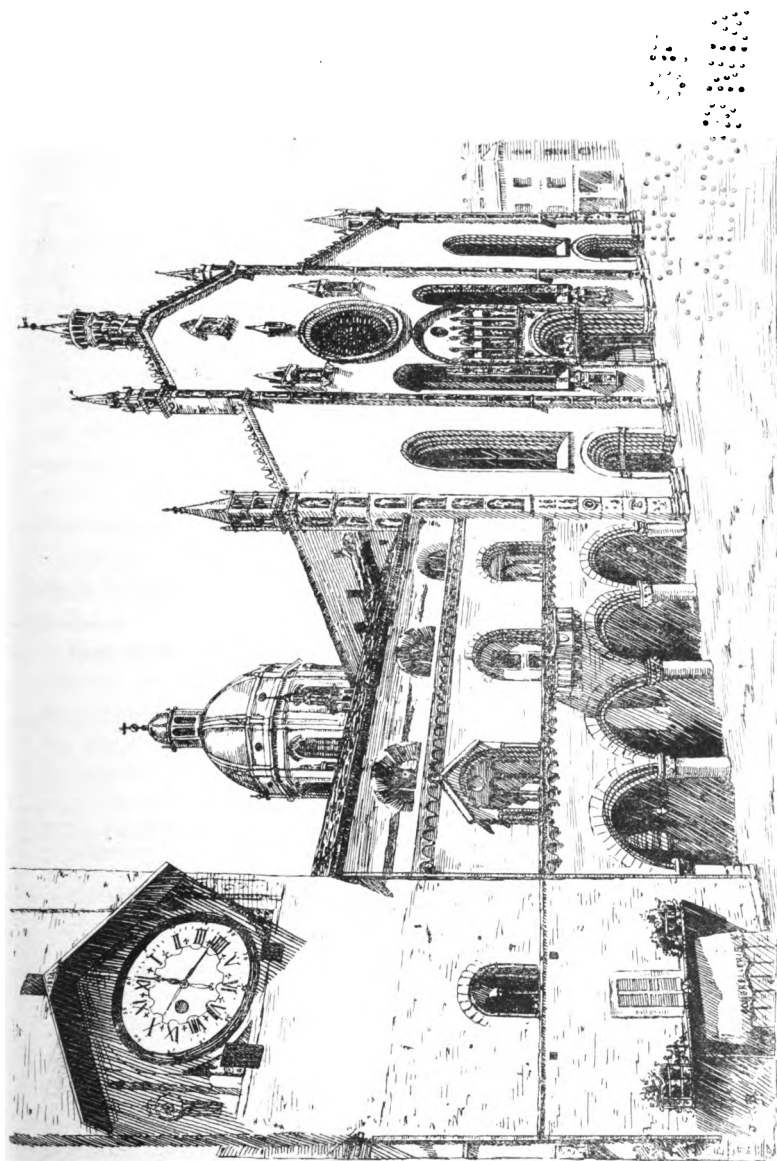
1. To employees who have completed 40 years of active service or to those who, being 60 years of age, have completed at least 25 years of active service.

2. To those who, after 25 years of active service, have become incapable of continuing their work.

3. To those who, after 25 years of service, are dispensed with on account of the reform of offices or of the service.

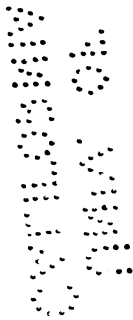
The pension is calculated on the mean salary for the last five years of service. The pension is never less than 150 francs and never in excess of four-fifths of the last year's salary. No pension is granted above 8,000, but the latter rule affects a very small number of employees. The pension is augmented by one-fifth if during the last twelve years the officer has obtained no increment. In this case the maximum pension is the whole of the salary. In case of illness which does not permit an officer of less than ten years' service to resume his duty, he is granted a bonus calculated on the basis of one month's salary for each year of service.

The widow and children of less than 21 years of age are entitled to a part of the officer's pension, but the right ceases: (1) If the widow remarries; (2) When the sons attain 21 years of age; (3) When the daughters marry. The widow's title is only recognised after two years of marriage. The pension of the widow if she die or lose her title, and the pensions of the children who die or lose their title, are given in augmentation of the pensions of the other members of the family. The pension of the widow, or, if she be dead, of the orphans, is equal to one-third of the pension which the officer himself would have received. If, however, the employee has lost his life in the service, the pension of the widow is equal to one half of the maximum pension, calculated according to the mean of the salary for the whole service. This system appears to be very complete.



THE OLD PALACE OF BROLETTO AT COMO, WHERE THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF TELEGRAPHISTS
WAS HELD.

[To face page 56.



In Holland also, the system provides for the widows and children. At 55 years of age and after 40 years' service Dutch Postal and Telegraph employees are entitled to two-thirds of their salary as pension. Proportional pensions are granted in the case of illness, and the amount is fixed according to the number of years' service. The basis is the usual one of one-sixtieth of the salary for each completed year. The necessary funds are furnished by a contribution of 4 per cent. deducted from the employees' salaries. There is also a further payment on the occasion of each increment of salary, the amount being the sum of the increment for one month. This last contribution does not occur very frequently, as the salaries are only increased when the state of the National Budget warrants, and there is sometimes a halt of five or six years. In addition to the pension of the officer himself the widows of officers are entitled to a pension equal to one-fourth of the last year's salary of the deceased officer, and each child is entitled to one-twentieth of the father's pension if the father be dead. In Holland also, the State recognises its duty towards the family of a deceased officer, and fulfils that duty to some extent.

This review of European pension systems, necessarily brief and limited in scope, nevertheless permits us to classify the countries mentioned according to their more or less complete recognition of the ideal principles relating to pension systems. The order is as follows :

1. Italy.
2. Germany.
3. Holland.
4. Belgium.
5. France.
6. England.
7. Switzerland.

It is not my intention to examine whether the nervous demands made by the profession of Telegraphy are sufficient to command for it some special consideration in the matter of pensions. The facts above cited are sufficient to demonstrate that the question of pensions has special and general characters fitting it for the consideration of an International Congress and recommending it to the notice of the Permanent Commission appointed to carry out the wishes of the Congress. The first step is to gather exact information upon the systems in force in all the countries represented. The Congress has instructed the Permanent Commission to undertake



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this work. When we are in possession of this information we can seek the best means of soliciting the aid and support of those States possessing the best systems. If, despite this support, we are compelled to work even for years in order to succeed, I shall still be satisfied with having raised this question before the first International Congress of Telegraphists at Como. In England the work is well in hand, and the entire Civil Service is united in an irresistible movement for the betterment of pensions. I trust the other countries will follow our example.

CHARLES H. GARLAND.



THE PLAQUE PLACED ON THE STATUE OF GALVANI IN THE PIAZZA GALVANI, AT BOLOGNA, BY THE DELEGATES OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF TELEGRAPHISTS.

Our Library Table.

[We draw no hard and fast line as to the kind of books we notice, but, of course, we give the preference to those written by Civil Servants.]

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN YORKSHIRE, by Arthur H. Norway, with Illustrations by Joseph Pennell and Hugh Thomson. Price 6s. London, Macmillan & Co.

(*Mr. Norway is of the Secretary's Office.*)

MR. NORWAY is, we believe, a Cornishman, and loving the West Country with the love of the native, he wrote a book two years ago which we reviewed in these columns entitled *Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall*. The book had that elusive quality we call charm; it could be read with pleasure by those who know and by those who don't know the particular district dealt with. The note of enthusiasm, of pride in his country, was in this instance the secret of Mr. Norway's power over the reader. "I am a citizen of no mean city" was his proud boast when he talked of Devon and Cornwall, and the egotism it implied was pleasant and entirely free from aggressiveness. And now with admittedly no knowledge of the county before he undertook to tell her story he has written *Highways and Byways in Yorkshire*. Under conditions so different has the experiment been equally successful? Does Mr. Norway really love Yorkshire? Has he caught her glory and charm on this flying visit? Does he succeed in conveying his delight to his readers? Frankly, we don't think he does. He has attempted, we think, the rôle of the impressionist, and he has too much heart and sincerity to succeed therein. It is sad to have to make the admission, but he has proved to us that he cannot sing the Lord's song in a strange land. He is sometimes dull; his praises of country and of architecture are not seldom monotonous, and as he drags you about hither and thither to see the sights, he leaves with you the impression that he is fulfilling a duty rather than communicating a pleasure.

And yet here and there one comes across better writing than any to be found in his former volume. In a short sketch of about three pages on "The Roman Occupation" he has given us a really fine "impression" of what that "occupation" meant to this country. It is written with restraint and with genuine eloquence. Nothing could, indeed, be better of its kind. Equally well written, too, are

many of the stories he tells which are associated with the abbeys and castles of Yorkshire, although, in this direction, his tales are usually towards the tragic and the terrible. He will give you a swift impression in a paragraph of the beauty of some particular scene, and then devote pages to hunting up the gory details of a fight or massacre which has occurred in the district. He takes you on a twenty-mile journey on his bicycle merely to tell you a story of blood and violence. The literary associations of Yorkshire, rich as they are, appeal to him very little; he likes a fight and, of course, in this old borderland there are battle fields galore. In reading some of Mr. Norway's stories of blood and adventure we could not help being reminded of an experience of our own in another part of Great Britain. We had taken many drives of our own selection in a particular district with the same driver, but on the last day of our visit, we told him we would leave the choice of the drive to him, he must take us to see something really interesting. The drive itself proved quite disappointing so far as scenery was concerned, but we buoyed ourselves up with the hope that the reward would be at the end of the journey. The driver, who was of a melancholy, sardonic disposition, at last pulled up opposite a very commonplace looking cottage. He pointed to it with his whip and said, laconically, "That's where I was born and where my mother was killed." "Indeed!" said we, "how was that?" our query relating to the latter incident. "See that wall," he said, "that's where she pitched 'er 'ed against." "What did she do that for?" we naturally asked. "Fighting with 'er neighbour, sir." "How dreadful!" we said. But the driver only remarked, as he turned the carriage round in a homeward direction and whipped up the horse, "My mother wasn't a woman to be trifled with." It was certainly our belief in heredity that influenced us in paying the man excess fare for his drive that day. Mr. Norway will pardon us if we say that he and the sardonic driver are kindred spirits; even the little chuckle which Mr. Norway indulges in at the end of his stories over the fact that "Britons never will be slaves," has something in it suggestive of the driver's pride in his mother.

We miss also in the book the humours of Yorkshire; it is a county brimful of humour and character, but Mr. Norway has travelled along its highways and byways and has all but passed it by. Perhaps he is like Mr. Disraeli, who said of Mr. Joseph Cowen that he was possibly a great orator, but he, Mr. Disraeli, did not understand foreign languages. "Yorkshire" is indeed difficult to acquire

or to understand on a flying visit, but the lover of the humours of his kind will not grudge the effort or the somewhat coarse vocabulary he has to master. Far away in a foreign country, we were once introduced to a very lively and witty girl. And in complimenting her on her humour we said we were not surprised, as she evidently came from a county rich in that kind of thing: "You come, of course, from Yorkshire," we added. She fired up at once. "I am Dutch all over," she replied, "but it is true I went for two years to school in Yorkshire." We thought at the time it was a cruel thing to do to send a foreigner to learn English in Yorkshire, but with that remarkable power of assimilation the Dutch possess, she had certainly learned something else as well, and this was the compensation in her case. But Mr. Norway has apparently neither appreciated the language nor "the something else," and hence our disappointment.

Do not, however, let us leave off with a bad impression of Mr. Norway's work. It is because he writes so well, with such an eye for colour and effect, and with so much personal charm, that we are tempted to find fault with him. He never sins against good taste; his prose is always easy and without strain; he has a real genuine love of nature and of art, and best of all qualities in our eyes, he is not ashamed to show his enthusiasm. In these days sentimentalism and enthusiasm are in bad odour: we are told that they are signs of weakness rather than strength;

"They were dangerous guides, the feelings,"

and great literature, great oratory, high art, and high national ideals have almost ceased as a consequence to be produced among us. We are glad that at any rate Mr. Norway is on the side of the angels, a temperament such as his covers a multitude of sins.

FRAMES OF MIND, by A. B. Walkley. Price 6s. Grant, Richards, London, 1899.

(*Mr. Walkley is of the Secretary's Office.*)

MR. WALKLEY calls his pretty volume of most readable essays *Frames of Mind*. He is, doubtless, conscious of the different moods and circumstances in which they were written, but we who have no knowledge of this kind to guide us are impressed rather with one predominant "frame of mind" which seems to be the possession of the author. Mr. Max Beerbohm calls it "skittishness," but we can best come to a definition by indicating what it is not. But for the

fact that Mr. Walkley's name scarcely lends itself to the experiment we should look for some analogous term to "birrelling" to apply to his work. Not that he birrells in the true meaning of the term. Mr. Birrell's note is a certain unexpectedness in his humour which springs out of a really serious handling of his subject; moreover he has a fine sense of proportion, and though evidently sorely tried at times he resists the temptation to say a witty thing for its own sake; his restraint in the interests of his art is as noticeable as is his sly and delicate humour. Mr. Walkley, on the other hand, admittedly takes up a subject to frivol with it; he is bubbling over with gaiety, merriment, "quips and cranks, and wanton wiles," and like the great Dean Colet "he is disposed to make a joke of everything." But unlike the great Dean, who fought against this tendency "with study, fasting, and prayer," Mr. Walkley is an impenitent joker, and whether he is poking fun at St. Augustine or comparing Dan Leno with George Sand, his cleverness and wit are without restraint. Even when stricken down with influenza and on a bed of sickness he is not humbled; he calls out, not for the Family Bible, but for some volume "not to exceed fcap. 8vo." Then he chuckles to himself on his pillow at the many classical and ponderous works this condition will exclude. Had we been Mr. Walkley's nurse we should have handed him a pocket edition of the Book of Psalms, specially marked at the 51st and other penitential poems. For to use an old Evangelical phrase, if we could only convince him of sin, he would, we feel sure, develop into a more excellent critic, and his humour would gain what it now lacks, a sense of perspective, an artistic setting.

We are, like other critics, quite overpowered sometimes by the way Mr. Walkley flings his occasional reading at us. "The art of allusion" in his hand loses much of its gentleness, its inevitableness and its insinuatingness, and as we read we sigh for a page of Walkley without inverted commas. We are inclined to prefer the Rev. Laurence Sterne's method, viz., to dispense with their aid even when least original. Mark Twain put the scenery for one of his novels in an appendix for the use of those who liked scenery with stories; we sometimes wish Mr. Walkley would do the same with his quotations. In ordinary conversation a habit of quotation is a sign of mental indigestion, and why should we not apply the same test to literature? In Mr. Walkley's case it would, we admit, be unjust to do so because he has won his spurs as a clever and cultivated man, but he should really pray against his besetting sin.

And yet what nonsense we are talking. We are asking Mr. Walkley

to be other than himself; we are, perhaps, asking him to write dull instead of lively books. Take him as he is, and who does not envy him his alertness of mind, his nimbleness of fancy, his lively wit, his almost "fatal fluency," and his sublime cocksureness. These gifts all make for readableness and for enjoyment, while in his own province of dramatic criticism he is as suggestive and penetrating a writer as any of his trade now before the public. Of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays he writes with excellent judgment, and when he says of that dramatist's heroes and heroines that "their brains have been cultivated at the expense of their feelings" he gives us the Shaw psychology in a phrase. When he says of the Second Mrs. Tanqueray that "it had the air of inevitability which is the mark of great drama," that "as for the dialogue of the play, nothing like it had been heard or seen on the English stage, nothing so simple, natural, and appropriate, yet at the same time rythmical and choice, resonant with the intimate personal *timbre* we call style," we realize how well Mr. Walkley can write when moved to enthusiasm. Even in this connexion he soon regrets his serious mood and we are pulled up farther on with a sense of something jarring us; he tells us Mr. Pinero's endings always suggest to him "Somebody's Liver Pills"! When you get accustomed to these jars, these false notes, and are ready for them when they appear, Mr. Walkley's dramatic criticism will prove a tonic and an inspiration to you, but you will often sigh for appendix No. 2, to which "the jars" could be relegated.

On literature and on life he admittedly frivols and he does it very well. We like his story of a frivolous French friend whom he took to his club. The dulness and unsociability of the Englishman's club is here the text Mr. Walkley is illustrating. "He looked round with an affrighted gaze on the miscellaneous collection of seedy coats and trousers there assembled and, exclaiming, "*Ça manque de femmes*," incontinently fled. That is delightful. So too is his criticism of Joubert. "He shoots compressed pellets of thought out of a popgun, and they hurt." And we can forgive him much for the following appreciation of Jane Austen. "The depraved novel readers who in Jane's own day would have preferred *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, and gloated over Laurantina's skeleton, now desiderate a warmer blood, the Celtic strain perhaps, madcap Irish Dianas of the Crossways and Scotch Lady Babbies. But to others of us these explosive, ebullient flamboyant heroines seem "gey ill to live wi'," whereas Miss Austen's girls are all pre-eminently comfortable companions. Jane was a comfortable writer. She soothes. She is

like the shadow of a great rock on a weary land. In an age of sensational headlines, kinematographs, motor-cars, and boomsters, we could do with a gentle Jane or two ;

Austen, thou shouldst be living at this hour ;
England hath need of thee.

But she would never consent to appear at the Women Writers' Dinners."

But even here the jar and the false note are not quite absent. The "well of English undefiled," which is the ideal of the great writer, receives as Mr. Walkley's contribution to it a somewhat turbid flow in which the language of Greece, Rome, France, the comic opera, the music hall, the smoking room, and the mathematical examiner are blended with his own clear stream in bewildering confusion ; but the *tout ensemble*, as Walkley himself would say, is effective. His boundless vitality and wit, but not his humour, save him when all but submerged in the torrent of foreign elements which carry him along, and he comes up still smiling, still self-satisfied in the undoubted possession of a style of his own.

There exists, no doubt, another humour which has for a background the riddle of the painful earth, and the mere force of contrast raises this kind to a far higher level than Walkley reaches. He consistently and ruthlessly rules "the riddle" out, and takes without shame the lower level. Trifles light as air he gives us, and we all have after-dinner moods when the lighter humour prevails. More power therefore we say to his elbow.

THE BRISTOL ROYAL MAIL, Post, Telegraph, and Telephone, by R. C. Tombs, Postmaster of Bristol, Ex-Controller of the London Postal Service. Price 3s. 6d. net. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith, 11, Quay Street.

WE have often done our best, in a small way, to encourage Postmasters and other officers to take some interest in the history of the great service to which they belong, and especially to the short chapter of that history which belongs to the city or town in which their respective lots are cast. If *St. Martin's-le-Grand* has done nothing else it has shown to the world that the history of the Post Office can be made interesting, and we have helped to inspire in many officers' minds an affection for the Service as a whole, which the dullness and monotony associated with their own particular daily work are calculated to repress. We do not, however, for a moment, think that we have inspired Mr. Tombs to write this very creditable and interesting history of his own office. He has more often inspired us in our

work, and he now sets us an example of what can be done by patient research and love of the service. Even any profits which can be made from the sale of his book he intends to hand over to the Rowland Hill Fund. Bristol has a special interest to students of Post Office history. It was in the Bristol district that Ralph Allen's improved postal services were successfully carried out in the last century; he was postmaster of the neighbouring town of Bath, and "Allen's Post boys" and "Allen's By-Posts" helped considerably the growth of Bristol. John Palmer, too, the father of the mail coach services, was a native of Bath, and the first mail coach ran between Bristol and London. The fare was £1 8s., and the journey occupied sixteen hours. Sir Francis Freeling, also, was born at Bristol, and he is buried in the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe. Then Bristol has been a mail station for Ireland, the West Indies, America and Canada, and in this way touches life at many different points. Mr. Tombs not only describes the Bristol Royal Mail of the past, but that of the present, and to the various details of its work he introduces the reader. The many illustrations he provides are excellently reproduced, and the volume is bound in red cloth, duly ornamented with the Royal Arms. Nothing indeed could be better than the binder's share in the publication; it is worthy of the letterpress. We confidently recommend the little volume to our brother officers. Let them buy the book and see how things are done in Bristol. If their own town can do better let us know it at once; we will give such a place bold advertisement. Just now, of course, Bristol is hard to beat; she has been entertaining the Queen, and *The Bristol Royal Mail* comes out at an opportune moment. Mr. Tombs has been paying his respects to the Queen, in Bristol; Mr. Salisbury has been fêting the Duke of York, in Liverpool; and Mr. C. D. Lang, of the Savings' Bank, has been receiving the congratulations, in person, of the Prince and Princess of Wales. All in the year 1899, and yet there are people who tell us we of the Post Office are a poor lot, "half educated," and inveterate grumblers. Let them read the *Bristol Royal Mail*, and they will give their boots to serve even as postmen under Mr. Tombs.

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF LYON PLAYFAIR, First Lord Playfair of St. Andrews, by Wemyss Reid. Cassell & Company, Limited, London, &c. 1899.

THE late Lord Playfair has more than one claim on the memories of officers of the Post Office. For a few months he was Postmaster-General, and, short as was his tenure of the office, "it enabled him

to win the confidence of the eminent public servants with whom he was brought in contact at St. Martin's-le-Grand." Almost immediately after his resignation he became Chairman of the Commission, appointed in 1874, to enquire into the Civil Service, and was largely responsible for the "Playfair Scheme" which effected important changes in the personnel of the Post Office, and of other Departments, and has influenced, for good or ill, the fortunes of many readers of this Magazine. Lord Playfair was also in some measure responsible for the introduction of half-penny post cards, and it was to him that the Postmaster-General made the announcement of the intention of the Government to permit their use. We quote Lord Hartington's letter, the interest of which is increased by the circumstance that it was addressed to the writer's successor in office in the same ministry, though Lord Emly (Mr. Monsell) was Postmaster-General between Lord Hartington's resignation and Lord Playfair's appointment:—

"Post Office,

"May 26th, 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am glad to be able to inform you that the Government have decided to introduce a half-penny card postage, as advocated by you and a deputation of Members of Parliament, with whom I had the pleasure of an interview some time ago. I had intended to announce this yesterday in introducing the Post Office Bill, but it was too late for me to be able to make any statement. I should be much obliged to you, if you would, by putting a question to me either to-day or to-morrow, enable me to inform the House of our intention.

"Yours faithfully,

"HARTINGTON."

Lyon Playfair was born in India, the second son of George Playfair, a surgeon in the service of the East India Company, and was sent home at an early age to the care of an aunt, then living at St. Andrews. After some teaching from a governess he went, when six years old, to the parish school, which at that time was attended by children of all classes, and the effect of this admixture, as he says in his biography, was excellent. From the parish school he was transferred to the old grammar school, and thence, at fourteen, to the University, which he left to take a place in the office of his uncle, James Playfair, a Glasgow merchant. But he did not care for mercantile life and gave it up to study medicine at the Andersonian College, in Glasgow, where one of his fellow students was David Livingstone. To his great vexation, his health compelled him to forego his hope of becoming a doctor, and he went to India to

make a second attempt in business, but soon returned to Glasgow, to study chemistry. In 1839, we find him at Giessen, in Germany, with Liebig, the founder of organic chemistry, who possessed the finest laboratory in Europe. Liebig was then writing his great work on agricultural chemistry and entrusted his pupil with the task of translating it into English. The translation was successful and laid the foundation of Playfair's fame and fortune.

We cannot do more than briefly indicate some of the principal incidents of Playfair's subsequent career. In 1842, he was offered, by Faraday, a Professorship of Chemistry, in Canada, which he declined at the suggestion of Sir Robert Peel. He served on a Royal Commission, appointed in 1843, to enquire into the state of large towns and populous districts, and when the Commission had reported, became chemist to the Geological Survey. During the Chartist troubles of 1848 he was a special constable, and was ordered to patrol Whitehall. His instructions were to take into custody any person carrying arms, and he accordingly arrested a nursemaid leading a four-year old child with a drum and a tin sword. Two years later he became Special Commissioner for the Great Exhibition of 1851, a position which brought him to the notice of Prince Consort, who appointed him a Gentleman Usher in his household. He had much to do with the establishment of the South Kensington Museum, and in 1858 he went to Edinburgh as Professor of Chemistry in the University, but resigned the appointment in 1867, on being elected to Parliament as Member for the newly enfranchised Universities of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. He represented the United Universities for seventeen years, retiring in 1885, on account of the growing Conservatism of his constituents, and found a seat at South Leeds, which he continued to fill until 1892, when he was raised to the Peerage. He was Chairman of Committee in the House of Commons from 1880 to 1883, and in July, 1882, suspended sixteen Irish Members for obstructing the Prevention of Crimes (Ireland) Bill. In 1886 he was, during some months, Vice-President of Council, an office for which his knowledge of educational science eminently qualified him.

Lord Playfair died in 1898, a few days after his former chief, Mr. Gladstone, and one of his last acts was to write a pencilled note of condolence to Mrs. Gladstone, on the death of her illustrious husband.

Sir Wemyss Reid has produced an excellent memoir. He has, as far as possible, allowed Lord Playfair to tell his own story, by printing his autobiography and many characteristic letters, and he

has succeeded in compressing all that need be said into one volume, setting a good example to other biographers who exhaust their subject and their readers in two, three, or even four big books. Lord Playfair was a man of great tact and many acquirements; he possessed, too, the saving sense of humour, and, as we have seen in the arrest of the nursemaid and the child, was not too solemn and self-important to play a practical joke. He is worthily commemorated in Sir Wemyss Reid's book.

J. A. J. H.

ON POSTAL AND PUBLIC SERVICE, by Lovell, Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co., 1899. Three pies.

THIS little volume, which comes to us in a cover suitably decorated with a copy of the Indian postage stamp greatly enlarged, is a collection of short sketches and verses reprinted from *The Pioneer* and other Indian newspapers. They are mostly attempts to picture the lighter side of official existence in India, and they are all readable. We prefer "Lovell's" prose to his poetry; indeed, so similar is the existence of postal servants all over the world, that we can, even in London, read his satiric comments on the ways of officialism with sympathy and enjoyment. Let us give a few samples:—

"The Branch Postmaster is found scattered all over the country, and inhabits the smaller villages. He is subordinate to everyone who cares to supervise him."

"Our Doctor is considered a universal genius and an all-round man. The only thing of which he is completely ignorant is his own profession: but in a healthy hill-sanatorium this is of no consequence and is only worth casual mention."

"Many a man has been stalked by an enterprising woman for the sake of her husband, and many a husband has been rescued from the outskirts of society and official status, and raised to social and official eminence by the kind offices of his wife. The hill sanatoria, from Simla downwards, are of the greatest service for this sort of thing, and have been established primarily for the purposes of pleasure and promotion."

This last extract is from "Mrs. Midland's Mistake," which is perhaps the brightest sketch in the book.



Wanted, A Safety Valve.

A FEW days ago I was walking along the Thames Embankment and I saw something which amused me considerably. It was the day following a heavy snowstorm, and a group of boys some few hundred yards in front of me were busy snowballing. Just as I was wondering how I should pass these youngsters without being bombarded, I noticed that their efforts were all being directed at one of the many statues which adorn the Embankment. As I passed the group I heard a boy exclaim, "There goes one, right in 'is eye," and looking up to see who the victim was I saw that it was Robert Raikes, founder of Sunday Schools. His good deeds are engraved in large letters on his pedestal, and from the amount of spirit which was being put into the attack, the boys were evidently working off old scores. Robert Burns, Sir Bartle Frere, John Stuart Mill, and Brunel gazed down with almost a look of security from their pedestals: they were passed unnoticed by the boys; on Robert Raikes' head alone rested the exploded snowballs of the London urchins. Now, I myself have been a Sunday School teacher in my time, but I felt considerable sympathy with the snowballers. And if it were permissible for men and women to work off their sense of wrong by the vigorous snowballing of the effigies of their oppressors, I believe that the air would be considerably cleared and a thousand grievances would be dissipated.

I submit that it is in no way foolish of me to instance the snowballing on the part of London boys as evidence of what men and women of riper age are capable of. We have lately seen erected at Westminster, in defiance of a vote of the House of Lords, a statue of Oliver Cromwell, and on visiting the spot a few days after the unveiling I noticed that a policeman was guarding the erection. He informed me that it was feared that at first there might be things thrown at the statue. He did not say whether the attack was expected to come from Conservative peers or Irish Members, but there was a suspicion that bad blood existed in certain quarters against the Protector, and he, the policeman, was there to divert the

attack, if possible, I suppose, to the statues of some of the Liberal Prime Ministers standing in the Palace Gardens. In the eyes of many people it is evident that statues exist not only in honour of the person so commemorated, but also to give opportunities to that person's enemies to work off old animosities. And if Oliver Cromwell himself did not do something of the kind, at any rate his soldiers wrecked statues, memorial buildings, and windows in a way that has made lovers of the beautiful in art to this day inclined also to take up stones to cast at him.

For there are few among us who don't find a relief in letting our feelings go in this way. An old friend of mine who, at the time of the passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act, felt very incensed against the late Archbishop Tait, used to daily relieve his High Church feelings when passing Lambeth Palace on his walk to town by expectorating on the pavement. He always felt considerably relieved after perpetrating this harmless indignity, and the daily habit was no doubt good for his spiritual welfare; at any rate, his friends all said but for this relief to his feelings he would have abandoned the Church of his baptism.

I notice, too, in the streets of London at the present time that many people are offered the opportunity, for the comparatively trifling sum of one penny, of relieving their feelings against President Kruger by the purchase of a small mechanical toy. By pulling a string you succeed in giving the effigy of the President "one in the eye." I notice that adults of both sexes are eager purchasers. At the time of the Home Rule agitation also no less a person than the Duke of Westminster disposed of the portrait of Mr. Gladstone which he possessed in a way that could scarcely be called respectful. Neither, to do the Duke justice, was it intended to be so regarded; he was merely relieving his feelings.

That bad blood of this kind exists everywhere we have abundant evidence. The only question with me is whether we should suppress it, or provide harmless outlets for its disappearance. I am not suggesting in official matters, for instance, that the Postmaster-General himself should allow his effigy to be snowballed in some public place by delegates from various Postal Associations, though I have little doubt that the task of governing our great Department would be rendered far easier were such an opportunity provided for exhausting the bad blood of postal agitators. And if I mention the Postmaster-General at all in this connexion it is only because he is the head of the Post Office, and not because I think any departmental chiefs should be spared. Each of us no doubt would have our own particular fancy in this respect, while to some sensitive dispositions the mere bombardment of a chief's room would be an efficacious safety valve.

Some years ago I used to sit next a man who was very fond of indulging in day dreams. One day the problem he suggested was: "Supposing one of us received a well authenticated telegram, telling us that we had come in for an amount of money that would make us

wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, what would be our first action?" I think I said that I should at once telegraph to Angelina, and take a cab home without troubling to sign off. He was scornful, and said I had no soul, no imagination, no perceptions of the use of opportunity. He went on, "I should simply go down to the chief's room, walk in courteously, and tell him straight, for as long as he would listen to me, everything I have wanted to say about this office for the last twenty-five years. I would then adjourn to the Hotel Cecil to think over the situation, order the best champagne and send for you. At anything less than this my imagination boggles. I certainly can't see so far into the future as the cab home."

The difference between my own day dream and that of my friend brings out the fact that it is all a matter of temperament, and that it is highly *strung* natures who most require a safety-valve. The equanimity of some persons is not disturbed by a great victory or a humiliating defeat, or in their own case by promotion or dismissal. I often think in this connexion of De Quincey reading in too close proximity to a lighted candle. Said his cool and self-contained daughter, "Papa, your hair is on fire." "Is it, my love," said the great man, as he extinguished the flames with his book and continued his studies. Such people may rouse bad blood in others: they are too anæmic to be disturbed themselves.

And now to bring this question nearer home. We have during the last few weeks had our emotional natures worked up to a high state of fever by the varied fortunes of our brave and much tried soldiers. We have shouted ourselves hoarse over "The Absent-minded Beggar," and have paid out our money in creditable abundance. And we are still conscious of overcharged feelings. We look around for somebody or something to go for, and when we are tired of adversely criticising the politicians and the generals, we let ourselves go on some weak brother whose mind has not been quick or alert enough to follow the new diplomacy which has led us into this war. We call him "Boer" and "Little Englander" till we are metaphorically black in the face, and only official regulations prevent us throwing ink pots at him, presumably with the object of blacking realistically *his* face. We are still, however, unrelieved. It is not, however, all bad blood that wants letting off. The advantage of efficient safety-valves, such as the penny Kruger toys, is that they absorb the bad which is in the blood: there is still remaining surplus energy which is good and productive. The hysterics, yellow fevers, and peace-at-any-price distempers which may be got rid of by the processes we have mentioned, and which are simply unproductive froth, leave behind them something that still cries out for a safety-valve. Robert Browning felt it when sailing in foreign seas, where remembrances of Trafalgar and our victories crowded his mind,

"In the dimmest north-east distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray.

Here and there did England help me: how can I help England—say?"

Browning left off as was his habit with a note of interrogation. And so do I. To ask such a question sincerely is at once to see the solution before us. The answer to prayer is often subjective; it may be so in this instance. I am old-fashioned enough to believe in pitching our ideals high; I would rather fail with the man who is aiming high than jog along with him who sets his standard low. And to hold fast in the midst of a grave crisis to the best traditions of our country, to justice, to magnanimity, to moderation in victory, to calmness and self-control in the hour of defeat; to preach these if necessary on the housetops, against the whole troop of men whose conduct reveals the un-English nature of their ideals, is, to my mind, to help England.

But I am taking to the pulpit: this is the side of my nature which requires a safety-valve; I will go forthwith to the Thames Embankment and snowball the statue of Robert Burns. He at least hated preachers.

Two of My Old Comrades.

THE Savings Bank has, in the past year, lost by retirement or death quite a large number of officers who had seen long service. I may be excused for singling out Mr. A. J. Bovay for special reference because in my articles on "A Civil Service Combination," published some years ago, he figured rather prominently in the character of B. There is no doubt that in those articles, owing to a defect in my imaginative faculty, a very one-sided view of Bovay's character was given, and the fact that a large number of his old friends in the Department have combined to give him a handsome testimonial on his retirement testifies to the universal popularity Bovay enjoyed, and to the good opinion held of him in his office. Bovay has always been so young in manner and in appearance that his real age has been one of the mysteries of the Department. But we all knew the truth must come out when the age limit regulation was applied in his case. And, behold, he has cheated us all by retiring on the ground of ill-health, before the age limit was reached. His secret will now be buried with him. We wish him prosperity and happiness. May he live long to do credit to East Molesey!

Another Savings Bank man deserves special mention in the pages of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*. Mr. Charles Cooper, formerly in the Savings Bank, died some weeks ago, only having survived his retirement about two years. He was a Bohemian of the old-fashioned type, and though he most certainly possessed genius, it was of that kind which does not find successful expression in a Government Office. I know that I was overcome by surprise when not very long after I had made Cooper's acquaintance he showed me some verses in a periodical with his name attached to them. I knew Cooper as a man whose eloquence was unchastened and his outlook on life somewhat inconoclastic, yet here was the stuff that poets are made of. And he could write when he liked really creditable poetry and excellent prose. In the columns of *Blackfriars* he was one of

our most constant contributors. But he was a man of moods, and a most uncertain worker. Waywardness, and what some would call cussedness, prevented him ever doing justice to himself: he loved best the company of some boon companions, and he liked good talking for its own sake. He was a great walker, an ardent lover of the country, a bitter castigator of other men's faults, but with a heart capable of the warmest affection. We print below a sonnet written by him, and sent to a friend with a present on a certain New Year's Day many years ago. In a few lines there are compressed Cooper's tastes and his habit of mind—

“ Whilst beats the pulse, like tramp of arméd men,
 True friends care naught for gifts, but Life's chill breath
 Drifts hourly 'twixt warm hearts the snows of Death,
 And smallest things are sometimes valued then—
 Dost e'er recall last Summer's pleasant days,
 The talk in low-roof'd taverns, dim with smoke,
 Where Lamb perchance once stuttered out his joke,
 Or mighty Johnson thundered blame and praise?
 Ah me, this weary night a vision fills
 My inmost soul of straggling Kentish lanes
 In Summer garb, untouched by Winter rains,
 While in the distance the soft Surrey hills
 Trail purple splendours—Friend, I pray thee take
 This trivial token for the dead Year's sake.”

Many talks I have had with dear old Cooper “in low-roofed taverns,” and my last good-bye was said to him in one of these familiar places. No one ever pointed out my faults to me personally with such vigour: no one ever did the necessary work with less venom. And though we used to spar and wrangle with each other over pipe and glass, we had something in common. There might have been better officials than my old friend: some men indeed have pityingly regarded him as a complete failure for that very reason. As for me I liked the man, and somehow or other I don't always like the men who are successes.

E. B.

St. Martin's Letter-Bag.

The Post Office Savings Bank in Holland.

WE are indebted to the Director General of the Post Office Savings Bank in the Netherlands for a copy of his annual report for the year 1898. In April last we gave some details of the previous report, and a comparison of the statistics for 1897 and 1898 shows that the business of the Savings Bank is still growing. During 1898 the deposits amounted to 34,706,280 florins, and the withdrawals to 28,013,018 florins, and at the end of the year there were 693,228 accounts with 70,012,148 florins to their credit, an increase of 65,819 accounts and 8,365,668 florins over the corresponding figures for 1887.

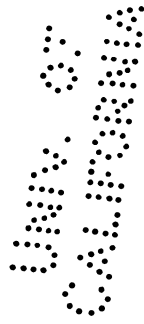
The proportion of depositors to population continues to increase, though it varies considerably in the different provinces, from a little over 5 per cent. in Groningen to $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in Utrecht and 20 per cent. in North Holland. For the entire country the proportion is nearly 14 per cent., or to put it in another way, nearly one person out of seven is a depositor.

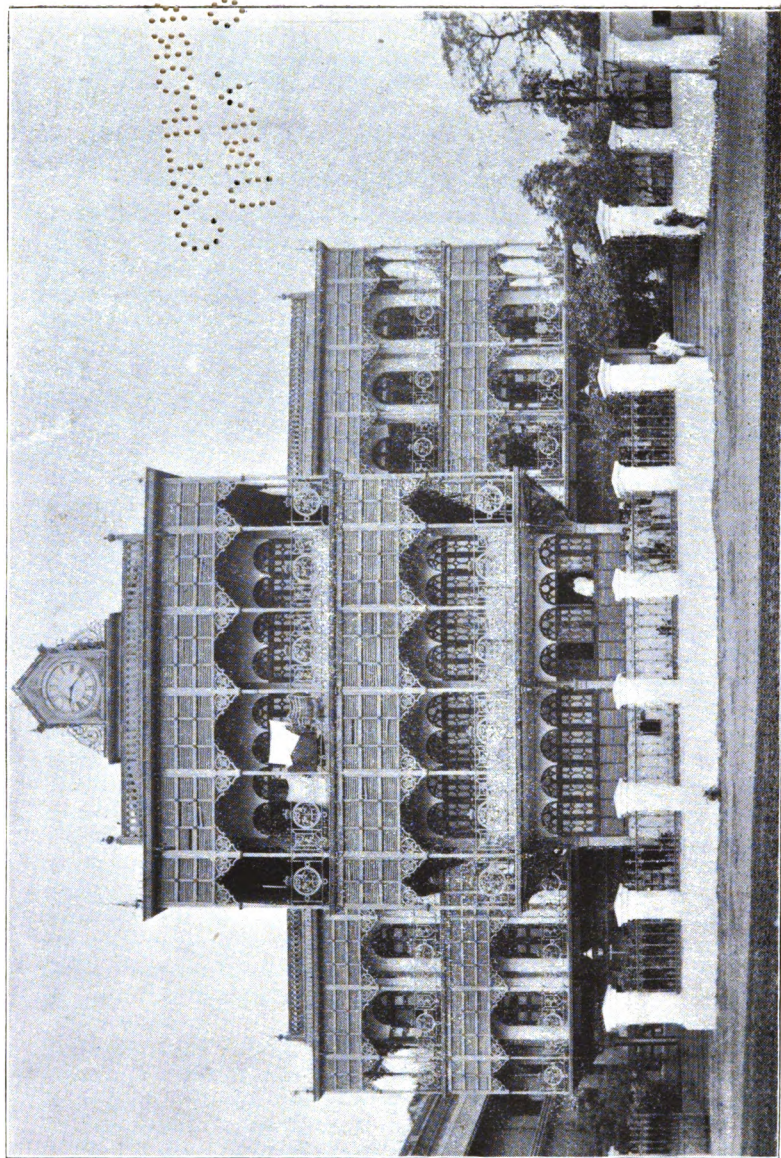
The Director refers, apparently with some satisfaction, to the increasing number of persons whose savings, provided they are not otherwise disqualified, entitle them to a place in the electoral lists. In 1898, 729 persons obtained the right to vote under the Savings Bank qualification, and 1,417 of those who qualified in previous years maintained their right. The Post Office Savings Bank is much used by sailors serving on Dutch ships, and in the year 1898 they opened 762 accounts as compared with 634 in the year 1897.

The International arrangement with Belgium for the transfer of accounts between the two countries, and for allowing depositors who opened their accounts in one country to make withdrawals in the other, was not so much used in 1898 as in the previous year. On the other hand, there was a very considerable increase in the amount of Government Stock bought for depositors, and in the number and amount of withdrawals by telegraph.

There are now 1,304 post offices in Holland open for Savings Bank business. As the population of the country is just over 5,000,000 there is one Post Office Savings Bank to every 3,830 inhabitants. In the United Kingdom the proportion of Post Office Savings Banks to population is considerably higher.

The Director General draws attention to the circumstance that it is still necessary to use every means of making known the advantages of the Post Office Savings Bank, and accordingly cards containing the principal rules of the Bank are distributed for exhibition, and in addition a concise guide on the subject has been circulated for the





THE RANGOON POST OFFICE.

[To face page 75.]

information not only of those who are already depositors but also for persons intending to deposit. In connection with the Queen's accession last year, specially prepared covers were issued for the deposit books.

The report, which is clearly printed, with ample space between the lines, occupies 117 pages with wide margins, and also contains seven large diagrams, three of which are printed in two colours. As a condescension to the ignorance of Outlanders who do not know Dutch, an epitome of the report has been prepared in French, and it is from this epitome we have derived our information. It is impossible to avoid contrasting this really handsome book with official publications on the western side of the North Sea.

Rangoon.

WE publish an illustration of the Rangoon Post Office from a photograph kindly sent to us by a correspondent. Although the building looks a fairly large one, we understand that it is now found to be too small for the growing work of the chief Burma Post Office. Since the annexation of Upper Burma, postal work has enormously increased. Natives of all parts of India are to be found in most of the villages and towns of the upper provinces, where before 1885 they were never seen. These people all correspond with their homes in India, and remit large portions of their earnings to their families in India. The Money Order and Savings Bank Department of the Burma Post Offices has increased six-fold in the last few years. It is not surprising to learn that more extended premises are required in Rangoon, which, as the chief seaport of the growing province, has naturally largely increased in postal work. Up to the present year there were only three daily deliveries in Rangoon. There are now six, and the Post Office does a large local business with the outskirts of the town, where the principal rice and timber mills are situated.

The Burmese are putting more faith in the Post Office than they used to do. They are, as a rule, all able to read and write, thanks to the Burmese monastic system, which gives every Burmese youth a smattering knowledge of letters, whilst there are also many Government and private schools which he can attend if his parents pay the very moderate fees demanded at these institutions. With the spread of education postal work is bound to increase, whilst trade and commerce is also developing rapidly, as the country is being opened up by railroads and river steamers. Already over 800 miles of railway are open to traffic, and in another three years the existing line will probably reach the Chinese border, if, indeed, it is not pushed beyond it.

Town Deliveries One Hundred Years Ago.

WE are indebted to Mr. James G. Maddan, of the Surveyors Department, Scotland, for the following interesting extract from *The Berwick Museum ; or Monthly Literary Intelligencer* for January, 1786.

"To the Editor of the *Berwick Museum*.

"The Editor will oblige many gentlemen, as well as the public,

by inserting the following cases and decisions, respecting the right postmasters have to demand more than the legal rate of postage, as settled by Act of Parliament.

"In the case of Barnes and Foley, H. 8, G. 3, a special case was reserved at *nisi prius*, upon the trial of an action brought by an inhabitant of Bath, against the Postmaster, who demanded and received of him an halfpenny a letter more than the settled rate of postage. The point meant to be settled was, 'Whether the postmaster was obliged to deliver out letters sent by the general post, at the respective habitations of the persons residing in that city, to whom such letters were addressed, for the mere rate or price settled by the Act of Parliament'; or, 'Whether it was incumbent upon such persons to come or send to the post-office to inquire after and fetch their letters, in case they insisted upon not paying any more for them than the strict rate allowed by Act of Parliament, and refused to make any compensation whatever for the trouble of carrying them out, and delivering them at their respective habitations.'

"But the case being stated, so as not to bring that point fully in question, Lord Mansfield said he would not give a judicial opinion whether the postmaster was or was not obliged to deliver out the letters to all persons to whom they were addressed inhabiting within the city of Bath. But he observed that the principal question in this cause being 'Whether the postmaster has a right to impose this additional charge,' unless the postmaster can support such right there is an end of the present action. The whole revenue ought to go to the Crown; none of it to the postmaster, and the Crown is to be at the whole expense. If the postmaster hath a power to demand anything at all, he may increase it at pleasure, and so raise a tax upon the subject at his discretion. And Sir Fletcher Norton, for the postmaster, said he would not pretend to argue it upon the foot of the postmaster's having a right to demand a further price for the letters than the Acts of Parliament allow, whereupon the plaintiff (*sic*) had judgment.—Afterwards, in the case of Stock and Harris, postmaster of Gloucester, H. 11, G. 3, the question reserved for the opinion of the court was, 'Whether the postmaster was obliged to deliver letters to the plaintiff at his place of abode for the postage only?' And the court were unanimously of opinion that he was obliged. And Lord Mansfield observed that the inconveniency of the inhabitants sending for their letters to the post office might be very great. How should people know of their letters? And are they to come or send to the post office every post-day, to inquire after the chance of a letter? This would be exceedingly inconvenient to every body, and would be particularly hard on such inhabitants as seldom receive any letters by the post at all.—Again, T. 13, G. 3, in the case of Rawning and Goodchild, in the common pleas, the question submitted to the opinion of the court was, 'Whether the deputy postmaster of Ipswich was bound to deliver letters at the houses of persons living in Ipswich on paying the legal postage only.' After two or three arguments, and taking time to consider, it was

unanimously holden that he was. And Lord Chief Justice De Grey said it had been the practice for many years to deliver letters at the houses of persons residing in London, York, Bristol, and divers other towns on paying the legal postage only. And as there is the same reason for doing it in all other post towns, the law ought to be the same in all. *Burr. Mansf.* 2149, 2709, *Black Rep.* 906.— Finally, in the case of Smith and Dennison, in the King's Bench, M. 14, G. 3, this point came on again, in an action against the postmaster of Hungerford. And it being suggested that the cases hitherto in this court had been determined on their own particular circumstances, Lord Mansfield said to the counsel for the postmaster, 'What do you think of the judgment of the common pleas in the case of Rawning and Goodchild upon the general question? Surely it was decisive?' And by the court unanimously, in the present case, judgment was given against the postmaster. *Dofft.* 753."

We wonder if all this was a gentle hint to the postmaster of Berwick.

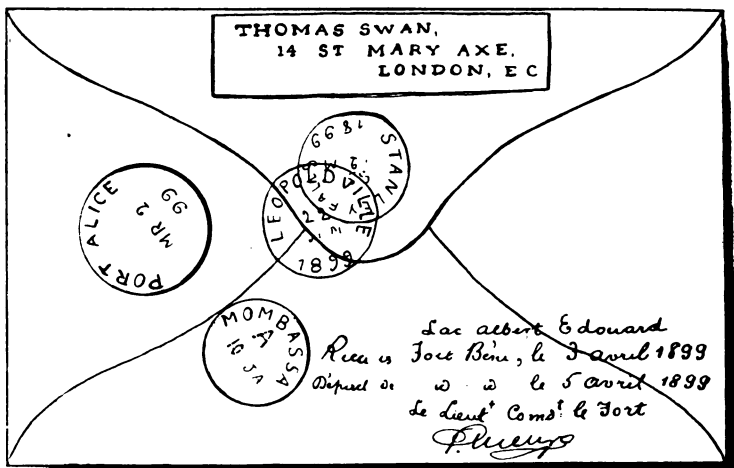
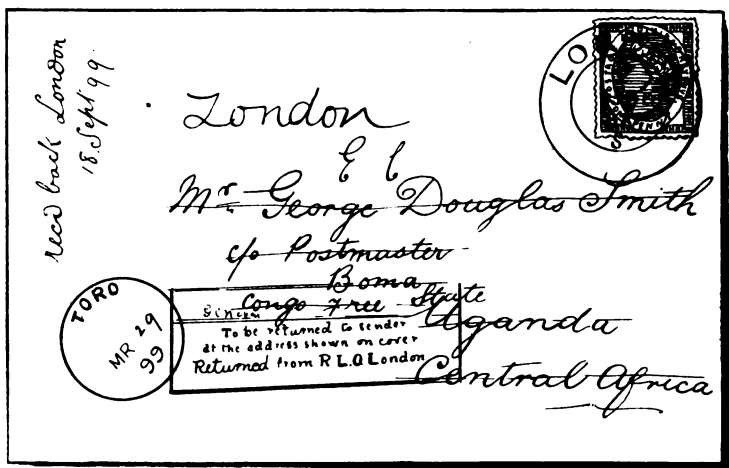
A Child Telegraphist.

MR. LOUGHRAN, of the Travelling Post Office, Queensland, sends us particulars relating to a child telegraphist, whom, he says, "We Central Queenslanders claim as our own." Margaret M'Hugh, 9 years old, is daughter of Mr. William M'Hugh, who is in charge of the Telegraph Station at Bauhinia Downs. From the picture sent to us it would appear that the child is writing left-handed. But this is not so. She is sending a telegraph message with her right hand and following the words with her pencil in her left hand. She makes the instrument fairly buzz when dispatching, and at the same time her signals are excellently formed. She is also a sound reader. When papa is absent from his office on inspection duty, little Margaret is found to be very useful. Bauhinia Downs is a telegraph station in the wild bush of Central Queensland, and is served by a horse mail weekly from Duarmija Railway Station on the Central Railway, and in this desolate spot, says Mr. Loughran, the child has obtained a proficiency in the art of telegraphy which older telegraphists might well envy.

The Travels of a Letter.

MR. THOMAS SWAN, of 14, St. Mary Axe, wrote the following letter to *The Times* some weeks ago:—"I think it may be of interest to bring to notice the remarkable journey of a letter through the penny post. On Christmas Day, 1898, there came into force penny postage with British Central Africa. On that day I posted a letter with a penny stamp addressed to a friend living in Uganda, which is as near as possible in the centre of Africa. I have just received this letter back through the Returned Letter Office, and the manner of its journey is indeed extraordinary. The first post mark after leaving London is Mombasa, where it started inland for a short distance by the new railway, and then by post runner to the Victoria Nyanza Lake at Uganda, where, at Port Alice, the post mark

is dated March 2, 1899. It was there forwarded to Toro, post mark March 29, and, that being the extreme limit of the British protectorate, the letter was thence sent by messenger to the nearest Belgian outpost of the Congo State on Lake Albert Edward. The letter



here bears date April 3 received, and April 6 despatched, from Fort Beni, and certified by the Belgian officer in command there. Next come post marks of Stanley Falls and Leopoldville, with dates illegible. The letter was re-addressed to Boma, and seems to have at last found its way from there to the Atlantic coast, and then returned to me here. A point worth mentioning is that the letter is one of

the very few that can possibly bear post date December 25, 1898, on a penny stamp for the colonies. On that day the receipt of penny letters began. As Christmas Day fell on a Sunday, the additional difficulty was surmounted by posting at the Charing Cross telegraph box." Mr. Swan has kindly lent us the much-stamped envelope, from which our sketch has been made.

The Early Days of Submarine Telegraphy.

THE first important project in connection with Submarine Telegraphy was the connection of the coasts of England and France by a cable laid in the bed of the Channel between Dover and Calais. A concession having been obtained from the French Government on certain conditions—one of which was that the work should be completed before September, 1850—a single conducting wire, covered with a thick coating of gutta-percha, was sunk by means of leaden weights across the Channel, and the extremities were put into connection with telegraph instruments. Messages were transmitted from coast to coast, but only for a short time, for the frail rope was broken either by fishermen, or by the action of the waves near the shore.

The experiment was so far satisfactory, that it removed the doubts which had been entertained as to the possibility of sufficiently insulating a wire for any considerable distance under water. It was immediately determined to adopt means for the effectual protection of the conducting wire from the effects of wave and weather, and the construction of a second Dover to Calais cable was commenced at Millwall shortly after the failure of the experimental line. Iron wires were laid spirally around the gutta-percha-covered conducting wires, and by this means great strength was combined with an armour protection for the insulated wires within. As a proof of the value of the design, it may be mentioned that every subsequent cable that has proved a permanent success has been made upon the plan of this Dover and Calais rope. Improvements have of course been introduced into the details of many cables, but the principle of spiral wire sheathing is always adhered to.

The Dover to Calais cable was coiled on board H.M.S. "Blazer" in September, 1851, and successfully laid under the direction of Messrs. Crampton and Wollaston, the engineers of the Submarine Telegraph Company, an association formed under the auspices of Mr. J. W. Brett and Sir James Carmichael to carry into effect this enterprise. The cable consisted of four copper conducting wires surrounded by gutta-percha. The wires thus prepared were then enveloped in the general mass of prepared spun yarn, and ten galvanised iron wires were twisted around the whole, so as to form a complete sheath. The cable, which was completed in three weeks, measured originally 24 miles in length. Owing to the manner in which it was laid down—the machinery being naturally crude in

design, and the cable hands unaccustomed to their work—it was found insufficient to extend from coast to coast, although the direct distance is only 21 miles. It was therefore found necessary to manufacture an additional mile of cable, which was spliced on to the part laid; and the whole was completed, and the electric communication between Dover and Calais definitely established on the 17th October, 1851.

The cost of the cable itself was £9,000, being at the rate of £300 per mile. The Dover end of the cable terminated at the cave near the South Foreland, and there joined the land wires. A man was stationed at the cave to act as a coastguard; and he was provided with a powerful telescope to keep watch over the cable, as far as possible, in the event of a vessel dragging anchor and fouling it. No doubt there are still some of the Submarine Company's officials who remember Tom Adams, who had charge of the cave. The experimental cable of 1850 terminated at Cape Grisnez on the French coast; the length of the cable was 30 miles, and the weight 4 cwt. to the mile. The length of the 1851 cable was 25 miles, and it weighed 7 tons to the mile. I have in my possession a piece of the experimental cable that failed. Although for some time exposed to salt water, and more than 49 years old, it is as good now as the day it was made.

G. R. JUDKINS.

Kisses by Mail.

THE young postmaster of a village in Somerset was hard at work in his office when a gentle tap was heard upon the door, and in stepped a blushing maiden of sixteen, with a money order which she desired cashed. She handed it, with a bashful smile, to the official, who, after closely examining it, gave her the money it called for. At the same time, he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order.

"No, I have not," she replied, "for I cannot make the writing out. Will you please read it for me?"

The young postmaster read as follows: "I send you 10s. and a dozen kisses."

Glancing at the bashful girl, he said: "Now, I have paid you the money, and I suppose you want the kisses?"

"Yes," she said; "if he has sent me any kisses I want them, too."

It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid and in a scientific manner.

On reaching home the delighted maiden remarked to her mother:—

"Mother, this Post Office system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature seems to be the best. Jimmy sent me a dozen kisses along with the money order, and the postmaster gave me no fewer than twenty."—*Sicaffham Almanac.*

Ask a Postmaster.

THE latest thing in this way is to attempt to turn the Post Office into a Registry Office for Servants. Mr. Taylor, the postmaster of Goole, sends us the following application which has been made to him. He tells us that he was obliged to inform the applicant that he had not the honour of "happening to know a good cook-general possessed of the virtues required." He also says that he consulted his "Angelina," and that she says, that such a one as is required would be a phenomenon. Had she known such a person herself, she would have snapped her up long ago.

"D——, Yorks.

"To the Postmaster, Goole,

"Not knowing if there is a good Registry Office for maids at Goole, I am writing to ask you whether you happen to know of a good cook-general who is wanting a situation. I am wanting a thoroughly respectable, trustworthy girl, age about 24 years, must be able to do plain cooking well, and be clean in work and person; good at getting up in the morning. Baking, and small amount of washing done at home, such as house cloths and servant's underlinen; other things go to a laundress, including servant's caps and print dresses.

"Hoping you will not mind my thus troubling you,

"I remain,

"Yours truly,

"C—— F——."

Obituary and Retiring Notices.

[The Editor mentioned to a valued contributor some weeks ago that he often experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining particulars concerning the men and women who die in harness or retire from the Service. Very shortly afterwards the contributor in question sent us a suggestion. He proposes that we should issue the following notice. We can only say it is under consideration.]

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

TO assist the present Editor and future editors of this Magazine in compiling obituary notices of Post Office officials and notices of officers retiring from the Service, a form has been drawn up which can be had on application by any member of the Service who considers his merits of sufficient importance to be worth a permanent record. This condition will not, it is thought, exclude more than a mere fraction of our colleagues. The form when complete is to be returned to the Editor, and will be regarded as confidential and will not be opened until (1) the writer's retirement from the service, or (2) his death.

Name and official position of

Dates of birth, first appointment, promotion, &c.

If educated, state where.

If only "half educated," which half?

If related to any high official or person of importance, has this fact prejudiced your career at all? If not, state what advantages have been derived from the relationship.

To what cause do you assign your promotion or want of promotion?

As a result of joining in any movement for the redress of grievances have you been specially selected for promotion or punishment?

Had you been as successful as your merits deserve what position would you have attained in the Post Office Service?

If you have any hobbies—cricket, volunteering, whist, the *cacœthes scribendi*, &c.—state them, and say how far they have assisted or retarded you in your official career.

State briefly the share you took in establishing the penny post, the post card, the parcel post, and the express messenger, and what reasons you have for thinking that the persons usually associated with these and other reforms do not deserve their reputation.

How long have you subscribed to this Magazine? How many subscribers have you obtained? Have you ever sent us anything worthy of publication which we declined?

N.B.—You are aware of the disability non-subscribers are under when they retire or die.

What is your private opinion about the Editor?

Adventures of a Sea Letter Box.

MR. E. E. HARRHY, of Cape Town, sends us the following:—
An unusual incident happened on a recent voyage of the packets "Lismore Castle" and "Carisbrook Castle." The English letters not having arrived before the "Lismore Castle" sailed from Cape Town for England, the captain of the "Carisbrook Castle," which was the quicker boat of the two and was to sail the following day, good-naturedly undertook to deliver the letters to the disappointed passengers of the "Lismore Castle" on the high seas. This was successfully accomplished. The letters were enclosed in a tin box which was soldered up and put into a flour barrel with a pole attached flying a red flag. The "Carisbrook Castle" duly passed the "Lismore Castle" on the ocean, and when well ahead of her, the barrel was dropped overboard, the captain at the same time hoisting a signal which had been pre-arranged. The "Lismore Castle" in due time picked up the barrel, and thus the passengers received their anxiously waited news from home. They expressed their gratitude on their arrival in England by sending to the commander of the "Carisbrook Castle" a beautifully illuminated address, on which was depicted a barrel floating on the high seas bearing a red flag, the barrel being gently supported by two pretty sea maidens.

An Unsuccessful Effort.

[*The Post Office Bulletin* of Chicago often contains very amusing reading. Unlike the authorities in England, the Chicago Postmaster is quick to record, in his periodical reports of the work of his office, any humorous incidents which have come under his notice. The following lightens up a page devoted to departmental changes, hours of delivery, and new telephone services.]

TWENTY times a day some one calls at the Post Office or a station and requests the address of some dear friend, father, mother, daughter, wife, or delinquent debtor. The delinquent debtor is in the majority, and he usually covers his tracks successfully. To the Post Office, therefore, the creditor comes as a last resort, and he is often amazed when he is informed that addresses cannot be given; that the Post Office is not a court; is bound to respect the confidence imposed in it; that its sole business is to deliver mail; and that anyway it really has no time to ferret out addresses.

On Monday a gentleman, searching for a delinquent, hit upon the plan of sending out a special letter from the Twenty-second street station addressed to the debtor. The debtor's residence had formerly been in this district, and the creditor was anxious to find out if he was still in the neighbourhood. So he began with a special letter. An hour after mailing it he called at the station and inquired if the letter had been delivered. He was told that it had. Then he was aware it must have been delivered from this station, or the question could not have been answered off-hand. As a Sherlock Holmes he had made a great beginning. His next step was to write and address another special letter and announce his intention of following the special messenger and his wheel in a cab. The clerk in charge of special delivery letters preserved a wooden countenance, and said that he could not prevent him following the messenger. In five minutes after the mailing of the letter two special messengers issued from the station. Each had letters to deliver. The man in the cab followed one of them. He followed the wrong one.

The Wonders of Telegraphy.

A SHORT time since a well-known member of the Stock Exchange was spending his holiday in the wilds of Ireland, but was kept posted up as to business matters. A telegram was despatched to him from London in the following terms: "Louis 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ Southern 60 $\frac{1}{8}$ Atch Pref 68 Charts 4 Consols 102 L View 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ Nothing doing Unions feature 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ Kaffirs dull Managing all right." As handed to the addressee it ran as follows: "Louis 77MMM8 Southern 601MMM8 Atch Pref 68 Charts 4 Consols 102 L View 17MMM2 Nothing doing Unions feature 23MMM4 Kaffirs dull managing all right." In handing the message to the addressee the worthy sub-postmistress told him that it had taken her 25 minutes to take it off, and that if he could understand it it was more than she could.

For the benefit of non-telegraphists we ought to explain where the sub-postmistress got her M's from. The telegraph signal (Morse) for M is two dashes — —. The signal for "Bar of Division in fractions" is two dashes, thrice repeated, thus — — — — —.

From the Seat of War.

THE following letters were not intended for publication, but they have at the present moment an interest, as showing one of the many sides of the burning South African question. The writer, Mr. John Wilson, was, until two years ago, a clerk in the Secretary's office.

Mr. Wilson is a Frazerburgh boy, and owed his education to Frazerburgh and Edinburgh. He gave, when very young, promise of considerable literary ability, and would certainly have made his mark at the University, but that the *res angusta domi* drove him to seek the necessary immediate pennies in a Scotch Telegraph Office. Thence, by the favour of the Higher Powers and his own undoubted energy, he moved Southward and joined that fighting body of irregular infantry known in the Secretary's office as the Supplementary Establishment. In its ranks he would surely have risen to command a company, or even—may be—have got on the staff. He was an untiring worker and kept his temper. He spoke French accurately, and really knew English. He had an admirable knack of holding his tongue in official hours; he never made jokes at the expense of the Higher Powers. To him the Post Office Guide was something more than a bagful of hard nuts to fling into the gaping mouths of an enquiring public. He knew the true inwardness of it. He would have got on.

In seriousness, Jack Wilson was a bright young Scotchman, with a fine Northern working power and one flaw. Unluckily for him that flaw was in one lung. Early in 1896, grave symptoms showed themselves, then subsided, leaving us all hopeful, though not for long. In the winter of 1896-7, the lung disease became acute, and the physicians consulted told us the point-blank truth that Jack could not hope to live another winter in England. So we, his friends in and out of the workshop, put our hands in our lean pockets and shipped him off in July, 1897, to South Africa, where, after a time, he found health and work at Harrismith, in the Free State. Then came the war, and his letters tell the rest. "Mac Tavish," as the friends of Wilson always called him, has some fight still left in him.

J. S. S.

Nottingham Road Hotel, Natal,

4th October, 1899.

MY DEAR —,— Here I am after escaping across the border in the dead of night, having had to leave the most of our belongings behind. We came away after being commandeered and our things have been confiscated. If the war lasts more than a couple of months, the most of us will be pretty well stumped. Things are at starvation prices. Seven of us are going to camp out in an empty

house not far from here, and to try our best to make both ends meet. We have to buy even underclothing. We were only too glad to bring our skins off safe with us. We had to walk 20 miles in the dead of night to avoid the outposts. Those who tried to escape by train were hauled out by force and badly mauled. Love to all the pals.

Yours as ever, MAC TAVISH.
Craignethan, Tweedie Hall,
12th October, 1899.

MY DEAR —,—I can no longer use these immortal words of J. S. S. "being unconvicted of any criminal offence." Hist! I'm an outlaw, valued at the enormous sum of £100. Having failed to report myself to the Field Cornet of Harrismith, after being advertised for in the Government Gazette of the Orange Free State, I was mulcted in the sum of £100 or one year's penal servitude, each succeeding failure to appear adding £100 or one year to the penalty. As matters turn out, we border-walkers were very lucky to get away so easily as we did. The one or two who escaped since we did had to dye themselves Kafir colour, wear Kafir clothing or want of it, and walk about 50 miles by circuitous routes guided by Kafirs. Two of the poor devils were carried into Ladysmith almost at their last gasp. Man, you can't imagine what we had to put up with during the last month or two from that pious pastoral people. Any poor devil who suddenly remembered that he was a Britisher and used his extensor muscles in the time honoured British way, came away from the place with marks of what would scarcely meet our ideas of fair play. As regards our own party—we are eight—we have what we stand in plus one or two things we have acquired since leaving. We have a roof—such as it is—over our heads, and a supply of food—also such as it is—sufficient to last us a week or two. After that, one or two of us—myself in the number, thank the Lord—have enough to tide us over another month. Then, the deluge. The outlook is less than bright, but also less than desperate. We are penned away up here four miles from a railway siding, to which we walk every morning for news. We grumble at the place, but all the same it was a real godsend, as most of our fellow refugees are at present sleeping in sheds and such places. This is a farm house, somewhat dilapidated, belonging to an acquaintance of one of our number, who has let it to us at £2 per week, including furniture, *i.e.*, some candle boxes, chairs made of cement casks, straw mattresses, 9 plates and the same number of saucerless cups, minus handles. However, we have fresh air, and plenty of it, and might have been worse, a fact which we never tire of stating to any member of our family disposed to bewail our luck,

Yours as aye, MAC TAVISH.
Craignethan, Tweedie Hall,
9th November, 1899.

MY DEAR PALS,—The despised Colonial opinion has turned out correct, and Mr. Boer is in possession of the half of Natal, without

the British Lion being able to roar him nay. I can tell you we are in a parlous state here, and unless we get 10,000 troops at Durban before many days are over, you may take it for granted that we are all prisoners. There's going to be a fine old bill of damages over this job. Lord, if they take the eight months they speak of to settle things, we'll have a famine here. We've all put our names in for local defence, and will have our guns and ammunition shortly. I wish to goodness I had no microbes, then I should not be at a loss for a job. Unfortunately I'm not much good yet at hill-climbing, and must be content to wait till Mr. Boer comes to me. The folks around here are very good to us, inviting us to their houses and making us as much at home as repeated bad news will let us feel. The other day some of the neighbours got ready to leave in double quick time, the enemy having got within about 25 miles of us. They again retired to Colenso, and the excitement died away. When you hear of them passing Estcourt you may know that we are fairly well in it. We don't mind much, however, having been assured by one of the papers that only one bullet in 1,000 finds a human billet.

Yours for aye, MAC TAVISH.

Ecclefechan.

ECCLEFECHAN and Chelsea are the two shrines at which the followers and admirers of Thomas Carlyle worship. It requires, of course, little effort on a visit to London to make a pilgrimage to the house in Cheyne Row, but one requires to be a real enthusiast to wander so far out of the ordinary tourist's track as to



THE HOUSE IN WHICH CARLYLE WAS BORN.

(The House is on the further side of the archway in the big building.)

visit Ecclefechan. And yet during the past twelvemonth there has been an increase of 137 visits to Arch House, in which Carlyle was born, on the previous corresponding period. The total number of visitors was 1,342. The following nationalities were represented: United States, Canada, Australia, Transvaal, Germany, Cape Colony, New Zealand, Hungary, Egypt, Assam, Aden, Jamaica, Japan and Denmark.

The lady who has been postmistress of Ecclefechan since 1892 has recently retired under somewhat unfortunate circumstances. She was going forward to the clock to take code time for a telegraph message, when she fell and dislocated her knee, and she has suffered ever since from a pain in her back. She was a victim to over zeal, as the rules do not allow of a postmistress assisting in the work of the office, and she therefore obtains no compensation.

Miss Graham, who is 72 years of age, entered the service as assistant in November, 1860; the duties of a telegraphist were added in 1870, and in 1892 she succeeded her brother, who had been postmaster of Ecclefechan since 1860, and whose death was noticed in our 1893 volume. On Miss Graham's retirement the postmen of the town



MISS M. A. GRAHAM.

gave her a pair of gold spectacles in a handsome silver mounted case, bearing a suitable inscription.

Miss Graham has always been a good friend to *St. Martin's-le-Grand* and has obtained us many subscribers, and in reply to a note of sympathy we wrote to her, she gave us many interesting items concerning Ecclefechan. She knew Carlyle's mother very well; her granddaughter was a neighbour and playmate of Miss Graham's. When Carlyle, in his younger days, visited his birthplace, he used to take a midnight walk through his old haunts once a year, but he kept himself very quiet, and people in Ecclefechan, following the old proverb, were not in the habit of lionising their celebrated townsmen at all. Close to Carlyle's grave is the tombstone of the old minister who taught him the rudiments of Latin, and on it is an inscription by Carlyle with his initials T. C. And a few yards from here is the grave of doctor Archibald Arnott, the medical attendant to Napoleon in St. Helena.

In old days the mail coach passed through the town, and a mounted postman carried mail bags from Ecclefechan to Annan (6

miles distant). Ecclefechan is on the great North Road, and like other places on this thoroughfare, is full of departed mail coach glories. But as Froude has said, future centuries will still honour the place. People will then be still coming "to see the house where Carlyle was born, to see the green turf under which his dust is lying."

It is surely something to be proud of, to have been postmistress of such a place, and, in the midst of such associations, to have been disabled in the execution of one's duty. Miss Graham is a chip of the Ecclefechan block, and while we offer her our sympathy we are half inclined to add a note of congratulation. We certainly cannot congratulate ourselves if we are under regulations which punish us when we display an eagerness to do a little more than is in our contract.

Thomas Elgood Sifton.

ON the 31st October an interesting ceremony took place in the Committee Room of the General Post Office North, when Mr. Sifton took leave of his many colleagues and friends on retiring from his post of Assistant Secretary and Inspector General of Mails. He was presented with a handsome drawing-room clock and an occasional table, which had been subscribed for by his numerous friends and admirers in the Secretary's Office and other departments of the Post Office. Mr. Lamb accompanied the presentation with a warm speech, in which he showed how large a space in Post Office work Mr. Sifton had occupied and what a depth of respect and affection his many years of unstinted labour had awakened in the hearts of all those with whom he came in contact. Mr. Sifton replied with much feeling, saying how sorry he was to part with such good fellows as his colleagues had been, and how, if he could live his official existence over again, he would choose again as colleagues none other than those he had been associated with for so many years. The function ended with a hearty hand shake all round; and so passed from our ranks one who in his civil capacity had served his queen and country with conspicuous ability, uprightness and loyalty for 42½ years.

Mr. Sifton entered the Post Office in 1857 through the Money Order Office, but he was destined for a higher sphere, and in 1859 he was selected for appointment to the Secretary's Office. At a comparatively early age he had attained to the position of Principal Clerk. Nearly the whole of his career was passed in the Home Mails Branch, and when his immediate predecessor quitted the post, his long years of experience in railway and rural post work marked him as the man most fitted to be Inspector General of Mails. During his six years of office in this capacity he negotiated many mail contracts with railway and steam packet companies with much diplomacy and on economic principles, and under his guidance many postal reforms were carried out during the same period. Among these latter may be quoted the reduction in the rate of letter and parcel postage, the extension of free delivery to every house in the

three kingdoms (a scheme approaching completion), and the acceleration of the Scotch and Irish mail services. In connection with the Irish service it may be mentioned that the steamers conveying the mails are probably faster than any vessels engaged upon similar service, being capable of steaming at the rate of nearly 24 knots an hour. A magnificent fleet of four luxuriously fitted vessels of nearly 3,000 tons burden each is employed on this service. In addition to the qualifications already enumerated, Mr. Sifton was the recognised authority on questions connected with the intricacies and vagaries of the old book, newspaper, and sample post, as well as of the history of British postage stamps.



MR. T. E. SIFTON.

His extreme gentleness of manner and evenness of temperament were patent to everybody; but only those who were fortunate enough to be thrown into close contact with him knew what a depth of warm feeling and sympathy underlay that quiet exterior. He was esteemed highly by his equals, and to his subordinates he was always courteous, kind and considerate. He was never profuse of praise, always slow to find fault, ever quick to overlook an error. Extensively read and highly cultured, he adorned the high position he held, and association with him outside official matters was delightful. He has gone from among us, but he has left behind him a name as fair as ever graced the records of the Civil Service. May many years of peace and happiness be his in retirement.

H. COCKERELL.

The late Mr. W. R. Mitford.

BY the death on the 6th October of Mr. William R. Mitford, the late Secretary to the Post Office for Scotland, one of the links with the past has been broken. Mr. Mitford (whose portrait appears at page 128, Volume IV.) entered the service so long ago as 1855, when he was appointed to a clerkship in the Receiver and Accountant General's Office. In 1858 he was transferred to the Secretary's Office, and from there he was, in 1861, made a Surveyor's clerk. In 1873 he was made Principal Clerk to the Surveyor General in Scotland, and in 1875 was promoted to be a Surveyor. On the retirement, in January, 1894, of Mr. A. M. Cunynghame, Mr. Mitford was made Secretary for Scotland, an appointment which he retained until October, 1897, when in consequence of a serious attack of illness, he retired on pension.

Mr. Mitford possessed great knowledge of the Service, especially of the multifarious duties devolving upon the Surveying staff, and was a man of sound judgment. He will always be remembered by those among whom he worked by his kindness of heart and cheeriness of disposition. Many of his comrades must possess specimens of the amusing caricatures he was wont to draw, some of which have appeared in the pages of this Magazine. Mr. Mitford was a brother of Mr. John Mitford, the late Cashier. L. H.

The late Mr. H. M. Thomas.

AT midnight on Friday, the 24th November (writes F.G.G.), died Henry Martin Thomas, of the Secretary's Office, two



MR. H. M. THOMAS.

days before the completion of his 27th year. Mr. Thomas never gave the impression that he was possessed of a strong constitution, but it was not suspected by his most intimate friends that cancer in a malignant and cruel form was lurking in his system. Mr. Thomas entered the Central Telegraph Office in 1890, and remained there until the spring of 1897, when he passed the examination for

clerkships on the Supplementary Establishment. Four months ago he was in the enjoyment of his usual good health; he had recently married his accomplished young wife; he had achieved distinction in the art of shorthand, of which he was a tutor at King's College. His well-trained intellect gave promise of a successful and perhaps a brilliant career. He was well read in philosophy and ethics, a patient student of history and philology, and a lover of economics. Of the extreme unselfishness of his character it would be difficult to speak too warmly. Seldom could one find a man more willing to do a kindly act, or to suffer personal inconvenience in the cause of a comrade. It is not impossible, indeed, that the development of the fatal disease was hastened by the large amount of extra work which he nobly undertook a few years ago, to help supply the needs of a family in distress. Mr. Thomas came of an old Cornish stock, and it was at the secluded little village of Portscatho that, surrounded by many of his nearest and dearest relatives, he breathed his last.

Lieut.-Colonel M'Donnell.

MR. JOHN M'DONNELL, who is known in Defence Force circles in Queensland as Lieut.-Colonel M'Donnell, was until a few weeks back the Under-Secretary, Post and Telegraph Department, Queensland. He retires from the public service at the age of 70 years. He was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1829, and in 1852 landed at Victoria, where he had some experience at the gold diggings. After a time he went to Sydney, where he was for a brief period in a merchant's office. In 1854 he entered the Government Service as clerk in the Immigration Office. He was promoted to the office of principal clerk in the Registrar-General's Department, and held this post until 1859, when he became secretary and chief clerk to the Police Department, Queensland. In 1870 he was appointed to the Under Secretaryship of the Postal and Telegraph Department, and thus held the one post for twenty-nine years. He at different times held many important positions in the Colony: he has served on many boards of enquiry, and on countless commissions. He was the author of the Civil Service Act, 1863, under which many officers have received retiring allowances, and under which he himself is entitled to a pension of £533, being two-thirds of his salary, at the time of retirement.

Apart from his connection with the Civil Service, Mr. M'Donnell has been a prominent figure in the history of the Defence Force. Before separation he was a member of the Volunteer Rifle Brigade in New South Wales. In 1867 he was appointed lieutenant of No. 1 company, Queensland Volunteer Rifles, and captain commanding in 1869. In 1874 Captain M'Donnell became senior officer in command of the volunteer forces (honorary), and was in 1877 appointed honorary major-commandant. In 1878 he became lieut.-colonel commandant. He retired from command of the volunteer forces in November, 1879, and in recognition of his

services he was placed on the staff with the rank of lieut.-colonel. In February, 1883, Lieut.-Colonel M'Donnell was appointed acting commandant of the forces, and in January, 1884, on the arrival of the Commandant from England, resumed his rank. On May 24th of the current year, on the occasion of the ceremonial parade at Lytton, Lieut.-Colonel M'Donnell was presented by his Excellency the Governor with the officer's decoration of long service.

We are indebted to Mr. E. Loughran, of the Travelling Mail Office, Rockhampton, Queensland, for these particulars.

The late Mr. W. H. G. Johnson.

IT is with sincere regret that we have to record the death, on the 6th December, of Mr. W. H. Grazebrook Johnson, who was a member of the Secretary's Office for thirty-six years. He entered the



MR. W. H. G. JOHNSON.

service in May, 1863, and retired on a pension so lately as May of the present year. We append a note on Mr. Johnson by an old friend, one of the many saddened by the loss of this kindly gentleman.

"It seems but the other day—as other days go in these quick times—that Johnson was going the round of his friends in the Secretary's Office, saying that semi-official farewell which is the prelude to a pension. His fifty-three years sat very lightly on him. His leisure had been spent mostly in the open air: he knew every bend, reach, and backwater of the Upper Thames in old days when that stream was less fashionable but more like a river than a procession of boats. He had a steady nerve and was a good shot. He was a very loyal friend, and, in the best sense of a word somewhat misused in these days, a sportsman. His dogs loved him and thought him a rare good fellow, and really they were not far wrong. Johnson was a courteous, kindly, and hospitable gentleman who knew a good dog and a good man when he saw them, and was very

fair in his dealings with both. He was, to make a possibly inaccurate quotation from an old Oxford calendar of his, '*Bene natus, bene vestitus ac moderate doctus.*' The faces of many men lit up with pleasure at the sound of his cheery voice; there was a touch of open air about him—good, healthy, frank, breezy open air.

"On Thursday, 30th November, he paid us a surprise visit at the office, looking so young and happy that we all felt sure there were many good years in store for him. But on the Saturday evening he caught a sudden chill, and after a brief three days' illness he passed quietly away.

"Johnson was married in August last to a lady to whom he had been for some time engaged. All the colleagues of our dead friend grieve with her and for him in deepest sympathy."

Mr. R. Haworth.

THE Instrument Room at Edinburgh (writes "X") is being slowly thinned of its older members who were the pioneers in pre-transfer days and bore the brunt of early telegraph struggles.



MR. R. HAWORTH.

The latest to go from amongst us is Mr. R. Haworth, Telegraph Superintendent, who, through illness, has been obliged to say farewell before reaching the age limit.

Mr. Haworth joined the old Magnetic Telegraph Company in May, 1857, and after a successful period spent in Manchester, found his way to Dundee; thence at the transfer he came to Edinburgh. Many prominent members at other centres will well remember his genial presence at the several conferences he attended in connection with the Benevolent Society during the fourteen years he represented it in the Scottish capital. He not only organised the Society in Edinburgh but laboured assiduously in its interest during the long period that he was associated with it. Upon him devolved the preparations for the first conference that took place in Edinburgh, which passed off

with such conspicuous success. He took an active interest also in the Electric Shooting Club, an interest which was substantially materialised in the Challenge Medal that bears his name.

It was but natural that Mr. Haworth on leaving the service should receive tangible proofs of the goodwill of the staff. A complimentary smoking concert, presided over by Mr. Clutterbuck, Chief Superintendent, was given in his honour on the 4th November. The president referred to the guest of the evening in terms which were very laudatory but (as was clearly shown by those present) none the less true and appropriate. On behalf of the staff, Mr. T. Armstrong presented him with a handsome smoker's companion and liqueur stand, and in the course of a humorous speech congratulated him upon being relieved from the troubles and worries of an instrument room.

We trust that renewed health and length of days will be Mr. Haworth's lot in his retirement.

Mr. E. Breton Osborn.

IN the person of Mr. E. Breton Osborn, who retired in November from the Assistant Solicitorship of the Post Office, after forty-three years service, one more *emeritus* has disappeared from the headquarters' staff.

Mr. Osborn, who had served under four successive Solicitors, Mr. Mark Peacock, Mr. Ashurst, Mr. Horace Watson, and Sir Robert Hunter, entered the service in 1857, and in 1875 was promoted to be Assistant Solicitor on the retirement of Mr. R. W. Peacock, a gentleman who had gained a high reputation for shrewdness and ability inside and outside of the Post Office. During Mr. Peacock's time, and, indeed, for some short time afterwards, all investigations of an important character, even those of discipline matters, were conducted by the Solicitors' Department. But this method was found to be replete with complications and inconveniences which the rapid growth of general Post Office business only accentuated; and the conduct of such investigations, up to the commencement of actual legal proceedings, was, in consequence, made one of the duties of the Secretary's staff—a special corp of trained officers responsible to him, and assisted by constables selected from the Metropolitan Police, being formed for the purpose. Of this division of responsibility, combined with joint effort, no one has been a warmer or more consistent advocate than Mr. Osborn, who, at one of his recent farewell meetings, attributed those features of Post Office prosecutions which have frequently been the subject of encomium from the Bench to the “combination” between the Criminal Department of the Solicitor's Office and the so-called “Confidential Enquiry Branch.” At the same meeting, by the way, Mr. Osborn was much amused at hearing for the first time of the sequel to a complaint which some years ago he had formally made to the then Director that an individual, who had long been suspected of systematic theft, and whom it may be said Mr. Osborn managed eventually to convict, had been

given into custody against his explicit advice. The offending clerk received a reprimand from his chief, who, however, after Mr. Osborn had left the room, turned benignantly to the offender, saying, "Next time arrest the man first, and consult the Solicitor afterwards!"

As regards the criminal cases which Mr. Osborn brought to a successful issue, space forbids reference to them in detail—some of them are described in Mr. Baines' *Forty years at the Post Office*—while the story of one which Mr. Osborn always regarded as his *chef d'œuvre* (viz., the robbery of the London Mails to Berlin and St. Petersburg), and which resulted in the recognition of a new principle in English jurisprudence, was told under the title of "The Larceny Act, 1896" in our issue of January, 1897. Another important case was *Regina v. Middleton*, in which the conviction of a



MR. E. B. OSBORN.

Savings Bank Depositor for larceny in respect of a sum of £8 odd, which, by mistake, he had been paid by a counter clerk, instead of 10/- for which he had presented a warrant, was upheld on appeal by seven judges out of eleven. More recently there was the prosecution of Jago and Kynaston, the former of whom was chief officer of the White Star Liner "Britannic," for the theft of mails on board that vessel; while in the early part of the present year the conviction of the ex-telegraphist Hives and several others, who had formed an elaborate conspiracy for defrauding bookmakers by means of forged telegrams, was due in a large measure to the complete and able manner in which Mr. Osborn worked up and presented the legal case.

To discuss Mr. Osborn's personal qualities is a task which, pleasant as it might be, we shrink from attempting in the case of one, who, in

one sense is still, and we hope may long be, in our midst. Mr. Osborn, of course, as an official, was not without his foibles, but for the most part they were the almost inevitable concomitant of the conscientiousness and caution which were prominent characteristics of his work, and of the spirit of fairness which inspired the examination that he invariably made of both sides of a case. No one could surpass him—though in this respect more than one of his legal colleagues emulate him—in readiness to consider, at any amount of personal trouble, any point on which his opinion was sought, and this whether the reference had been made on official or on private ground. Whilst the feeling is universal that the retirement of Mr. Osborn (who we are glad to learn has found a new sphere of useful work as Assistant Secretary to the United Kingdom Beneficent Association) deprives the Post Office, to use words of high authority, “of a most valuable servant,” there are many who will in a more personal sense miss a safe adviser and a valued friend.

Before leaving, Mr. Osborn was presented with two testimonials, one from the Confidential Enquiry Staff, and a separate one from the members of his own office and other friends. The meeting at which he was presented with the second testimonial was attended by many men “of light and leading,” among others by Mr. Lamb, C.B., C.M.G., Mr. Cardin, C.B., Mr. Buxton Forman, C.B., Sir Robert Hunter, Dr. Wilson, Messrs. Smyth, Ardron, Yeld, Lang, and Benton, and by Mr. H. C. Richards, Q.C., M.P.

J. P.

The late Mr. C. I. Stevens.*

IN Mr. C. I. Stevens, who died on 26th October last, the Post Office Orphan Home loses its respected treasurer, and the Department loses one who, in his day, served it long and faithfully. Mr. Stevens entered the Service in 1851, and retired on a pension some seven years ago. He was attached as Travelling Officer to the then Missing Letter Branch in 1872, and in that capacity did much useful work all over the kingdom. He was a man of great goodness of heart, and many a poor home of an erring Post Office servant experienced his generosity. The following notice of Mr. Stevens appeared in the *South London Press* shortly after his death:—

“It was in the year of the Great Exhibition of 1851 that Mr. Stevens first took up his duties at the Post Office. That year gave the commercial correspondence of the country enormous impetus, and he undoubtedly saw the development of Post Office work at the start, and followed it through many of its most interesting phases. Many a man whose bent of mind led him to inquire into statistics and the progress of social life has spent an enjoyable hour in chatting to the old postal official, and in looking over his cabinet of Post Office curiosities—a collection which, it is to be sincerely hoped, will find their way into some South London public library or institution. Mr. Stevens preserved sheets of stamps

* A portrait of Mr. Stevens appears in Vol. IV. of *St. Martin's*, page 337.

issued before an ingenious man had thought of having them perforated so that they could be easily torn apart. He kept some old registered envelopes tied with blue silk, and others, for economical reasons, tied with worsted, and used often to express wonder that years elapsed before some witty mind thought of making a blue pencil mark do duty for silk or worsted.

"Occasionally Mr. Stevens would contrast the brutal laws of past days with the more humane system brought about by Lord Shaftesbury. He would tell how, almost within his memory, the stealing of a single letter would bring a Post Office official to the gallows, and how, even in his own days, a postman was sent to penal servitude for life for stealing a penny with which he was entrusted to put a stamp on a letter. To his official duties Mr. Stevens brought a keen intellect, large knowledge of character and human life, and a stern, unflinching sense of justice, mingled with a kindly streak of good nature, which every one who knew him recognized as a chief characteristic.

"Of his political work it is scarcely our province to speak. It is generally known, however, that when Major Isaacs, late M.P., and Mr. Bailey, the present M.P., first began to woo Walworth, they owed not a little to the introductions given to them by Mr. Stevens, who was well known in every part of the constituency, and had made a host of friends, down to the humblest costermonger who had his stall in East Street."

A Veteran Head Messenger.

AS chroniclers of contemporary Post Office history we cannot let the retirement of an old and much esteemed official—Mr. Young, the Secretary's Head Messenger—pass without some brief mention. Postmasters-General come and go, but head messengers endure. Mr. Young has in his time seen some seventeen Postmasters-General defile before him. Think of it! From Lord Canning's days to those of the Duke of Norfolk is a far cry; yet that is the span of Mr. Young's official career.

Many curious things he must have witnessed in those forty-four years, and we have been so far privileged as to be allowed to read an interesting document which gives a glimpse into that inner life of the General Post Office which only Head Messengers and Postmasters-General really see. Someday, maybe, there will be space in our cramped columns for the memoir *in extenso*; for the present we must reluctantly confine ourselves to this scant allusion and to wishing Mr. Young many prosperous years of pension. May he share the fate of that hearty old postman, Joe Smith, who brought Young his appointment papers in 1855, and, retiring after this graceful act, drew a pension from Her Most Gracious Majesty for thirty years, finally dying at the ripe age of 93. An excellent omen!

We cannot omit mention of the system of education which proved so successful in Mr. Young's case, and in these days of hot-house competition and University crammers the story is instructive. "The

only education I received," says our friend, "was from an old dame who kept a village school, but whose principal work was keeping and following geese. Many a bout have I had with an old gander." Surely an admirable training for one destined to deal with large bodies of civil servants. And which of us, we ask with confidence, has not had his bout with an old gander in which the old bird did not always come off second best?

Then again, here is deep instruction: "I was first employed in the — office, and I remember one of the principal officers was a man who kept a butcher's shop and who did a good trade at the Post Office, as it was known that those who dealt with him got what was known as 'kidney jobs.'" Ah, those kidney jobs, we have them still, but they are parlous few! Good Young did not get one, "for my father being a butcher I had to rough it." A lamentable exposé of favouritism which has no parallel in these less cutting days.

Further, we are shown Mr. Young, after the Clerkenwell explosion, marching down to the Guildhall, to be sworn in as a special constable before the Duke of Montrose. Sworn, he marches back to the Post Office, staff in hand. History does not tell how far that weapon worked wonders in disciplinary ways among recalcitrant boy messengers. The memoir contains no mention of broken heads.

Here, regretfully, we must leave Mr. Young with all hearty good wishes for the evening of his days.

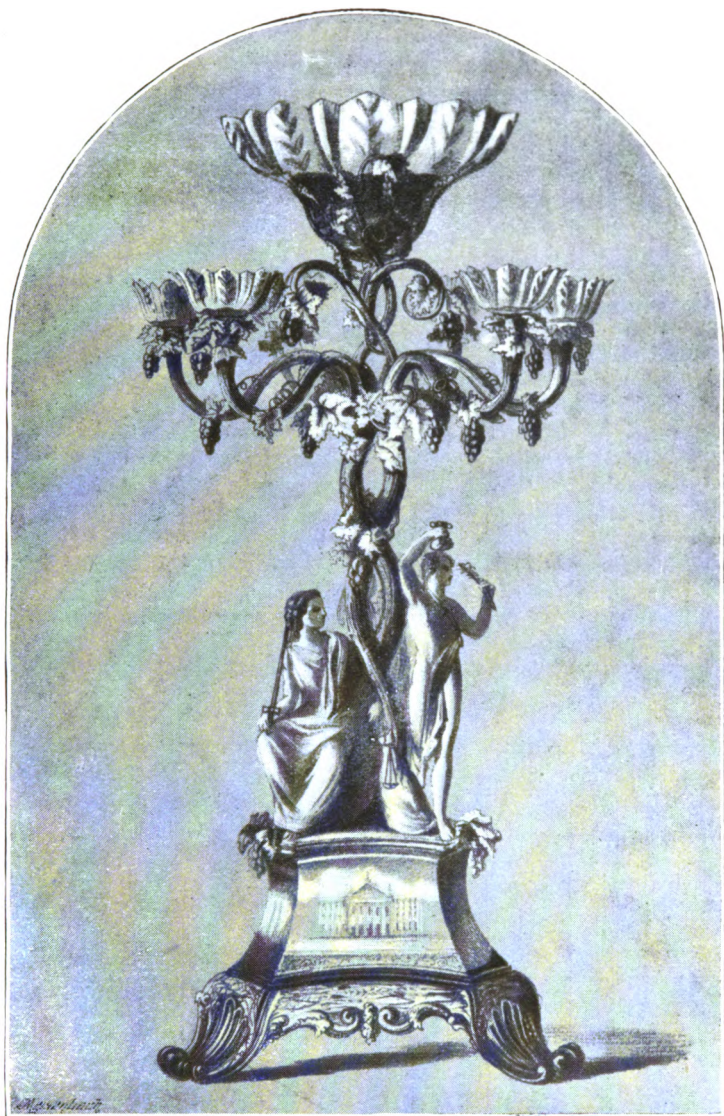
J. S. S.

Bravery.



MR. W. SKYRME.

MR. W. H. SKYRME is a Sorting Clerk and Telegraphist in the Birmingham Post Office. On the 14th of August last he was spending his holidays at the little seaside village of Little Haven, and had gone to bathe with some friends off the rocks. The tide was full, and there was a uniform depth of about 16 feet. After he left the water he heard cries for help, and on looking about discovered that a bather, named Mr. Kaye, was in difficulties.



(The figures represent WISDOM, JUSTICE AND COMMERCE.)

PRESENTED TO
PATRICK URQUHART, ESQ^{RE}.

on his retirement, by his

CLERKS, ASSISTANTS, THE POSTMASTERS, THEIR CLERKS AND SUB-POSTMASTERS,
who served under him during the long period he held the important Situation of
Surveyor of the

GENERAL POST OFFICE OF THE NORTHERN DISTRICT, IRELAND.

Given as a mark of the high esteem in which he is held by those who served under him and in gratitude for the kind interest he uniformly took in their welfare, as well as in testimony of the able and impartial manner he ever discharged his Official duties, as is evidenced by the highly improved state of the district over which he presided.

[To face page 99.

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Another friend who was still in the water went to render assistance, but became unnerved and exhausted, and when he reached Kaye and grappled him they both sank. Mr. Skyrme dived in, and getting hold of Kaye's arm brought him to the surface. After a severe struggle, involving another dive, Skyrme got the other man to the rocks. A boat coming up at the time seized Kaye and landed him. Mr. Skyrme had to dive under the boat and come up behind it to avoid being crushed between the boat and the rocks. Indeed that is the fate all the onlookers thought he had met, until they saw him rise to the surface beyond it.

We are glad to notice that Mr. Skyrme received the special congratulations of the Postmaster-General in a recent circular on his brave act.

An Old Time Surveyor's Presentation.

IT was, I believe, early in the fifties that Mr. Patrick Urquhart, Surveyor of the Northern District of Ireland, retired and was succeeded by Mr. Trollope. I had not the pleasure of serving under Mr. Urquhart, but when I entered the service at Belfast a few years later I heard much of him and of the esteem in which he was held. It was evident also, from the grateful manner in which he was spoken of, that a sincere regard was entertained for him.

I remember also hearing that a presentation had been given him on his retirement; but it was not till many years afterwards when Postmaster here that I knew what form it had taken. On visiting the sub-office of Feeny I observed a picture of the article presented, a photograph of which, with copy of the inscription, I have pleasure in sending, as I believe they will be interesting to readers of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*. The Sub-Postmistress, the late Miss Lynch, having subscribed to the testimonial, had one of the pictures sent her; she died only a few years ago, and her son, who now holds the office, has kindly allowed the photograph to be taken.

The treasurer of the presentation fund was, I believe, Mr. James Dicky, then Postmaster of Belfast, an intimate friend of Mr. Urquhart. He was of good family, and on terms of personal friendship with the late Lord O'Neill, of Shanes Castle, Co. Antrim, who had been Postmaster-General. Probably resulting from this fact—although he gave entire satisfaction to the public in the management of his office—he was most impatient of what he considered undue interference by the heads of the Department, and especially of complaints from the public if made to head-quarters. I remember hearing an amusing case that will illustrate this:—A gentleman who lived at Ballymacarret (then a village in the suburbs of Belfast, but long since forming a portion of the city), and who got his letters from the office in the village, had written to the Secretary, Dublin, complaining that several of his letters had been delayed in delivery. The sub-office was served by the Belfast to Bangor mail car which started from the head office as soon as the inward mail could be sorted. The delays evidently arose either from mis-sorting—a

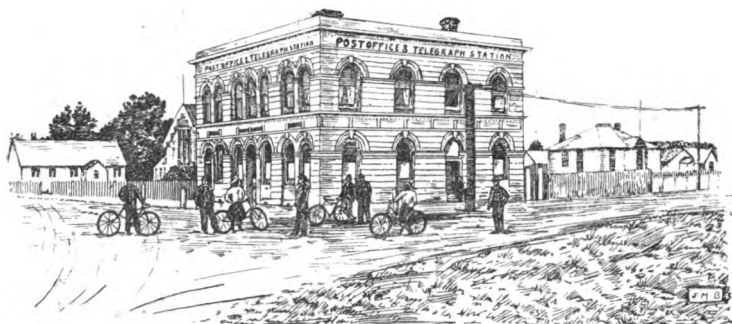
portion of the village was served by town postmen—or from the mail car being despatched before the sorting was completed, but whatever the cause the Postmaster was very indignant when the letter of complaint reached him from the Secretary, and expressed himself in anything but complimentary terms regarding the writer. Notwithstanding this, however, he thought it well to give some attention to the matter, and the next day on the arrival of the mail he proceeded, accompanied by the chief clerk, to examine the unsorted letters with the view of picking out those for the complainant. This had caused a fresh outburst of indignation, and, as afterwards turned out, he gave more attention to anathematising him than to the work at which he was engaged. At length he hesitated for a moment, then turned to the chief clerk, and with a puzzled air, said, “*but what's his name, Robert?*” He had been so intent on abusing the man, although all the time looking for his letters, that he had forgotten his name! It turned out also that “Robert” (there was no “Mister” in those days) was in no better case. He could only reply that he had forgotten the name *but would know it if he saw it!*

Londonderry.

R. S. SMYTH.

Hokitika (N.Z.).

HOKITIKA, the Capital of Westland, is situated at the mouth of the Hokitika river and is the centre of “The Golden Coast.” The discovery of gold on the West Coast 35



HOKITIKA (N.Z.) POST OFFICE.

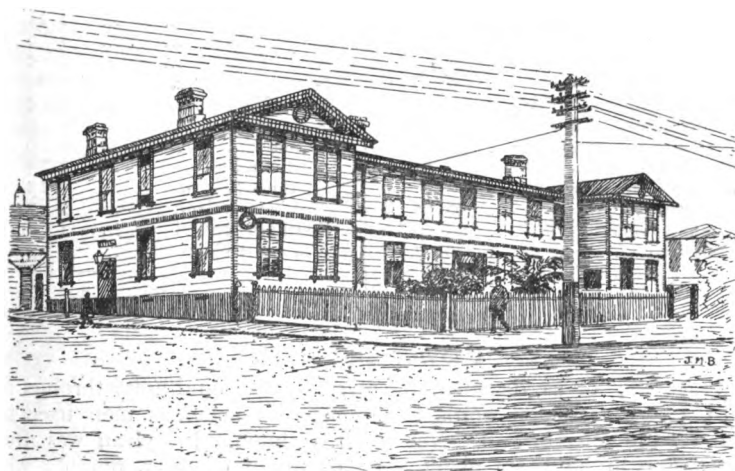
years ago caused a large rush of people to the place on the 20th December, 1864. Captain Leech, attracted by rumours of the discovery, crossed the Hokitika bar in the ss. “Nelson,” and this date may be accepted as that of the foundation of Hokitika. It was not until some months later, however, that the place was rushed in the truest and fullest sense of the term. In a few months thousands of people from all parts of the Australasian Colonies arrived, and it is estimated that within twelve months from the discovery of gold, fully 20,000 people were congregated in and around Hokitika. As the years passed by, the rude huts, which had

hitherto served as the homes of the miners, were replaced by more substantial and elegant buildings. Hokitika, besides being the centre of large goldfields, lies in a district renowned throughout the world for its magnificent scenery. At the present day Hokitika is a borough with a population of 3,000.

The first post office was built in 1865 and was followed a few years later by a telegraph station. The post office and the telegraph station, which up to 1872 were separate buildings, were at that time very small and unpretentious. In 1872 the present post office and telegraph station was erected. Mr. Kirton was the first Postmaster, and he was followed by Messrs. Cook, Jago, Shrimpton, Bull, Cresswell, and Douglas, the latter now being in charge. In 1880 the amalgamation of the two departments took place, and the combined staff numbered 28. Since then the work has considerably decreased and the staff now number only ten. However, there is always a chance of new goldfields turning up, and we live in hopes of having a much larger staff.

New Plymouth (N.Z.).

NEW PLYMOUTH is a compact little township of 4,000 inhabitants, situated on the western coast of the North Island. It is the principal port and capital of the dairying district



NEW PLYMOUTH (N.Z.) POST OFFICE.

in New Zealand, and thousands of tons of dairy produce are exported to the Home markets annually. The town is a favourite resort for tourists, mainly on account of its healthy position, its beautiful recreation grounds, and its pleasant drives and picturesque scenery. With the deep blue sea in front and Mount Egmont (8,260 ft.) with its snowy peak for a background, New Plymouth may fairly claim to be one of the beauty spots of New Zealand.

Children's Country Holidays' Fund.

THE following is a statement of the amounts subscribed to this fund in the Post Office during the year 1899.

We are very glad to note that the interest of the department in this deserving charity is well maintained—the subscriptions from the various offices being fully up to the level of past years.

OFFICE.	AMOUNT.	OFFICE.	AMOUNT.
£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Secretary's and Solicitor's		Brought forward ...	300 7 2
Offices	15 8 6	District Offices, London—	
Registry	1 18 6	<i>continued :—</i>	
Accountant General's Department ...	34 10 2	Northern	12 5 3
Savings Bank, Men's Staff	17 16 4	Western	10 5 8
Savings Bank, Women's Staff	20 0 0	North Western ...	21 14 0
Returned Letter Office ...	3 3 0	Paddington	12 14 5
London Postal Service, Controller's Office ...	14 14 8	West Central	9 13 0
Inland, East Central and Branch Offices ...	44 2 7	Battersea	12 15 2
Money Order Office ...	5 5 6	Norwood	4 18 10
Medical Department ...	0 10 0	Provincial Surveyor's Department :—	
Controller of Postal Stores' Department	2 15 4	North Eastern	1 9 0
Controller of Telegraph Stores' Department :—		North Western	1 10 0
Controller's Office ...	2 8 0	North Wales	1 5 0
Postal Telegraph Factory ...	2 17 0	South Wales	1 11 6
Instrument Factory ...	1 13 6	North Midland	1 2 6
Central Telegraph Office ...	33 14 8	South Eastern	1 5 6
Engineer in Chief's Office ...	2 16 0	South Midland	0 15 0
District Offices, London :—		South Western	1 4 0
South Western	30 11 8	Western	1 9 6
South Eastern	29 19 6	Eastern	1 0 0
Eastern	36 7 3	Northern Scotland ...	1 3
Carried forward ...	300 7 2	Southern Scotland ...	0 15 0
		Northern Ireland ...	1 7 6
		Southern Ireland ...	1 2 6
		Midland Ireland ...	1 3 6
		Total ...	402 17 6

"Flower and Leaf."*

MOST of us, deafened by myriad wheels and noisy throngs of worry-laden words, have ceased to listen, as men used to do, for the voice of Pan. Not so Mr. Dalmon. In sylvan way and garden path he hears plaint, song or psalm of satyr, nymph, yea dawn itself. Trees and flowers speak to him, and he repeats with charming ease their most refreshing utterances. The little bookie (as the Tots have it) that he brings us for the New Year gladdens our way-worn souls like a draught of spring water. It is charmingly and simply dressed, without affectations, brightened on the cover (where alone it needs brightening) with a single spray of Mr. Gordon Craig's design. On the pipe of his choosing

* *Flower and Leaf*, by Charles Dalmon. London: Grant Richards, 1900. Price 2s.

Mr. Dalmon plays delightfully, and whoso once has heard needs must hear again. Lines such as these (from "Demeter's Cottage") make a man consciously the richer :

"We laugh all memories of gloom
From out Demeter's cottage room,
While many-coloured flowers-of-dreams
Drop softly from the ceiling-beams ;
Soon, from the hearthstone to the door,
They cover all the red-brick floor.
O happy he whose feet may tread
The floor so richly carpeted !
No sage to him may wisdom teach,
No sorrow to his heart may reach ;
He steps into the Age of Gold,
And lives the charmed life of old."

There is fine work in this, and we have reason to hope for even higher flights from the youngest of the songsters in our midst. Though the Duke's official garden seems a strange soil for the growth of poetry, yet it has not been unproductive. The Post Office shelters Wyville Home, whose harp, though tuned, has of late too long been silent ; Ibbett, whose songs have all the joyous life of birds in pairing time ; Buxton Forman, whom the gods and the grateful shades of Shelley and Keats meant for a poet, but whom that evil fairy Success shaped into an Assistant Secretary. From the author of the charming verses entitled "Fontainebleau" in our last number we look for a first volume at no distant date. These poets are not alone, and among them Charles Dalmon's latest effort should give him a place of honour.

E. S. S.

A Colonial Post and Telegraph Handbook.*

MR. W. BOYS, of Eudunda, who always keeps us well posted up in postal affairs relating to his colony, sends us a copy of this charming little book. It is really a handbook, and is small enough to go easily in one's pocket book. The book, which consists of 48 pages, is issued quarterly, and it contains all the up-to-date information as to despatch and arrival of mails, and indicates in a brief and interesting form what the Post Office does for the public. The rates of postage, &c., are clearly and intelligibly set forth, and we can imagine no more useful vade mecum for the business man or the woman who has a large correspondence. "It is not intended to supersede the Post and Telegraphic Guide, to which persons desiring more detailed information are referred." In a letter to us relating to another matter, Mr. Walker, the Postmaster of Richmond, Yorks, expresses his surprise that handbooks relating to the Post Office are not sold at the railway bookstalls. We doubt whether the Postal Guide would find a sale even at the bookstalls, but there is no doubt that a well bound and handy little volume like the one before

* *The Post and Telegraph Handbook of Victoria.* August, 1899. Issued by authority of the Postmaster General. Price One Penny.

us, price one penny, would be sold by the thousand, and prove of immense value to that large mass of unintelligent people who find the Postal Guide as bewildering as Bradshaw.

Civil Service Insurance Society.

THE Half-yearly Meeting of the Council of the Society was held in the Committee Room, War Office, on Friday, October 27th. Sir R. H. Knox, K.C.B. (Assistant Secretary of State for War), presided. Amongst those present were Messrs. C. D. Upham (Accountant General's Department), L. E. B. Halcrow (Controller's Office, C.T.O.), C. S. Keen (Central Telegraph Office), and F. E. Walker (Savings Bank), on behalf of the Post Office.

The Committee reported that steady progress continued to be made in all branches of the Society's business.

In the following table, a comparative statement is given of the life insurances effected during the nine months from 1st January to 30th September in each of the last six years :—

Period (9 Months) ended 30th September.	Number of Policies Issued.	Sum Assured. £
1894	428	110,800
1895	518	143,900
1896	663	164,500
1897	673	175,000
1898	620	167,900
1899	722	190,000

The total amount of the life insurance business of this Society since its establishment in 1890 is as follows :—

Number of Policies issued	16,769
Sum assured	£4,458,000
Present Annual Premium (gross)	£161,700

The amount of business in each of these branches continues to show a steady increase ; and there is every indication that the sum which will be available for transfer to the Supplemental Income of the Widows' and Orphans' Annuity Society in respect of the current year's business will be as large as that for the year 1898.

Following on the announcement made in the last Annual Report of the Committee, dated 18th April, 1899, that the scheme for the establishment of the Widows' and Orphans' Annuity Society was practically complete, the Committee have the satisfaction now to record that, at a special meeting of the Council of the Society, held on the 9th June last, the scheme was approved, and the "Civil Service Widows' and Orphans' Annuity Society" established as from that date. It is with much pleasure that the Committee are thus enabled to announce the completion of the laborious task of establishing the Annuity Scheme, and they have now to wish the new Service institution a most successful and prosperous career.

Mr. G. Morgan was elected a member of the council as the representative of the Controller of Stores Office (Post Office).

Snippings from Official Papers.

White Cliff

New South Wales

March 24th, 1895

To the Post Master Jeneril

Dear Sir I have sent a Parsell in the care of you if you will be so kind to deliver it with your own Hands to my cousin he has not Herd from me for years he used to Live at white chapple Newgate His Name is David Hirons. I forget his Number of the street will you kindly deliver this Parsell to him it detains 3 Bottles of opel chips I have told my cousin to give you one Bottle for your kindness. one thing dear Sir the distinchin Between the letters in the name I forget whether his name was spelt Hirones or Hirons Please give either of those names. my cousin has Large Business Places of different sorts I believe I dont know what the business is I expect dear Sir you will Know with out my trying to explain them to you I hope you will like the Bottle of opel chips When I hear from my cousin I will forward some vaulible Bottles and will not for get you Dear Sir for your Kindness

I remain Dear

Sir yours truely,

R—— M——

New Orleans,

Louisiana, U. S. A.,

April 3rd, 1896.

To the Postmaster General.

DEAR SIR,

I register all my letters, yet I can obtain no replies to the same. Twenty registered letters have never been answered. There are Governments in the world who tamper with, detain, and prevent acknowledgement by addressees of the letters of inconvenient personages. I have heard of the secret agents of the detective service of Government Foreign Offices being base enough to employ spies as Extra-assistants, Temporary alternates, and Provisional Inspectors, to open letters with an ivory pointed, cylindrical instrument, which by rotation and deft manipulation they insinuate into the aperture of a closed and gummed missive. I trust that the insinuating policy referred to will never be adopted by a Government once celebrated in song and poetry as the Ægis of Freedom and Liberty:—"O Tempora, O Mores."

I am, &c.,

R—— O—— S——.

The late Mr. R. C. Day.

WE have heard with great regret of the death of Mr. R. C. Day, of Dublin, whose retirement from the Service, through ill-health, we recorded in our last issue.* *St. Martin's-le-Grand* has

* See Vol. IX., page 433.

special reasons for mourning his loss. Those of our readers who are old subscribers will not have forgotten the many delightful poems which have appeared in these pages above the signature of "T. S. Clarke" and "Leo Wolfe." Under these pseudonyms Mr. Day hid his genial and gifted personality. He was also a contributor to *St. Martin's* predecessor, *Blackfriars*. More we should have had from him in the last few years, but his health was such that only cheerful courage such as his could have faced as he did—so bravely and calmly—the necessary duties and work of life. He was loyal to his friends, and among them it is with deep gratitude that we know he numbered ourselves.

Odds and Ends.

THE Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. Lewin Hill, C.B., a Borough Magistrate for Kingston-on-Thames. *St. Martin's-le-Grand* offers congratulations.

* * *

WE think Mr. Labouchere scores a point against the postal authorities in drawing attention to the apparent unfairness with which the writers of offensive post cards are dealt with and prosecuted, and the cards stopped in the post. He says that he himself receives dozens of post cards far more offensive than those sent by prisoners who have been convicted, but the Post Office authorities take no action against the writers. He would be grieved to think that they approved in this case of the language used to him.

* * *

MR. E. RUFFY, Federal Councillor and Head of the Swiss Military Department, has, by decree of the 31st October last, been appointed Director of the International Bureau of the Universal Postal Union.

* * *

ORMSKIRK is one of the latest places which has celebrated the opening of a new Post Office, and Mr. Wills, the Postmaster, is to be congratulated on having acquired a permanent home for his staff. During the last half-century the Post Office has had many dwelling places in the town, and the new building is not a government building. It is held on lease for twenty-one years, a wise arrangement, perhaps, if a great increase in the trade and prosperity of Ormskirk is expected. A supper was held under the chairmanship of the Postmaster in honour of the occasion, and the usual toasts, proposed and responded to by influential men of the district, were drunk.

THE threatened migration of the Savings Bank Department to West Kensington is already producing changes in the character of the district. If we may believe the following announcement which appeared in the *Evening News*, one of the signs of the times is a slump in churches:—

"During the next few weeks Christ Church, Brook Green, West Kensington Park, will be offered for sale by auction.

"The lots comprise, beside the fabric, a vestry, choir, pulpit, reading desk, chandeliers, a two-manual organ, and a gas-heating stove."

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes from an island on the West Coast of Scotland, "I went to the Post Office to post a parcel. The office is a tiny one-apartment place, containing a bed, a table and a fireplace, and I have no doubt is made to hold quite a number of people during the letting season. I opened the door and saw no one, but on looking around I saw the Postmaster standing at the end of a house near at hand. I sent a little boy to say I was waiting. The answer was that he could not come just now as a calf had broken out, and he was *watching* the performance of a woman who was trying to catch the beast. This is not a complaint; my sympathies were all with the Postmaster; a crisis of any sort must be hailed here as a relief."

* * *

WE are indebted to Mr. A. Hickson Hart for a copy of the Christmas card of the Leeds postal staff, which has been designed by Mr. W. H. Bilton of the Leeds office. We congratulate both the staff and the designer on the production. In a note accompanying the card, Mr. Hart says:—"We have not forgotten the Field Post Offices attached to the Forces in South Africa, and have also circulated the cards in the usual cosmopolitan manner throughout the world."

* * *

THE Royal Order of the Prussian Crown of the Second Class has, we understand, been conferred upon Sir H. C. Fischer, ex-Controller of the Central Telegraph Office.

* * *

DURING the week before Christmas one million and a half parcels were dealt with at the Mount Pleasant Parcel Post Office, being an increase of a quarter of a million over last year's numbers.

ONE of the Societies which investigate spiritualistic phenomena applied for permission to invest a portion of its funds in the Post Office Savings Bank. The usual letter sent in such cases contains the words "the spirit of the Act of Parliament," but it was thought that this expression might lead to controversy, and be perhaps misunderstood, so another sentence was substituted. And yet the Post Office is sometimes accused of red tapeism and a blind adherence to its own rules and phrases!



MR. C. H. GARLAND.

British delegate at the International Congress of Telegraphists held at Como, Italy, in June last.

[NOTE.—It should be clearly understood that these lists are unofficial; but every effort is, of course, made to render them accurate and complete.]

Promotions.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sec.'s Office ...	Roche, W. ...	Asst. Sec. ...	Clk., 4th Cl., '65; 3rd Cl., '66; 2nd Cl., '69; 1st Cl., '80; Princ. Clk., Lr. Sec., '86; Princ. Clk., '93
" "	Thompson, S. Rattles	"	Clk., 3rd Cl. R. & A.G.O., '67; Sec.'s Off., '67; 2nd Cl., '75; 1st Cl., '83; Princ. Clk., Lr. Sec., '89; Princ. Clk., '93
" "	Farnall, E. W....	Princ. Clk. ..	Clk., 3rd Cl., '77; 2nd Cl., '83; 1st Cl., '91
" "	Walkley, A. B....	"	Clk., 3rd Cl., '77; 2nd Cl., '82; 1st Cl., '92
" "	Ferard, A. G. ...	Clk., 1st Cl. ...	Clk., 3rd Cl., '81; 2nd Cl., '89
" "	Hoskyns - Abraham, B.	"	Clk., 3rd Cl., '81; 2nd Cl., '89
A.G.D. ...	Bunce, J. ...	Exr.	Boy Clk., S. B., '74; Est., '76; R. A.G.O., '80
C.T.O. ...	Rowland, O. ...	Super.	E. T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70
"	Aldis, J. P. ...	Asst. Super. ...	E.T. Co., '63; G.P.O., '70; Senr. Tel., '86; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '90
"	Robinson, G. ...	" 2nd Cl.	Tel., Malton, '74; York, '75; Malton, '77; Sheffield, '81; C.T.O., '85; Over. & Senr. Tel., '94
"	Worthy, C. ...	Over. and Senr. Tel.	Tel., '77
"	Bromhead, G. E.	" "	Tel., '77
"	Miss A. M. Hutt	Asst. Super. ...	Tel., '71
E. in C.O. ...	Cooper, M. ...	Princ. Tech. Offr...	E.T. Co., '61; G.P.O., '70; E. in C.O., '78; Tech. Offr., 1st Cl., '87; Supr., Engr., '97
"	Eldridge, E. J....	Engr., 1st Cl. ..	Tel., C.T.O., '81; Pr.-Kr., Regy. (S.O.), '85; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '87; Engr., 2nd Cl., '92

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
E. in C.O.	Martin, J....	Engr., 1st Cl.	Tel., Newc'stle-on-Tyne, '72; Relay Clk., E. in C.O., '85; Engr., 2nd Cl., '91
"	Titterington, E. T.	" "	Tel., Liverpool, '73; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '78; Senr. Clk., '87; Engr., 2nd Cl., '92
"	Moon, W.,...	" "	Tel., Bristol, '76; C.T.O., '81; Relay Clk., E. in C.O., '86; Engr., 2nd Cl., '92
"	Eames, E. J.	" 2nd Cl.	Tel., C.T.O., '87; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '92
"	McMorrough, F.	Sub.-Engr.	S.C. & T., Sheerness, '84; Liverpool, '89; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '86
"	Connell, G. W....	"	1887
"	Thompson, J.	"	1883
"	McDonough, T.	"	1891
"	Skinner, J.	"	1882
"	Schofield, H.	"	1880
"	Collinson, T. R.	"	1886
"	James, W. G.	"	1884
"	Batty, J. W.	"	1895
"	Dean, J. T.	Ch. Clk.	Tel., C.T.O., '72; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '80; Senr. Clk., '91
"	Pounds, E. A.	Senr. Clk.	Tel., C.T.O., '88; S.W. D.O., '89; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '92
"	Horner, F. H....	Jr. Clk. (Prov.)	S.C. & T., B'ham, '88
"	Picker, H. F.	" "	S.C. & T., Manc'ter, '89
"	Waller, J....	" "	S.C. & T., Hull, '90
"	Ogden, E.	" "	S.C. & T., Manc'ter, '90
"	Halton, E.	" "	S.C. & T., Manc'ter, '89
L.P.S.D. (Contr.'s Off.)	Woolley, W. J....	Clk., 2nd Cl....	Clk., Lr. Div., Board of Trade, '84; R.A.G.O., '91; Clk., C.O. (L.P. S.D.), '93
"	Cooper, C.	Insp. of Mail Cart Services	1857; Over., '70; Insp., '75; Asst. Super., '84; Super., '89
"	Halfpenny, F. W.	Super. of Mail Bag Apparatus	1856; Exr., '80; Super., '93
"	Johnson, E. T.	Apparatus Exr., 2nd Cl.	1872; Sr., '75
"	Cir. Off. Sweetman, S. H.	Insp.	1871; Sr., '73; Over., '85
"	" Brewer, W.	"	1876; Sr., '79; Over., '91
"	" Pickard, T. P.	"	Sr., '70; Over., '91
"	" Lane, A.	Over.	1876; Sr., '78
"	" Evans, F. J.	"	1876; Sr., '77
"	" Donovan, D. J.	"	1877; Sr., '81
"	" Axtell, W.	"	1877; Sr., '81

PROMOTIONS.

III

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
L.P.S.D.			
Cir. Off.	Rowland, E. ...	Over.	1876; Sr., '79
"	Lovesey, J. H.	"	1872
"	W.C. Mitchell, J. T....	Insp.	1870; Sr., '73; Over., '85
"	Miss C. S. Brown	Super., 3rd Cl. ...	C. C. & T., '74; Super., 4th Cl., '93
"	Padd. Tann, H. A. ...	Insp.	1871; Over., '83
"	Hunter, T. F....	"	1867; Over., '82
"	S.E. Hodges, E. H....	"	1872; Over., '87
P.S.D.	Dalton, M. ...	Clk.	Clk., 2nd Div., A.G.D., '92; Jr. Clk., P.S.D., '95
"	Parsons, A. A....	"	Clk., 2nd Div., A.G.D., '92; Clk., Sec.'s Off., '96; Jr. Clk., P.S.D., '97
"	Robertson, W. R.	Storeman, 1st Cl....	1875
S.B.D.	West, J. H. R....	Asst. Cont.	Extra Clk., '65; Prob., 66; Genl. Body, '67; 1st Cl., '76; Princ. Clk., '92; Sub. Cont., '95
"	Belcher, A.	Sub-Cont.	Extra Clk., '64; Prob., '66; Genl. Body, 67; 1st Cl., '75; Princ. Clk., '92
"	Thomas, W. S...	Princ. Clk.	Extra Clk., '66; Prob., '66; Genl. Body, '67; 1st Cl., '81; Asst. Princ. Clk., '92
"	Hancock, H. J...	Asst. Princ. Clk. ...	Extra Clk., '65; Prob., '65; Genl. Body, '67; 1st Cl., '91
"	Nevins, R. T. G.	" " "	Extra Clk., '66; Genl. Body, '67; 1st Cl., '94
"	Sherburn, H. A.	Clk., 1st Cl.	Temp. Clk., '69; Supply., '69; 2nd Cl., '83; 2nd Div. (Hr. Gr.), '90
"	Edwards, R. H. A. B.	" " "	Boy Clk., C.D., '70; S.B., '72; Est., '72; 2nd Cl., '84; 2nd Div. (Hr. Gr.), '90
"	Parr, R. W. ...	Asst. Inspr.	Pr.-Sr., '71; Pr.-Kr., '93
"	Miss B. J. Carson	Princ. Clk.	Clk., 2nd Cl., '82; 1st Cl., '93
"	" G.B.Hooker	" " "	Clk., 2nd Cl., '82; 1st Cl., '94
"	" A. Mathews	" " "	Clk., 2nd Cl., '83; 1st Cl., '94
"	" E. W. Aiken	Clk., 1st Cl.	1890
"	" C. Davies...	" " "	1890
"	" E. Clement	" " "	1890
Sur.'s Off. ...	Gayes, E. J. ...	Asst. Sur., 2nd Cl....	Clk., 2nd Div., A.G.D., '92; Clk., 3rd Cl., S.O., '94; 2nd Cl., '98
"	Fletcher, F. W...	Sta. Clk... ..	S.C. & T., Derby, '85.
"	Thorneloe, H. J. N.	"	S.C. & T., Moreton-in- Marsh, '88; News Distributor, Intel. Bch., '94

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sur.'s Off. ...	Randall, H. ...	Sta. Clk. ...	S.C. & T., Moreton-in-Marsh, '92; Pr.-Kr., Regy. (Sec.'s Off.), '97.
" ...	Freeth, W. G. N. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Wolverhampton, '87; Pr.-Kr., Regy. (Sec.'s Off.), '97.
" ...	Urwin, J. J. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Carlisle, '91.
" ...	Pelling, J. W. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Redhill, '89.
" ...	Tatchell, J. W. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., St. Ives, '88; B'ham, '90; Worcester, '92.
" ...	Evans, T. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Port Talbot, '97.
" ...	Broadway, G. S. ...	" ...	Sr., Cir. Off., '93.
" ...	Cox, J. L. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Bath, '91; Exeter, '96.
T.S.D. ...	Nash, W. ...	Examiner, 1st Cl. ...	Tel., Farnboro' Station, '76; C.T.O., '82; Exr., T.S.D., '92.
" ...	Langton, H. J. ...	" ...	Tel., Hull, '82; Clk. (Factories), T.S.D., '89; Exr., '92.
" ...	Nicholson, A. S. ...	Test Clk., 2nd Cl. ...	Tel. North Shields, '73; C.T.O., '81.

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

Atherstone ...	Upston, E. ...	Clk. ...	S.C. & T., '99
Bangor ...	Harvey, O. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., '85
Barnsley ...	Firth, J. W. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., '86
Beverley ...	Sanderson, B. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., '87
Bolton ...	Farrington, W. M. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '82
Brecon ...	Morgan, T. R. ...	Clk. ...	S.C. & T., '82
Brighton ...	Lewin, F. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., Ramsgate, '78; Clk., Ramsgate, '91
" ...	Pearch, T. C. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Tonbridge, '82; Clk., Tonbridge, '91; Sevenoaks, '95
" ...	Tappley, G. ...	Clk. ...	Maidstone, '84, S.C. & T., Brighton, '85
" ...	Quinlan, D. ...	" (T.) ...	S.C. & T., '82
Bromley ...	Summers, G. ...	Clk. ...	S.C. & T., Godalming, '85; Bromley, '92
Burnley ...	George, H. ...	Clk. ...	S.C. & T., '84
Carlisle ...	Batey, J. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '81
Carnforth ...	Bland, W. ...	Asst. Super. ...	1872; S.C. & T., '75; Clk., '87
" ...	Charlton, W. J. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., '75; Clk., '91
Derby ...	Hicking, J. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	S.C. & T., '72
Epsom ...	Phillips, J. M. ...	Clk. ...	S.C. & T., '87
Hastings ...	Miss M. J. Hutchinson ...	Super. ...	S.C. & T., '80; Asst. Super., '91
" ...	Miss E. M. Beck ...	Asst. Super. ...	S.C. & T., '90
Henley-on-Ths. ...	Palmer, B. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '88

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Hertford ...	Hill, J. P. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '84
Huddersfield ...	Page, J. W. ...	Super. (T.) ...	S.C. & T., Leeds, '67; Clk., Huddersfield, '75
Leicester ...	Barwick, E. F. ...	Clk. (P) ...	S.C. & T., '78
" ...	Topliss, E. ...	Clk. " ...	S.C. & T., '79
" ...	Goddard, C. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	S.C. & T., '74
Manchester ...	Richmond, W. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (P.)	1873; S. & T., '78; Clk., '92.
" ...	Webb, T. H. ...	Clk (P) ...	Pr.-Sr., S. B. D., '77; S.C. & T., Manches- ter, '84
" ...	Hallsworth, W. ...	Clk. (T) ...	S.C. & T., '81
Newcastle-on- Tyne	Curry, W. ...	Super. (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '83; Asst. Super., 2nd. Cl., '87; 1st Cl., '92
"	Forster, J. C. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	E.T. Co., '68; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '90
"	Herbert, W. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	S.C. & T., '71
Norwich ...	Rumball, A. G. ...	" (P.) ...	1872; S.C. & T., '73;
" ...	Mallett, R. ...	" ...	1873; S.C. & T., '77
Nottingham ...	Gill, J. A. R. ...	" (P) ...	S.C. & T., '79
" ...	Roberts, J. ...	" (T.) ...	S.C. & T., '72
"	Stevens, A. ...	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '91
Portsmouth ...	Miss C. E. Court	Asst. Super. ...	S.C. & T., '85
"	Miss E. Ashby ...	Clk. "	S.C. & T., '87
Reigate ...	Denyer, G. J. ...	Clk. ...	S.C. & T., '91
Rugby ...	Pebody, J. T. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., '82
Salisbury ...	Harris, W. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., '85
Sherborne ...	Stabler, A. B. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., '85
Watford ...	Davis, H. E. C. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., '83
Wigan ...	Singleton, G. H. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., '79
"	Barker, J. H. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., '85
Woolwich ...	Miss E. A. ...	Super. ...	S.C. & T., '88
	Lockwood...		

IRELAND.

Belfast ...	Murphy, C. V. J.	Clk. (T.) ...	S.C. & T., '78
" ...	Miss E. A. M. Stratton	Super. ...	S.C. & T., '88
Cork ...	Miss K.O'Connor	" ...	S.C. & T., '71; Asst. Super., '96
Dublin ...	Guthrie, S. S. ...	Super. (T.) ...	Tel., Ballybrophy, R.S., '71; Kildare, '72; Dublin, '75; Clk., '91; Asst. Supt., 2nd Cl., '95
" ...	Aherne, P. ...	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (T.)	E.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '91; Asst. Supt., 2nd Cl., '94.
" ...	Fogarty, J. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	S.C. & T., Limerick, '71; Dublin, '81, Clk., '91
" ...	Leonard, W. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	S.C. & T., Enniskillen, '76; Dublin, '81

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Dublin	Miss E. Kehoe...	Asst. Super.	S.C. & T., '71
Limerick	Frizelle, J. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., Kilkenny, '82; Clk., Sligo, '96; Pmr., Fermoy, '98
Waterford	Moore, T. F. ...	Clk. (T.)	E.T. Co., '67; G.P.O., '70

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh	Ross, G.	Super. (P.)	Sr., Nairn, '60; Edinburgh, '62; Over., '81; Asst. Insp., '91; Insp., '93; Insp.-in-Charge, '97
„	Barnard, F.W. P.	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (T.)	E.T. Co., '64; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '84; Asst. Supt., 2nd Cl., '91
„	Smith, W....	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (T.)	S.C. & T., '70; Clk., '88; Asst. Supt., 2nd Cl., '91
„	Hart, R.	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	S.C. & T., '70; Clk., '89
„	Reid, D. H. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	S.C. & T., '70; Clk., '91
„	McCormick, J....	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., Carlisle, '77; Edinburgh, '79
„	Birkett, T. ...	„	S.C. & T., '79
„	Herschell, G. S.	„	S.C. & T., '80
Glasgow	Cameron, J. ...	Super. (P.)	Clk., '69; Asst. Supt., 2nd Cl., '87; 1st Cl., '90
„	Henderson, W.H.	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (P.)	S.C. & T., '74; Clk., '87; Asst. Supt., 2nd Cl., '94
„	Edgecombe, W. H.	Asst. Supt., 2nd Cl. (P.)	S.C. & T., '76; Clk., '89
„	Caldwell, W. D.	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '84
„	Learmouth, W.A.	„	S.C. & T., '84
Hawick	Sandison, G. ...	Clk.	S.C. & T., '86
Wick	Larnach, A. ...	„	S.C. & T., '79

Retirements.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sec.'s Off. ...	Biscoe, V. H. ...	Asst. Sec. ...	Prob. Clk., '62; Clk., 3rd Cl., '64; 2nd Cl., '68; Princ. Clk., Lr. Sec., '80; Upper Sec., '87; Asst. Sec., '99
" "	Sifton, T. E. ...	" "	Clk., 3rd Cl., M.O.O. '57; Sec.'s Off., '60; 2nd Cl., '67; 1st Cl., '68; Princ. Clk., Lr. Sec., '72; Upper Sec., '73; Asst. Sec., '93
" "	*Thomas, H. M.	Clk., 3rd Cl. Supply Est.	Tel., C. T.O., '90; Clk., 3rd Cl., Sec.'s Off., '97
A.G.D. ...	McLaren, H. ...	Clk., 2nd Div., Hr. Gr.	E.T. Co., '66; G.P.O. (A.G.D.), '70; Jr. Clk., '75; 3rd Cl., '78; 2nd Div., '90; Hr. Gr., '93
" P.O.B.	*Miss H. Croft ...	Clk. ...	1891
" "	* " J. L. Smith	Sr. ...	1894
C.T.O. ...	Jackson, R. B. ...	Asst. Super., Hr. Gr.	G.W.R., '66; L.B. & S.C.R., '69; G.P.O., Chisleh'st, '70; C.T.O., '71; Senr. Tel., '85; Asst. Supr., 2nd Cl., '90; Hr. Gr., '98
" ...	Crippen, H. W.	Tel. ...	1877
" ...	Hopkins, W. T.	" ...	S.C. & T., Ashford, Kent, '88; Tel., C.T.O., '91
" ...	Mason, W. I. ...	" ...	Tel., Plym'th, '85; C.T.O., '88
" ...	Miss M. A. Arundel	Asst. Super. ...	U.K.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '85
" ...	" E. L. Dolby	" ...	E.T.Co., '67; G.P.O., '70; Clk. in Charge, '74; Asst. Super., '77
" ...	" E. Gittens...	" ...	Tel., '70; Asst. Super., '90
" ...	" A. M. Hutt	" ...	Tel., '71; Asst. Super., '97
E. " ...	* " E.E.C. Airey	Tel.	1896
E. in C.O. ...	Collard, E. ...	Ch. Clk.	U.P.T. Co., '69; G.P.O., '70; Clk., Upr. Sec., E. in C.O., '72; Senr. Clk., '78; Ch. Clk., '95
L.P.S.D., Cont.'s Off.	Nowell, B. ...	Ch. Sup. ...	Clk., M.O.O., '59; Mail Off., '60; Met. Sur.'s Off., '72; Ch. Super., Cont.'s Off., '86

* Awarded a Gratuity.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
L P.S.D., Circ. Off.	Knight, C.J.B. ...	Super.	1851; Asst. Super., '67; Super., '75; Up'r Sec., '83
"	Eatherley, N. H. ...	Insp.	1863; Sr., '67; Over., '70; Insp., '74
"	Higgins, H. ...	"	1860; Sr., '65; Over., '75; Insp., '90
"	Cox, W. T. ...	"	1860; Sr., '73; Over., '77; Insp., '90
"	Crabb, F. ...	Sr.	1862; Sr., '74
"	Larrett, J. W. ...	"	1873; Sr., '76
"	Mogridge, H. C. ...	"	1861; Sr., '66
"	*Dabbs, O. C. ...	"	1897
"	*Kingston, W. ...	"	1896
"	*Mills, J. ...	"	1893
"	W. Reason, J. B. C. ...	Over.	1857; Sr., '73; Over., '74
"	Miss M. Filmer ...	C. C. & T.	1887
" Paddn.	Turner, E. H. ...	" "	1859; Sr., '62; C.C. & T., '68
"	E. Bide, W. ...	Over.	1865; Over., '94
" S.W.	Bywater, J. ...	"	1868; Asst. Over., '78; Over., '90
"	*Paker, W. H. ...	Sr.	1893
"	Miss J.M.Fricker ...	Super.	C. C. & T., '70; Super., '91
"	* " M.A.Durrant ...	C. C. & T.	1896
"	S.E. Sheppard, G. ...	Over.	1866; Over., '79
"	N. Elliot, H. J. ...	Sr.	1876; Sr., '79
" N.W.	Vann, T. J. ...	Insp.	1860; Sr., '66; Over., '74; Insp., '91
"	Moss, T. ...	Over.	Stone(Staff), '61; London, '66; Over., '80
"	Miss S.M. Adams ...	C. C. & T.	1887
M.O.O. ...	Peak, J. ...	Pr.-Kr. & Sr....	1857; Pr.-Kr. & Sr., '78
S.B.D. ...	Pott, J. ...	Clk., 2nd Div., Hr. Gr.	Extra Clk., '62; Genl. Body, '67; 3rd Cl., '73; 2nd Cl., '75; 2nd Div., '90
" ...	Heath, E. C. ...	" " "	Asst. Clk., '74; Clk., 3rd Cl., '75; 2nd Div., '90; Hr. Gr., '94
" ...	Murray, R. ...	Pr. Sr.	1861; Pr.-Sr., '70
" ...	Miss H. Hunt ...	Princ. Clk.	Clk., 2nd Cl., '81; 1st Cl., '88. Princ. Clk., '97
" ...	Miss M.D. Cahill ...	Clk.	1899
Solr.'s Office ...	Osborn, E. B. ...	Asst. Solr.	Clk., 3rd Cl., '57; 2nd Cl., '61; Ch. Clk., '76; Asst. Solr., '89
Sur.'s Dept. ...	Hamilton, H. G. ...	Asst. Sur., 1st Cl....	Clk., A.G.D., '71; Sur.'s Clk., '85; Asst. Sur., '94
T.S.D. ...	Pollard, J. D. ...	Clk., 2nd Div. ...	1881

• Awarded a Gratuity.

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Bath	*Miss C. A. J. Wright	S.C. & T.	Tel., Liverpool, '91; S.C. & T., Bath, '98
Birmingham	Tuckwood, I.	„	E.T. Co., '61; G.P.O., '70
„	*Doughty, W. H.	„	1891
Bristol	Nash, J.	„	1871
Cardiff	Jenk, G.	„	1856; S.C. & T., '70
Chester	*Benyon, W. H.	„	1896
Coventry	Adams, E. S.	Pmr.	Clk., 3rd Cl., Mail Office, London, '57; 2nd Cl., '64; Pmr., Leaming- ton, '71; Exeter, '92; Coventry, '93
Grimsby	*Pettersen, O.	S.C. & T.	1894
Hastings	Miss A. Froysell.	Super.	S.C. & T., '74; Clk., '89; Super., '91
Ipswich	Dawdry, R.	S.C. & T.	1863; S.C. & T., '66
Kingsbridge	Mrs. E. R. Blackler	Pms.	1876
Leicester	King, W. W.	S.C. & T.	1893
Liverpool	Hewitt, E. L.	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl.	Tel., '71; Clk., '81; Asst. Super., '90
„	Mullins, E. H.	S.C. & T.	1885
„	Miss J. I. Murray	Clk. in Charge	Counter Clk., '74; Asst. Clk. in Charge, '81; Clk. in Charge, '84
„	„ P. Baker	„	E.T. Co., '55; G.P.O., '70; Senr. Clk., '76; Clk. in Charge, '77
„	„ J. Collister	S.C. & T.	1889
„	„ E. H. Harper	„	1885
Maidstone	Uren, J. G.	Pmr.	Asst., Falmouth, '48; Clk., Truro, '52; Ply- mouth, '55; Ch. Clk., Devonport, '57; Pmr., Penzance, '64; Maid- stone, '92
Manchester	Beswick, C. J.	Clk.	Tel., '71; Clk., '90
Newport (Mon.)	Wills, S. C.	S.C. & T.	1875; S.C. & T., '81
Penzance	Boddington, H. D.	„	Boy Sr., Birm'ham, '79; S.C. & T., '81; Pen- zance, '92
Peterborough	Gray, A. W.	Clk.	S.C. & T., '57; Clk., '81
Portsmouth	Blackmore, G. F.	S.C. & T.	1871
Richmond, Yks	Walker, T.	Pmr.	E.T. Co., '55; G.P.O., Manchester, '70; Pmr., Richmond, '89
Sandwich	Seaborne, G. W.	„	Shoreham, '77; Sand- wich, '99
Tewkesbury	Mrs. E. George	Pms.	1886
Torquay	Hamlin, W. H.	Clk.	1878

* Awarded a Gratuity.

IRELAND.

OFFICE	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Dublin	Bowker, J. ...	Princ. Clk. (Sec.'s Off.)	S.C. & T., Preston, '58; Sr., Mail Off., London, '60; Insp'g Travel. Sr., '66; Clk., Genl. Body, Sec.'s Off., Dublin, '70; Prin. Clk., '77
"	Duffy, P. F. ...	Super.	M.T. Co., '56; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '71; Super., '92
"	Wheatley, T. ...	Clk (T.)... ..	M.T. Co., '55; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '92
"	Mewharter, J. ...	"	M.T. Co., '59; G.P.O., Sligo, '70; Tel., Dbln., '71; Clk., '91
"	Fox, J.	S.C. & T.	1873
"	Callanan, T. ...	"	L'pool, '75; Dublin, '77; S.C. & T., '87
"	*Garlick, G. A. ...	"	1892
Londonderry ...	Joyce, J. J. ...	Ch. Clk.	M.T. Co., '69; G.P.O., '70; Super., '72; Ch. Clk., '81
Lurgan	Miss D. Lindsay	Pms.	1873
Strabane	*McNath, J. ...	S.C. & T.	1892

SCOTLAND.

Dumfries	Weir, W. M. G.	Pmr.	S.C. & T., Greenock, '54; Clk., '62; Ch. Clk., '81; Pmr., Dumfries, '89
Edinburgh	Lowson, A. ...	Clk., 1st Cl. (Sec.'s Off.)	Supply. Clk., A.O., '57; Clk., 3rd Cl., Sec.'s Off., '63; Genl. Body, '68; 1st Cl., '74
"	Bolton, J.	Super. (T.)	M.T. Co., '54; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '72; Asst. Super., '78; Super., '96
"	McPherson, W.	Super. Retr.	1885; Sr., '56; Retr., '73; Super., '89
"	Miss L. F. Smith	Tel.	1890
Glasgow	Kewley, W. W.	Asst. Super.	S.C. & T., '69; Clk., '80; Asst. Supt., '87
"	*Miss E. W. McKean	Tel.	1897

* Awarded a Gratuity.

Deaths.

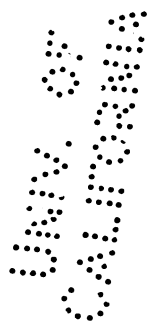
OFFICE.	NAME. §	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sec.'s Off. (Regy.)	Smith, C. J. ...	Pr.-Kr., 2nd Cl. ...	1868; Pr.-Sr., S.B., '70; M.O.O., '78; Pr.-Kr., Regy., '82
A.G.D. ...	Mahon, A. ...	Tr. ...	1872; Tr., '75
C.T.O. ...	Harland, H. ...	Over. & Senr. Tel.	Tel., '70; Over. & Senr. Tel., '86
" ...	Miss M. A. Meallin	Tel. ...	1874
L.P.S.D., Cont.'s Off.	Jones, E. P. W. ...	Apparatus Exr., 2nd Cl.	1884; Apparatus Exr., '92
" Cir. Off.	Rollason, J. H. ...	Sr. ...	1896; Sr., '99
" Paddn.	Smith, J. T. ...	" ...	1885; Sr., '92
S.B.D. ...	Miss A. Fullagar.	Princ. Clk. ...	Clk., '75; 1st Cl., '84; Princ. Clk., '92
Brighton ...	Martin, R. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1882
Bristol ...	Gange, W. H. ...	Super. (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '86; 1st Cl., '90; Super., '93
Burton-on-Trent	Johnson, G. R. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1885
Exeter ...	Woollen, C.H.H.	Asst. Super. (T.)...	E.T. Co., '59; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '91
Liverpool ...	Buntin, J....	S.C. & T. ...	1891
" ...	Woods, W. R. ...	" ...	1887
Manchester ...	Price, T. ...	" ...	1873
Newport (Mon.)	Mortimore, A. ...	" ...	1887
Normanton ...	Molitor, F. W. ...	" ...	1880
Norwich ...	Rudd, W. G. ...	" ...	1869; S.C. & T., '71
Dundee ...	Philp, G. ...	" ...	1872
Glasgow ...	McIntosh, D. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	E.T. Co., '64; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '90
" ...	Morrison, W.	Clk. (P.) ...	Sr., '71; S.C. & T., '76; Clk., '87
" ...	Silver, J. R. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1884
" ...	Miss J. McRae ...	" ...	Montrose, '92; Glasgow, '98
Cork ...	Doolley, W. ...	" ...	1887
Strabane ...	Conroy, W. ...	" ...	1899

Postmasters Appointed.

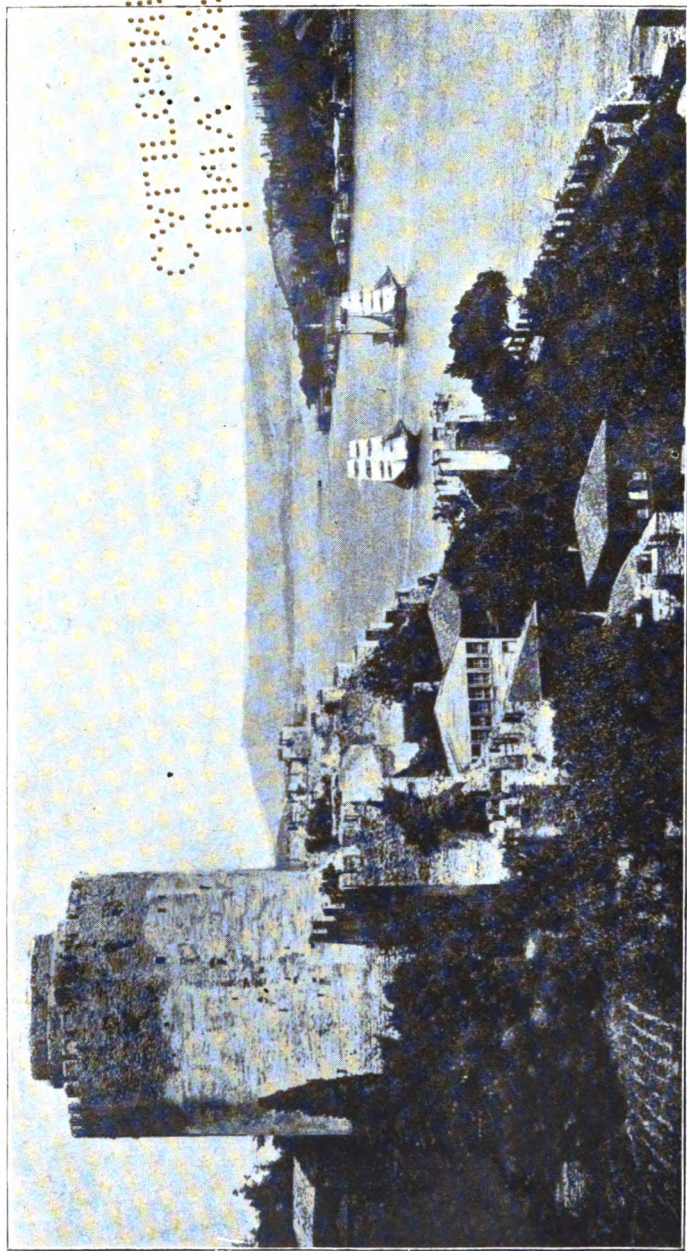
OFFICE.	NAME.	PREVIOUS APPOINTMENTS.
Alford	Davies, J. G. ...	Tel., C.T.O.
Brigg	Miss S. J. Jackson	S.C. & T.
Carnarvon	Jones, T.	S.C. & T., Carnarvon; Clk.; Pmr., Pontypool
Clitheroe	Hills, R. I.	S.C. & T., Swindon; Clk.
Launceston... ..	Burgess, A.	Admiralty Tel.: S.C. & T., Devonport; Pmr., Milford Haven
Leighton Buzzard ...	Chapman, E.	S.C. & T., Ashford; Brighton, Sta. Clk. (S.E. Dist.)
Lincoln	Walker, T. F.	Clk., Nottingham; Super. Pmr., W. kefield
Maidstone	Byrne, J.	M.T.Co.; Asst. Super., Belfast; Pmr., Workington; Kendal; Worthing
Moat Row (B'ham.)...	Moore, W. F.	S.C. & T., B'ham.
Mansfield	Clench, E.A.	S.C. & T., Bridgewater; Clk.; Ch.Clk.
Pontypool	Richards, W. H. ...	Pmr., Tredegar
Ramsbottom (Manchester)	Percival, A.	S.C. & T., Altrincham
Sandy	Tootell, H.	S.C. & T., Retford; Lincoln; Southampton
Stourport	Warren, W. J.	S.C. & T., Weybridge; Eastbourne; Insp. of Postn., Eastbourne.
Tunstall (Stoke-on-Trent)...	Miss A. Jarvis	S.C. & T., Wellington (Salop)
Wakefield	Piper, G.	E.T. Co.; G.P.O. (Newcastle-on-Tyne); Asst. Super., 2nd Cl.; 1st Cl. Super.
Skibbereen	Bourne, J.	S.C. & T., Ballina; Naas.
Hong-Kong	Commander W.C.N. Hastings (Retired R. N.)	
Salonica	Blunt, G. S.	

ABBREVIATIONS.

Asst., Assistant; C.C. & T., Counter Clerk and Telegraphist; Ch., Chief; Cl., Class; Clk., Clerk; Cont., Controller; Div., Division; Engr., Engineer; Exr., Examiner; Gr., Grade; Hd., Head; Hr., Higher; Insp., Inspector; Jr., Junior; Lr., Lower; Offr., Officer; Over., Overseer; P., Postal; Pmr., Postmaster; Pms., Postmistress; Pr.-Kr., Paper-Keeper; Princ., Principal; Prob., Probationary; Prov., Provinces; Retr., Returner; Sec.'s, Secretary's; Senr., Senior; S.C. & T., Sorting Clerk and Telegraphist; Sr., Sorter; Stg., Sorting; Sta., Stationary; Supply., Supplementary; Sur., Surveyor; Super., Superintendent or Supervisor; Tech., Technical; Tel., Telegraphist; Temp., Temporary; Tr., Tracer; Wtg., Writing.



Herzlichen Glückwunsch zum neuen Jahre 1900



KAISERLICH DEUTSCHES POSTAMT CONSTANTINOPEL


A NEW YEAR'S CARD FROM THE GERMAN POST OFFICE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

[Frontispiece.]

ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND

APRIL, 1900.

The Transvaal War and the Cape Colony Postal Service.

S the Transvaal War has for several months past been the leading topic of conversation throughout the British Empire, I feel that no apology is needed for the following short article, which describes in a cursory manner the effect of the outbreak of hostilities on the Postal Service of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

In certain circles it was taken for granted that, even if the South African Republic, backed up by the Orange Free State, forced the Imperial Government to let loose the dogs of war, the Cape Colony would be safe from invasion ; but this belief was rudely dispelled when, shortly after war was declared, the "Federal Army" (as the peasant soldiers have styled themselves) crossed the border, proclaimed certain districts integral parts of the Republics, and besieged Kimberley. As a result of this and subsequent movements, a large number of Cape post offices fell into the hands of the Republicans, and the postmasters and their staffs were compelled to cross over into the British lines. The movements of the marauders had, however, in most cases been anticipated ; and before the several commandoes took formal possession, the postmasters, almost without exception, temporarily disabled their telegraph apparatus, and ingeniously "disposed" of their valuables and records, having in view their early reinstatement following the arrival of the overwhelming British force which was being despatched to quell the rebellion.

The following are the money order and telegraph offices which

up to the time of writing have had to be abandoned, the others being railway telegraph offices, sub-offices and agencies :—

Aliwal North	Burghersdorp	Barkly West
Barkly East	Belmont	Campbell
Colesberg	Daniels Kuil	Dordrecht
Douglas	Delpont's Hope	Griquatown
Jamestown	Klipdam	Koopmansfontein
Lady Grey	Modder River	Mosheshsford
Norvalspont	Papkuil	Postmasburg
Rhodes	Schmidtsdrift	Taungs
Venterstad	Vryburg	Warrenton
	Windsorton	

Immediately following upon the declaration of war, the Cape Post Office suspended its business relations with the belligerent States, and the exchange of direct mails was discontinued. Mails for the Republics received from England and abroad subsequently to that event had to be retained in the General Post Office at Cape Town, and they soon assumed such enormous proportions that the Postmaster-General found it necessary to organize a special branch to deal with them. A very large number of Europeans from the Republics had migrated to the Cape Colony and Natal on the outbreak of hostilities, and these "refugees," or "uitlanders" as they are termed, pressed the Cape Post Office to arrange for the correspondence thus stopped in transit to be redirected to them and delivered. At Mr. French's request, an "Uitlander Committee" was formed to testify to the bonâ fides of the applications for redirection sent in, and as a result of its recommendations no less than 20,000 redirection applications have already been attended to. It will be interesting to our confrères to know that 1,000 odd over-sea mails containing over 3,000 registered packages passed through the Special Branch up to the middle of February.

To add to the difficulties of the Post Office, the Volunteer Corps were called out, and 90 odd employés, only too pleased to have an opportunity of demonstrating in a practical manner their loyalty to the Queen and the old flag, responded to the call. Resignations galore flowed in from others who threw up their appointments and joined the irregular forces being formed throughout the Colony; and during the month of August last the Department was so crippled on this account and through inordinate pressure of work, that all vacation leave had to be temporarily suspended, officers on furlough in Europe had to be recalled, and 40 Australian telegraphists cabled

for. On our needs being made known in the Australian press, telegraph operators offered their services in hundreds, many resigning their appointments and proceeding to South Africa immediately, without waiting to discuss terms of engagement, and this relieved the tension somewhat; but owing to the principal telegraph offices in the north and north-eastern border districts of the Colony having to be kept open day and night, the staff generally is still subjected to severe strain. Undoubtedly, the men in all branches of the Service have worked splendidly, and at Christmastide His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alfred Milner, with his usual consideration, wrote to the Postmaster-General requesting him to convey to the members of the staff his high appreciation of the zealous and smart work got through by them during a period of extremely hard work in the past year, and to give them his best wishes for the New Year.

The despatch of an Army Post Office Corps to South Africa was hailed with satisfaction, its object being to relieve the civil administration of the bulk of the work in connection with the service of the army. From the date of despatch of the contingent the British military mails have been made up in London in special bags addressed to the Army Post Office, and on arrival of these mails in Cape Town they are handed over by the Civil Post Office to the Army Post Office for attention. An Army "base office" has been established in the General Post Office building at Cape Town, and serves as the office of exchange between the civil and military post offices at the various centres at which large bodies of troops are located. Field post offices have also been opened at points along the lines of communication, at advanced depôts, and with each Brigade and Division in the field; and mails are exchanged between the base office and the field offices by the ordinary means of communication provided by the civil administration as opportunity offers. When a force is located at a distance from any civil post office the exchange of mails is maintained between the camp and the nearest civil office by means of the transport vehicles utilised for maintaining supplies.

The average quantity of correspondence exchanged weekly between the United Kingdom and the South African Field Force is as follows :—

FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Letters and other articles	150 to 160 bags.
Parcels	60 cases.

TO THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Letters and other articles 11 bags.

Parcels Nil.

In addition there is, of course, a large amount of military correspondence originating and delivered in the Cape Colony—there being a very considerable number of colonial men attached to the irregular forces at the front.

The Telegraph Department has not been placed under censorship, but postmasters in charge of offices have been instructed that messages repugnant to the safety of the State or to law and order, or containing information as to the movements of troops or military operations, are not to be transmitted. In the undermentioned districts, however, where martial law has been proclaimed, both letters and telegrams are subject to military censorship :—

De Aar	Orange River	Colesberg	Steynsburg .
Albert	Molteno	Aliwal North	Wodehouse
Glen Grey	Queenstown	Cathcart	Hay
Hopetown	Philipstown.		

Traffic passing over the Eastern and Western cables is also censored by the military authorities, and the transmission of messages other than in plain language has been prohibited.

Letters addressed to British prisoners of war in the Transvaal are accepted for despatch on condition that they are posted open and prepaid. They are, however, before they leave the Cape Colony, forwarded to the military censors, who examine the contents, countersign the covers, and return them to the Post Office to be sent on to their destination via Delagoa Bay.

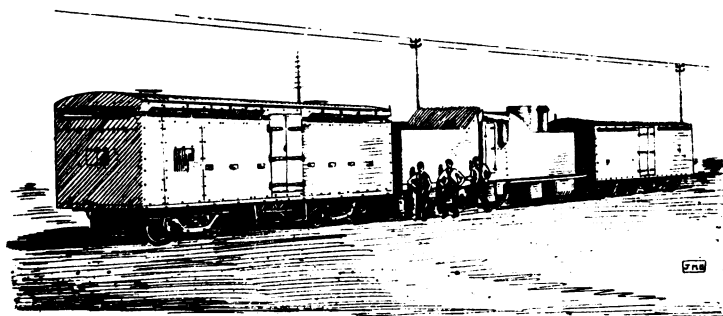
The relief of Kimberley is now an accomplished fact, the railway line and telegraph wires from Modder River to that town have been restored, and soon the border districts of the Cape Colony will be purged of the Republican burghers and their rebellious local allies, and the post offices temporarily abandoned will be re-opened. On the termination of hostilities, when the Union Jack floats from Cape Town to the Zambesi, a wave of prosperity will assuredly pass over South Africa; and following thereon it is probable that for some years to come trained men from the Mother Country and her Australasian Colonies will be invited to emigrate and take service under the South African Postal Administrations.

E. E. HARRY.

General Post Office, Cape Town.

With the "Telegraph Squad" in besieged Kimberley.

EARLY in October last a number of armed Free State burghers were observed hovering about in the vicinity of Kimberley, but within their own border, which is but four miles from the Kimberley Market Square and runs very close to the "Premier" diamond mine. On the 7th October a review was held of the defence forces of the town. As the troops marched past the town hall they were cheered lustily by the great crowd of spectators. The "town guard," composed of citizens



THE ARMOURD TRAIN. KIMBERLEY.

of all ages, sizes and grades, came in for the greatest amount of cheering. This section of the defence force numbered about 2,000. It has, however, been considerably augmented since the day of the review.

The telegraph wires were cut between Maribogo and Mafeking on the 12th October about 3 p.m., and we knew that the war had begun. On the same day an armoured train proceeding from Vryburg to Mafeking toppled over a culvert which had been destroyed by the Boers, and after a brisk fight the men inside it were forced to surrender. Fifteen were taken prisoners; the engine driver escaped. Two of the men were wounded, and one died the following day from scalds received after the engine boiler had been struck by a shell.

The Premier of the Cape Colony had issued instructions some days

previously to the effect that no civil servants were to take part in defensive or offensive operations. This seemed very unfair, especially to those of us who had homes to defend. I had an interview on the subject with the crown prosecutor, who pointed out the uselessness of making any effort to alter these instructions, and attempted to prove the wisdom of them. Some of us, however, foresaw the probability of our being ordered to take up arms in defence of Kimberley in the event of martial law being proclaimed, and I therefore prepared a list of the clerks who were willing to serve in the event of our receiving such orders from the military authorities. Forty-eight volunteered to serve, and many of the delicate men expressed regret at their unfitness for any rough work and exposure. I pointed out to the latter that it would be necessary for some men to remain behind to look after the office, and if the weaker ones did this they would release their stronger colleagues for the rougher and sterner work.

Saturday, 14th October.—The telegraph lines were cut north of Taungs at 8.45 p.m.; this isolated Vryburg. At 9.45 p.m. all the wires to the south of Kimberley were cut. As I anticipated, we received an order from the staff officer to turn out for defensive purposes. I was awakened about midnight by a knock at the door, and on opening it had a note handed to me from the staff officer authorising the ordnance officer to issue 40 rifles and 4,000 rounds of ammunition, and was told that in case of an alarm during the night we were to fall in and march to a certain specified position. I got up, dressed, and with the assistance of several clerks, whom I found about the post office building, warned our men. There was no alarm, however.

Sunday, 15th October.—On duty at 8 a.m. For weeks past we had been extremely busy. The office had been open night and day, and almost every clerk had been working at high pressure and exceeding the usual eight hours duty. But things were very different this morning; an occasional "K B" from Kuruman or one of the local wires alone broke the stillness. It was strangely quiet after the hurry and rush of the past few weeks. At 8.20 a.m. the staff officer rang up from the conning tower and told me to warn the men to have breakfast and then fall in with rugs, &c., ready for an all-night outing. The Assistant-Postmaster appeared on the scene at this moment; I explained that I had been ordered out by the military authorities, and then left in order to warn the men and get my rug and sweater.

At about 9 a.m. twenty of us marched to the Ordnance Store, where we got the forty rifles—the ammunition had been sent on ahead—and returned to the office to pick up the stragglers. Thence we trudged bravely on, through De Beer's Road, to the Rock Shaft at the De Beer's Mine, where we had to report ourselves to Captain Bowen, of the Town Guard. Only forty rifles were served out; and several men whose names appeared on the list were sorely disappointed at not being able to join us. Here is the roll-call of the "forty"—Messrs. Wilsen, Gardiner, Brown, Black, Whyte, Grey, Heads, Craigie, Richardson, Hills, Upfold, Bevan, Rankin, Cane, Kay, D'Arcy, Behrends, Mortimer, Lambert, Wantzel, Lloyd, Foot, Simpson, Barnes, Pearce, Gatland, Goddard, Lunnon, Baxter, Henman, Backmann, Jubber, Ledger, Daly, Watt, Donoghue, Foster, Ward, Irving, and Symons. Both the postal and telegraph sides of the Department were represented; but we called ourselves, collectively, "The Telegraph Squad."

Presently the red flag was hoisted at the conning tower; the Kimberley Mine, Premier Mine, and Sanatorium followed suit. Then the sirenes began to hoot out the alarm—loud, discordant, staccato notes, that shrieked out in the morning air. There was one sirene immediately over our heads; another some hundreds of yards away; another still further off; and now and again we could hear the faint hooting from distant mines. Mingled with the hooting was the clang of machinery, the whirring of wheels, the shrieks from railway locomotives as they made ready for Beaconsfield to bring in the women and children, and the ringing of church bells. "What a tale of terror their turbulency tells!"

. "clang, and clash, and roar,
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!"

The scene in Kimberley was terrible. Women and children rushed out of church and away to their homes. Confusion and consternation reigned. Women were standing at corners and in doorways, distracted with the uproar, and wringing their hands as their husbands left for the redoubts and trenches.

We fell in; and I was surprised at the coolness of our little squad of inexperienced men, some of whom had never shouldered a rifle before. "Fall out, Captain Symons!"—from the Captain of the Town Guard—surprised me in the midst of my cogitations. I hurriedly began to protest my unfitness, but a peremptory order brought me several paces to the front, humble but not unwilling.

It was a unique experience for me, but I was proud of the little squad as it marched cheerfully to the front; the men singing "Soldiers of the Queen." I, however, thought regretfully of our popular Postmaster, Mr. Henry, who should have been at our head and who would have been in his element, but owing to illness was unable to turn out. We halted in an open space below the trenches and were addressed by the Captain of the Town Guard, who impressed upon us the seriousness of the situation, and the need for every man to do his duty for Queen and country. Then away to the trenches on the outskirts of the mining property, with the Free State kopjes smiling in front of us against the glorious blue of the African sky.

What a Sabbath morning! Away behind us, men marching to their posts: to our right and left, redoubts and trenches, and lines upon lines of men. Now and again we heard the clatter of hoofs as a mounted messenger dashed along; oftener still we saw a despatch rider skimming along the roads on a bicycle. Presently an orderly, "Firing at Wesselson, sir," saluted, and disappeared. We listened for the booming of the guns, but the wind was in a contrary direction, and we heard nought but the murmur of voices along the line of trenches, an occasional laugh, and distant noises from the town behind us. At about 2 p.m. men began to move about and stretch themselves; all expectation of an attack had gone, the Boers had disappeared, and only one or two cannon shots had been exchanged.

A fatigue party was told off to fetch a couple of buckets full of water and our rations. The water was swallowed greedily, the rations more deliberately. The Australian corned mutton was not at all bad until it became impregnated with particles of blue ground, yellow ground, rotten reef, garnets, and a few of the other items which constitute a *débris* heap.

Early in the morning an armoured train had gone southward to reconnoitre, and ascertain what damage had been done to telegraph and railway lines. Cruikshank, of our maintenance staff, was on board. The train was fired on, but not damaged. The occupants of the train—a detachment of the 1st Loyal North Lancashire Regiment—returned the fire; but retirement was necessary as the train was not made to withstand the big gun fire which was directed against it.

At 5 p.m. we shifted our position to another trench and made ready for the night by posting sentries, &c. The Captain of the

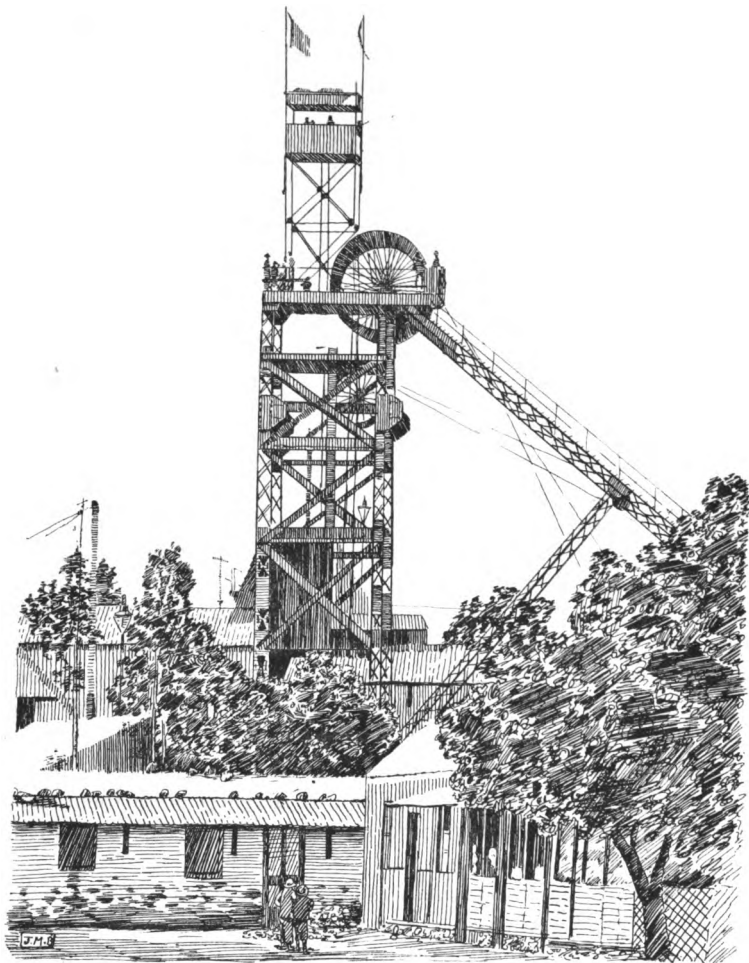
Town Guard took us to our new position and expressed great pleasure at the ready way our men had turned out to assist in defending the town. Poor chap! He is now lying in hospital with a smashed jaw, a bullet wound. That night was a strange one to most of our men, and very few of them went to sleep. The occasional "Who goes there?" of the sentry, and the novel experience of sleeping on a débris heap, instead of a spring mattress, served to keep many awake.

On Monday morning, the 16th October, we were recalled to town to take up telephone duties for the military authorities. There was some misapprehension about this at first, and a considerable amount of disappointment expressed at our being taken from purely military duties. We all thought that for some reason or other we were to be dismissed, and there was much speculation as to the cause.

However, I interviewed the Staff Officer, who explained that the military authorities had experienced considerable difficulty in properly manning and managing the many telephones which had been fitted up in the conning tower, at the military headquarters, the drill hall, the several camps, the most important redoubts, and the "look-out" places within the area of defensive operations. They had deemed it advisable to recall the telegraph and postal staff in order that the work might be performed promptly and efficiently, and also to relieve many of the military officers who were being continually worried by telephone calls, and were thus taken from other important work. It was necessary that the telephones should receive smart attention in order that movements of the enemy should be quickly known to the officers commanding, and that the necessary counter-movements of our own troops and guns might be readily arranged. When the men found that they were to be of distinct use, that their arms were not to be taken from them, and that they were to be ready to turn out whenever an alarm sounded, they settled down to the business.

I must not forget to mention the exceedingly good work done by our Engineering Staff, under Inspector Gilbert, who erected telephone lines to the many different points in a remarkably smart manner, and have ever since maintained them in capital working order. A telephone was also fitted up in the armoured train, which was managed by Mr. Corrie-Smith, of Inspector Gilbert's office. The armoured train goes out very frequently; when it arrives at certain points the telegraph wires are connected to the telephone apparatus and communication is established with the conning tower.

I once heard Lieut.-Col. Kekewich say, "this is a regular telephone siege," a remark which may be taken as a compliment to the Telegraph Department generally.



THE CONNING TOWER.

Tuesday, 17th October.—I am on duty at the conning tower. This tower has been specially erected for the military authorities on the top of the hauling gear at the De Beer's Mine. It is the highest point in Kimberley, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding

country. All the reports about the movements of the enemy are sent here and distributed to the different officers in command of the defence forces, and to the Colonel Commanding, when he is not present. There is always an officer in charge, and two telephone clerks on duty, also several cyclist despatch riders. All reports are entered in the log book. There is a platform 25 feet below the conning tower proper, where the signallers are stationed. When a sortie is about to take place two mounted orderlies are detached and remain at the tower.

Kimberley's manhood has shown up splendidly. Some men joined the Cape Police. A large number joined the "Kimberley Light Horse," and there are some 2,500 citizens belonging to the Town Guard. The Town Guard mans the redoubts and trenches, doing garrison duty principally. Most of our citizens spend every night in the trenches. Millionaire and miner find themselves together; employer and employé meet each other as they pace to and fro on "sentry go." A large number belong to the "Diamond Fields Artillery," the "Kimberley Regiment," the "Diamond Fields Horse," and the "Cyclist Corps."

Thursday, 19th October.—The Boers are carrying on their work of destruction all over the country; blowing up culverts and bridges, cutting telegraph wires, and bending and breaking the poles. They are doing their utmost to cut us off from the outside world, and are all around us. We have telegraphic communication with Kuruman, and from a point on that line (Koopmansfontein) despatches are sent by a horseman to Papkuil, thence by wire to the Colony via Belmont. To-day, however, the wire was cut between Belmont and Orange River. So now despatches are sent to Koopmansfontein by wire, thence by runner to Papkuil, by wire to Griquatown, thence by runner to Hopetown, and the rest of the way by wire.

The Boers have also cut off our water supply which we get from the Vaal river. Orders have been issued that water is only to be used for strictly domestic purposes; anyone found disobeying this order is liable to have his or her water cut off entirely. Arrangements were soon made—thanks to the De Beer's Company—to have water pumped from the Premier Mine; so the fear of thirst has been done away with, but we have to be careful with the water and not use it for gardening purposes. Kimberley was hugely delighted at the news received to-night, that Mafeking had knocked "spots off the Boers."

Friday, 20th October.—No persons are allowed to be away from

their homes between 9 p.m. and 6 a.m. unless they have permits signed by the town Commandant (the Commissioner of Police). Such permits are only issued to people on duty, or those who have very good reasons for being out after 9 p.m. All members of our staff who are doing telephone duties, &c., have permits. Stores and shops are closed at 5.30 p.m. on ordinary days, and not later than 7.30 p.m. on Saturdays. Bars and canteens close from 9 p.m. until 6 a.m.

Rumours are very prevalent, and we hear some wonderful yarns. Here are a few samples :—

Rumour No. 1. Large siege guns have been sent down from Pretoria; they are being placed in position and Kimberley is to be shelled to-morrow.

Rumour No. 2. Cronje with 5,000 Boers is on his way down from Mafeking; he is to effect a junction with the Free State Boers, and a combined attack on Kimberley may be looked for any moment.

Rumour No. 3. The Boers have poisoned our water supply; provisions are running short and we shall be starving within a week.

Rumour No. 4. All the Dutch within the Cape Colony have rebelled; civil war is in progress and we may never be relieved.

Tuesday, 24th October.—First engagement near Kimberley. The armoured train is out and most of the defence forces are represented. Great excitement in town. The fight was close to Dronfield, about six miles away. Three of our men were killed and 19 wounded. A train went out with reinforcements early in the afternoon, and a little later an ambulance train started to bring in the dead and wounded.

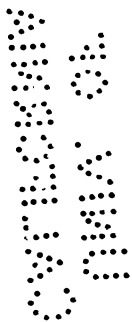
Wednesday, 25th October.—The Kuruman line was cut yesterday morning, so we have no telegraph outlet at all now.

Friday, 3rd November.—A proclamation orders that no fireworks are to be sold, and none used for Guy Fawkes' day. The "alarm" sounded about 10 a.m. as I was on my way to bully the butcher for rendering an incorrect account. The bullying was postponed. I made off at the "double," got the men to fall in, and marched down to the drill hall, where we were placed on the reserve. A somewhat amusing incident occurred as we were marching down Bean Street. Several youngsters seeing us approach, yelled out "Here come the Boers! Here come the Boers!" and ran home in a state of flight. A wide-spreading smile illuminated the faces of the "Telegraph Squad," the members of which are distinctly "Rooiniks."



TELEGRAPH SIGNALLERS, KIMBERLEY

[To face page 132.]



We remained at the drill hall all night, taking up our quarters in the billiard room ; some slept on the table, others on the floor. I was glad we had a roof to cover our heads, as it rained heavily during the night.

Fighting, which lasted several hours, took place in the neighbourhood of Kenilworth, Otto's Kopje, and the Reservoir. Three men were wounded, one of whom died later. In this scrimmage the Boers hoisted the white flag on two occasions when Lieut. Colonel Scott-Turner had got them into a warm corner, but when our men ceased firing the enemy made off.

While at breakfast the next morning (Saturday, 4th November) I received an order to repair to the conning tower, where I found that Colonel Kekewich required the services of one who could read the heliograph and who understood Dutch. I caught a message from the Boer camp at Susanna Kopje, saying, "Man going to Boarder port meet antwood." It was bad English, and was meant for "Man going to Border gate; meet; answer." I gave the message to the Colonel. Everybody had been expecting a Dutch message, and as the man at the Boer helio spaced badly, and did not get the usual acknowledgment for each word, it was somewhat difficult for the Lancashire signallers to make out. They sent up the message in this form:—"Mango ingtobo arderpo rtmeet answer." It was amusing, but, as I said before, they were expecting it to be sent in Dutch, which they did not understand.

Shortly afterwards a Boer, carrying a flag of truce, arrived at the Orange Free State Border, close to the Premier Mine. He brought a message from the Boer Commandant, who asked the Colonel to surrender within a certain time, otherwise he would bombard the place. The Colonel replied, inviting them to take Kimberley if they could, and notified the Boer Commandant that the white flag had been misused by them on many occasions. After the bearer of this note got out of range, about 800 Boers appeared and made a rush for Wesselson; but just at this moment—the signal having been given—off went the alarm. The sirenes hooted out their awesome staccato notes with painful iteration, and everyone made ready for an attack; but the Boers suddenly wheeled round—a long, long line of men retiring in extended order—and went away. Probably the "hooters" frightened them, or perhaps they expected to find us unprepared and were disappointed; anyway, they decided upon leaving us alone.

A helio from the south-west flashed the news that "No. 4 picquet had had to retire before 400 Boers, who had fired on the 'picquet.'"

This was another force of Boers. The men in Kimberley were not aware of what was going forward, and, as soon as the alarm sounded, a great scene presented itself to our view in the streets below. There all was hurry-skurry, bustle and preparation. Men who had been leisurely walking suddenly broke into a trot; others who were doing nothing started off for their posts at the double. Some rushed from employment putting on their coats as they made their way along the streets to their homes, whence they emerged equipped for the fray. Women and loiterers in the streets hurried homeward in obedience to instructions; those who did not go at once were requested to do so by the special borough police. Shops and bars were closed, and presently the business part of Kimberley was apparently almost deserted. The Artillery in the camp harnessed their horses, while the regulars fell in, in readiness. Men lined the redoubts and trenches, and then comparative quiet reigned. The natives in the compound, just below us, were not much perturbed, however, and those who had begun a war dance continued it; while others went on with their usual games of football and cricket. At about 2 p.m., the Boers having disappeared and all being quiet, men began to wend their way back to their houses and places of business, doors were re-opened, and the usual busy Kimberley re-asserted itself.

Monday, 6th November. — Two heliograph instruments were handed to me by the Staff Officer to-day. I am to be relieved from other duties to teach a detachment of telegraph men signalling, and afterwards to take charge of them. Eight clerks were at first detached, but this number was later on increased to twelve. Mr. Osman, Postmaster of Beaconsfield, joined, later, in order to assist and take my place in case of emergency. We therefore number fourteen "Telegraph Signallers," viz.:—Symons, Osman, Bevan, Upfold, Foster, Wilsen, Stephen, Lunnon, Henman, Rankin, Jubber, Backmann, Whyte, and Simpson.

Tuesday, 7th November. — Bombardment of Kimberley commenced about 9.30 a.m. Young Henman brought me a piece of a shell which had dropped about fifty yards behind him, and "gave him a start"! We were too busy practising with the heliograph to take much notice of the bombardment. But now and again, as our guns took up the tale with vigour, the reverberations seemed to roll back from the débris heaps, filling the air with a roar that was irresistible, and we clambered to the summit of a cattle truck in the railway yard to see what was going on. To the westward was the Lazaretto Ridge, whence the Boers were "pumping" shells into

Kimberley. A large puff of smoke from the Boer gun gave warning to the occupants of forts on the outskirts of the town that a shell was on its way, and they dodged and disappeared behind the sand bags, anon bobbing up serenely as the shell imbedded itself in a débris heap, or went shrieking past. Then one of our guns, from No. 2 Redoubt or from the Reservoir, replied : a puff of smoke, a loud bang, and a cloud of red dust close to the Boer position. From the south-east came the frequent boom of guns, as the duel between Susanna Kopje and the Premier Mine progressed, and now and again the boom of a gun from a place which we could not locate.

Generally, however, we and everyone in Kimberley had grown so used to "alarums" and signs of war, that the actual bombardment of the place gave us very little concern. The total damage done to Kimberley to-day by the Boer shells was the disablement of one kettle belonging to the compound at the Premier Mine. This kettle has been rendered quite unfit for use.

Wednesday, 8th November.—An occasional boom during the morning. Very little interest is displayed in the bombardment, except by a crowd of youngsters who seem to derive a certain amount of amusement from it and some profit. They watch where a shell drops, and then run for the fragments, which are sold at prices varying from 1s. to 6s. There is an amusing rumour making its way round the camp this afternoon, to the effect that the Boers have notified their intention of ceasing fire for eight hours so that we may have an opportunity to bury our dead. The authorities have not considered it necessary to enter the Premier Mine kettle.

Thursday, 9th November.—I have reported my signalling class as competent to take up duties.

Saturday, 11th November.—The bombardment has grown more serious. Shells are dropping well into the town; one fell close to the Kimberley Club and killed a poor old native woman. In an engagement near Otto's Kopje this morning one of our men was mortally, another slightly, wounded. Considerable amount of shelling to-day. The Boers seldom send less than a hundred shells daily into the place, except on "off" days, on which occasions they send us a casual "reminder," or sometimes treat us to a "good morning" of half a dozen to twenty shells, and a "good night" of a dozen or so. They seem to vary the dose according to inclination.

Tuesday, 14th November.—Some damage was done to buildings to-day. The English church of St. Cyprian received a few perforations. A public house bar was riddled with fragments of

shell. The store room of a hotel was struck and two cats within the room were killed. It is marvellous that such slight damage has been done by the shells, especially to human life. There have of course been many narrow escapes.

Tuesday, 21st November.—Not much shelling lately. The last we heard from the Boers in the way of bombardment was on Saturday. It is generally believed that many of them are trekking south to oppose the advance of the relief column. We continue our sorties and reconnaissances, which seem to worry the Boers considerably, and probably prevent them from drawing closer in. We have "scraps" (a term used by the regulars for a fight) almost every day within a mile or two of the town. The Boers made a boast that they would have possession of Kimberley two weeks after the war started, and intended arranging their commissariat from here, as well as drinking our beer and whisky. They have made a miserable show so far. Every little engagement we have had has been forced upon them by our men, who go out to attack.

Thursday, 23rd November.—I suggested some time ago to the military authorities that use should be made of the existing electric light circuits for signalling purposes, and detailed the modifications necessary to the ordinary signalling lamp. This suggestion has been carried into effect, and I gave the lamps a thorough trial to-night, signalling from the conning tower to No. 1 searchlight, the reservoir, and the Premier Mine. The result was extremely satisfactory, the signallers of the Lancashire regiment reporting the signals as "grand" and "splendid."

Saturday, 25th November.—A reconnaissance in force was made from Kimberley to-day. Two of our signallers, Messrs. Wilsen and Henman, who were on duty at No. 1 searchlight, were taken out for signalling duties with a section of the troops. Big guns, Maxims and rifles were at work for about four hours. The Boers had been throwing up earthworks nearer to Kimberley, and the idea was to drive them further back; in this we were successful, and our men returned victorious after a long and hot day's work. ("Fled for the town," as the Boer report has it!) Our casualties were six killed and twenty-nine wounded. During the fight the Kimberley Light Horse charged a redoubt with fixed bayonets, captured it, and forced those Boers who had not already departed to surrender. After the white flag was hoisted, young Peiser, a lad of 17, and another man, were shot down by the Boers. The enemy must have suffered severely; but they reported (*vide Diggers' News*, Johannesburg) that

nine were killed, several wounded, and fifteen missing. (Note.—We have 33 prisoners in our gaol captured during this engagement.)

Instructions were issued to-day that all searchlights are to play in the direction of the relief column for two minutes every half-hour throughout the night. It is cloudy to-night and the effect is very weird. A long stream of brilliant light shoots out into the darkened sky, whitening the lowering clouds. Another light appears, streams away towards the south, then moves hither and thither, crossing and re-crossing the path of the first. Then others stream out, search here and there, up and down, to right, to left, like great uncanny eyes looking in vain for something that is lost. Here, there is darkness for a moment, then brilliant light; and so the search goes on until two minutes have expired, when all the lights are hurried down on to the floors, leaving a darkness that can almost be felt.

Monday, 27th November.—We have some outside news in this morning's paper, the only news of the outer world we have had since Monday fortnight, and *that* only carried us up to the 8th instant. For nearly twenty days we have had no tidings of the war which is raging all over this country of ours; no word from fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, some of whom live in towns and villages besieged by the enemy. The anxiety and suspense are very trying.

We received a couple of messages from the relief column to-night. They are using lime light, and flash the signals up over the kopjes which intervene between this and Modder River. The column is evidently some little distance south of Modder River. A couple of complimentary messages were signalled from the column, and we were asked to be ready for more messages two hours afterwards; but we could not get them again. I do not know why, but probably the lime-light apparatus had got out of gear, for we saw that attempts were being made at signalling, but the light was too faint.

Tuesday, 28th November.—A big reconnaissance was made from Kimberley this afternoon; almost every available man was out, including detachments of the Town Guard. We have no guns larger than 7-pounders; six of these were out. There is a little cross-tree arrangement, just above the awning of the conning tower, which enables one to have a somewhat wider view than that obtained from the conning tower itself. I watched the fight from this position with a telescope. I was watching from 3 p.m. to 6.30 p.m., at which time the light grew dim and nothing was to be seen at a distance except the occasional flash from a gun. Our forces moved on to

Carter's farm, which lies in a westerly direction from here, and began by shelling the Boer laager there, while the enemy replied with rifle fire from their earthworks, and with big gun fire from three points, Spitzkop, Wimbledon Ridge, and Lazaretto Ridge. Our men captured the "Bloemhof" laager at Carter's, taking a fair quantity of booty, including the limber of a big gun and some 160 shells.

While the majority of our troops kept the Boers busy on Carter's farm, a detachment of mounted men, including a portion of the Cape Police and Kimberley Light Horse, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Scott-Turner, moved away to the northward along Lazaretto Ridge, and attempted to take several redoubts. The Boers had a couple of big guns in one of these redoubts, and had been worrying Kimberley pretty considerably from that point with their shells. Our men shifted the enemy from three redoubts; the third was a difficult one to take, and it was here, just as they were entering it, that Lieut.-Col. Scott-Turner was killed, and also my brother-in-law, Clifford Dennison, who was alongside of him. The firing at this point was terrific. For two hours there was not a moment's cessation of the enemy's fire. I could see columns of smoke shoot into the air, and from these smaller clouds ascend as the shrapnel shell exploded. Then a cloud of smoke would rise along the redoubt which told of a volley; then occasional small puffs from different points as the men fired independently.

About 5.30 p.m. there was a short pause, and then the firing recommenced. It was a terrible sight, and I grew fearsome as I saw our men again and again stand up, make a rush, then take cover nearer in—always nearer in—while the deadly shower of lead was hissing over their heads, all around them, and (alas!) through them. Several times I saw one, two, then three, Boers get on to the ramparts, take aim and fire, and then disappear again; once three of them rose to fire, but the middle one dropped at once, he must have been hit. Anon, I saw the explosion of one of our shells amongst five or six Boers who were riding up from behind the redoubt. Instantly the horses bolted, but I could not see if any Boers fell.

The heavy firing continued long after the light had faded. I shut up the telescope with a sigh, and came away home with a heart troubled for the brave men who were out there in the darkness, especially for those who were dear friends. I ascertained afterwards that these men were before that redoubt for hours, which seemed to them like days while the leaden hail fell around them, waiting for

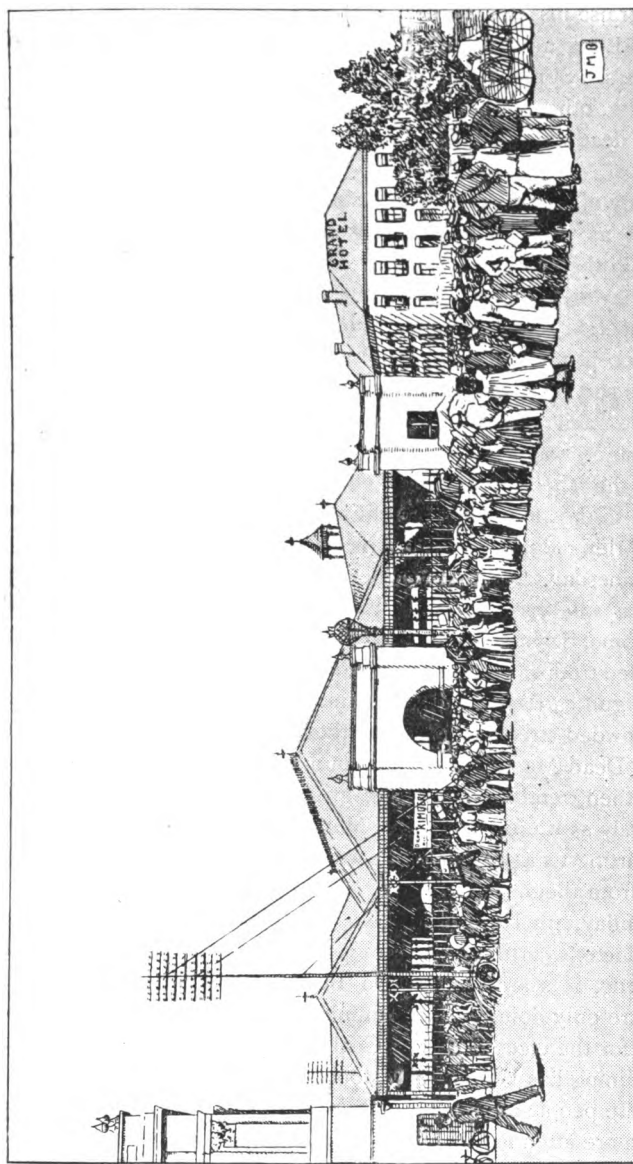
orders that came not. Their leader had been killed, and no man dared raise his head for fear of the storm of bullets that rushed over him. Long after midnight they began to crawl back through the darkness. Some of them got to camp about four o'clock in the morning, others about three in the afternoon. They had left many of the dead and wounded on the field because they could not see them.

Many of our wounded were shot dead by the Boers; deliberately shot at as they lay helplessly wounded. Some of the bodies were warm in the morning when our ambulances went to bring them in, and they were riddled with bullets. One man had no fewer than twenty-eight shots through him. I speak with authority, and you may accept my notes with the utmost confidence. I relate incidents of this sort only when I know they are confirmed by the evidence of reliable men. On a former occasion the Boers fired shells at our ambulance wagons; not once only, for when the wagons moved away the shells followed them. Twenty-one of our men were killed to-day, and twenty-eight were wounded. Most of these are Kimberley men, or have relatives here.

Wednesday, 29th November.—A terrible day for Kimberley. Many a wife has lost a husband; many a mother a son. Brave, handsome, dashing Lieut.-Colonel Scott-Turner, commander of the mounted troops, is among the slain. A weary, dreary day for us all, as the gun carriages and ambulance wagons make their way through the crowded streets followed by thousands of mourners. The music of the Dead March sounded a loud lament for the brave, dear, dead ones, then trembled into a soft, grief-stricken passage which stirred us strangely as we followed on. Men turned away their heads to hide the starting tear, while women wept out their grief for those who had gone from them.

Monday, 4th December.—No condensed milk to be had, except on a doctor's certificate for sick persons and young children. Fresh milk, too, is scarce. The De Beer's Mine has been shut down; they are only doing a little pumping now, and keeping the dynamos going for the electric light. Coal is very low. This is the first time that mining has been wholly stopped here.

White people are served with meat from 6 a.m. to 8 a.m.: coloured people are attended to after 8 o'clock. The coloured people do not get very much meat, I am afraid, as the butchers are only allowed to kill a limited number of oxen. I have often been crushed in a crowd of a hundred or more people struggling for the scraps that are



WAITING TURN FOR MEAT ALLOWANCE.

left after the fortunate early birds and favourites have had their turn, and have had to come away without any meat at all. Oftener still, I have come away with a scraggy bit of meat that I would not have looked at in ordinary times. It is bad enough having to go for one's own meat supply (servants stand no chance), but to be crushed in the midst of a perspiring, ill-natured, ill-mannered, pushing, hungry mob, is past description, and "The Struggle for Meat" has become the subject of much newspaper correspondence and angry remonstrance. It will probably be amusing to think over when "peace on earth and good will towards men" resumes its sway, and when we are again able to send our orders for special tit-bits, and not for the lumps of ragged, ugly flesh which the butcher flings down before you to take or leave, as it pleases you.

Friday, 8th December.—We are allowed only $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. meal and $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. flour each as a daily ration. Foodstuffs are becoming somewhat scarce though we have not suffered hunger yet. Life has become distinctly monotonous. No work, practically; and very little to interest one. An occasional shell only elicits a growl of impatience and a wish that the Boers would make an honest attempt to take the place which they bragged about being able to capture within two weeks of the commencement of the war.

The members of the postal and telegraph staff are now a sunburnt, healthy, hardy-looking crowd. Many of the ultra-rooineks still peel off pieces of skin from the feature which is most prominent, and anoint the back of their necks with oil or glycerine.

The majority, when off duty, congregate on the post office steps, where they "cuss" the Boers, collect material for their home letters (which are still in an embryo state), and grumble—in the good old, hearty, privileged British manner—about things in general.

I have not had sufficient time to visit and have lengthy chats with the members of the staff who belong to the volunteers, Messrs. Donaldson, Murray, Hall, McLeish, Dotter, Flynn, Mitchell and Duncan Brown, who have no doubt had more exciting experiences than we have had, and will probably be able to tell us tales of derring-do.

I hope they will all get safely through, and earn names that will make us proud of them. Dotter and McLeish are signallers and belong to the Diamond Fields Horse. They are enjoying the life immensely and will be extremely sorry when they have to return to "Key-thumping." Donaldson is in his element as a sergeant of the same corps. Murray, Mitchell, Hall, and Duncan Brown are

employed as signallers too; they belong to the "Kimberley Regiment." One of the captains of this regiment, Captain Bridge, is an ex-telegraphist.

Kimberley.

J. E. SYMONS.


(To be continued.)



ON THE RIET RIVER, NEAR KIMBERLEY.

The Transvaal Field Telegraph Service.

[The February issue of our esteemed Hollander contemporary, *De Post- en Telegraafwereld*, contains an article from the pen of Mr. H. W. J. Van der Brugge, of the Telegraph Department, Pretoria, which gives many interesting particulars of the Transvaal Field Telegraph Service. With the kind permission of the Editor, Mr. W. Huisman, of Almeloo, but with some diffidence (for our knowledge of Dutch is unfortunately far from profound), we have ventured to translate a portion of the article for the benefit of our readers.—EDITOR.]

 I have not sent you any news lately, and as some tidings from the Transvaal will, especially under present circumstances, be welcome to colleagues living in peace in Holland, I avail myself of a few spare hours to tell you of matters connected with our Department. I was one of the first officials called out for active service, and I can tell you many things which I have seen, or of which other colleagues, who worked near the battlefields and are still working there, have informed me.

Of course, long before hostilities commenced the necessary preparations had been made by the head of our Department, and the whole machinery had been set in order, so that if war broke out we should not be found unready. At the end of September the Boer commanders near the Natal frontier received their orders; and some telegraph officials, of whom I was one, were sent with the necessary apparatus to Volksrust, so as to be prepared for any and every emergency. Volksrust is the frontier and exchange office for Natal, and the village proper is only five minutes walk from British territory. From the windows of the telegraph office one can see Laings Nek and Majuba Hill, places which have become so famous, and every stone of which reminds one, as it were, of the great struggle of the Transvaalers in 1881.

When we reached Volksrust we found it almost deserted, civic functionaries and railway officials alone being in the place. The Boer force had not then advanced beyond Zandspruit; and later,

when war appeared inevitable, we saw the various commandoes march through the village and encamp on the hills near the Natal border. For a fortnight everyone was in a state of great suspense. At last, at midday on the 13th October, a telegram was received from the head of our Department addressed to all the telegraph offices of the Republic; it was to be made known to everyone, and consisted only of this one word, "War." Then we knew that, for us as for others, a time had come for self-sacrifice and privation, for hard work and little leisure. We knew that we, too, had to labour with all our might, though, maybe, in a more peaceful manner than other burghers, to defend and maintain our adopted fatherland, which now had taken up the gauntlet thrown down by the "Paramount Power in South Africa" (or, as the people in Johannesburg are fond of saying, the "Paramount Power of the World"), which all of us Transvaalers, from whatever nationality we might have sprung, had by experience and tradition learned to hate.

Immediately after the outbreak of war we received instructions from head-quarters that at all offices a well-regulated night service must be maintained, and that throughout the war the telegraph lines must be kept in good working order, so that we might be able to say, with calmness and confidence, that the telegraph service was thoroughly efficient and conducted in a manner which excluded all adverse criticism. From the commencement of hostilities the public and the War Department were well supplied with news of the war by our service, and a kind of news office was organised, which must have been highly appreciated by every burgher.

It will be easily understood that this much was expected of us, and the rattling sounds by day and by night in the telegraph offices, and the lights which were always burning in the rooms of the chief office, showed that the telegraph staff, although they did not handle the guns in the field, nevertheless were devoting all their strength to the good cause.

When on the morning of the 14th October the Boers had marched across the frontier, and we from our window had seen the first commandoes disappear over the Nek, the time for action had come also for us, and some of us went at once with the necessary materials to the Charlestown Station on this side of Laing's Nek. Everything there was found in the greatest confusion. The town had been pillaged by a passing band of kaffirs, and the station-master's house had suffered the same fate. For the time being our men took up their quarters in this building, and at once set to work.

The various instruments were put in order. The lines which had been destroyed by the British before they withdrew were restored by our telegraphists, so far as possible, and at noon we had the satisfaction of transmitting an official message to the chief of the department informing him that Charlestown was in "Corr." Thus the first Transvaal telegraph office on British territory had been opened. It was with some feeling of defiance that we, standing in the garden adjoining the house, watched the four-coloured Transvaal flag hoisted on Natal soil, whilst at the same time a number of Boers were singing that powerful national song, "Kent gij dat volk vol heldenmoed?" ("Know ye that nation full of courage?"), in the singing of which we joined with all our heart and soul.

From that time our officers accompanied the various commandoes, and wherever Boer camps were formed a field telegraph office was at once opened, and telegraphic communication established with headquarters or Pretoria.

The telegraph offices of Newcastle, Glencoe, Dundee, Hoofdlager near Ladysmith, and many smaller places, were one by one taken possession of, and a great deal of trouble was experienced through the total destruction of the lines and instruments by the British officials before their withdrawal. Everyone did his best to help put things straight. It was not at all a rare occurrence to find one or other of the chief officials in his shirt sleeves upon the roof of an office, armed with soldering irons and pincers, busily connecting the lines, whilst below telegraphists of every grade were fixing the commutators and connecting the duplex instruments, or sweeping the floors, singing, "Dat Gaat naar den Bosch toe," or "O! die Rooinekken."

* * * * *

Early in the morning, sometimes at five o'clock, one or more of the instruments begin to "scream," and then the officers commence work with the usual Transvaal smartness, which needs no comment. It has frequently happened that someone who, say, has started on the Duplex at 9 a.m., has stuck hard at it until 5 in the afternoon, sending or receiving hundreds of messages at a speed of positively more than 30 words a minute. Yes, our men have not spared themselves, and the amount of work sent through our offices whenever a battle has taken place has really been enormous. The number of messages per diem dealt with on such occasions at some of the stations has amounted frequently to thousands.

The work of the field telegraph offices, which are established either

in a tent or in a deserted house in the vicinity of the camps, and move on with the commandoes, is carried out in the most excellent manner. In these offices most of the work is done by Afrikanders, who have been specially trained in the telegraph schools for the field service. Born horsemen, they take with them the requisite field-sounders or "vibrators" on their horses, whilst behind them the field cables are paid out; and thus, wherever the commanders fix their camp, they are immediately in telegraphic communication with headquarters or with one of the chief offices.

Of course, the stations near the battlefields are the busiest; there are employed the best telegraphists, veterans of the Department, men who have come from all parts. Some of them at times have had narrow escapes from shot and shell.

And now I have no time to spare to tell you more. Van Polak, who at this moment is at Lorenzo Marquez, assisting the Portuguese telegraphists, sends many greetings to Hollander colleagues.

Pretoria.

H. W. J. VAN DER BRUGGE.



THE POST OFFICE PENCIL.

(From *The King*.)

Through the Boer Lines : A Telegraphist's Escape from Ladysmith.

[We are indebted to Mr. G. W. Roberts, of the Telegraph Department, Pietermaritzburg, for the following account of the experiences of the telegraph staff in Ladysmith during the siege, and (in particular) of the escape from Ladysmith to Estcourt of Mr. W. F. Mitchell, of the Durban Office. It will be noticed that Mr. Roberts' communication was posted to us before the relief of Ladysmith had been accomplished.—
EDITOR.]

DAY by day and month by month passes by, and still the heroic defenders of Ladysmith are holding their own against the Boers, who outnumber them by three to one. Little did our Ladysmith colleagues think when they "lost" Pietermaritzburg on the telegraph, at 2.32 p.m. on the 2nd November last, that they would have to face a long and most trying siege. That the sufferings of the besieged have not equalled those endured during the terrible investment of Paris is due chiefly to the brilliant forethought of the military director of supplies, who had stored immense quantities of food in the town.

During the early part of the siege the assistant engineer of telegraphs, who had charge of the field staff, advised his men to go to the neutral camp which had been agreed upon by Sir George White and General Joubert. It was the general opinion, at that time, that the great number of heavy guns which the Boers had placed around the town would speedily reduce Ladysmith to a smoking ruin. Happily, this notion proved to be erroneous.

Nevertheless, the bombardment was at times a most terrific one, and those members of the telegraph staff who elected to stay within the town and risk the daily, nay hourly, danger of shot and shell, are to be praised for their pluck and courage. They also had the honour of being attached to the telegraph section of the Royal Engineers, to whom they rendered invaluable assistance. As showing the perils to which they were exposed, it may be mentioned that two of the staff are, no doubt, feeling grateful for somewhat narrow

escapes from death. Mr. McIsaacs (late of Glasgow) had just left his room one day when a shell came through the door, reduced it to matchwood, and covered him with dust and splinters. Fortunately, he was unhurt. On another occasion, Mr. George Honey had been busily engaged upon a test-box in General White's quarters, and had no sooner left than a 96-pounder shell passed through two rooms and dropped almost on the spot where he had been standing.

One of the most daring feats during the siege was the escape through the Boer lines of Mr. W. F. Mitchell, of the Durban Office, together with a press correspondent. Only one native runner had successfully negotiated the Boer lines during the previous four weeks, and to add to the danger, the adventurers had to make a long detour to avoid a commando of 8,000 Boers, who were returning from a looting expedition in the Mooi River district. But Mr. Mitchell's own account of the journey, as given to a Durban reporter, will prove more attractive than mine. Let it be confidentially whispered that Mitchell had a most laudable object in facing his dangers, viz., that of being married. Mrs. Mitchell should be proud of her husband's courageous tramp.

G. W. ROBERTS.

Pietermaritzburg.

The following is Mr. Mitchell's narrative :—

Sieges become monotonous when unduly prolonged, and in company with Mr. Young, a Press representative, I decided, if possible, to get away. The Intelligence Department placed every facility in our way. Majors Altham and Henderson were very kind, and offered all assistance in their power, and explained the route most practicable. We obtained from the military authorities a pass to the outermost lines, and we left Ladysmith about 7 o'clock on Saturday, the 25th November. Mr. Young carried a bag of "copy" in a khaki haversack, and I carried a satchel of roast mealies. Each took a bottle of water. We were dressed in dark clothes, intending to move by night, and we wore tennis shoes with rubber soles to tread lightly. We started away on the Helpmakaar Road to the north. We had not got far, however, before we were arrested by Lieut. Brush, and taken to Col. Miller, of the Liverpools—a tramp back of two miles. The Colonel at first declined to allow us to proceed, saying we must go through by daylight; but after explanation and strong representations he allowed us to continue our journey, the Lieutenant detailing a corporal to pass us through the lines of sentries.

We began to work up a spruit, among the thorns, to the north of the town. We had not got more than 15 minutes outside the English lines before I sighted a man in the spruit. We lay low a minute, and, as he showed no sign of seeing us, we crept on. After we emerged from the spruit we had to cross open country, and, as the starlight was fairly bright, we crept on hands and knees for a mile. This mode of progress was so uncomfortable that we began to walk upright, Young slightly in advance. To my horror, I soon observed, on the left hand, 15 yards away, two Boer sentries, clearly outlined against the sky. I slipped up as quickly and noiselessly as I could and touched Young on the shoulder, and at this understood signal he collapsed, with me, into the grass. We



MR. W. F. MITCHELL.

lay there prone for five minutes—it seemed an eternity. The sentinels, apparently, did not notice us, and we worked away backwards, wriggling snake-like, until we reached a donga.

We moved down this spruit in an easterly direction, until we got a rise of ground between us and the sentries, and then we moved on fast. Presently we discovered we had worked a bit up the shoulder of Lombard's Kop, almost immediately beneath a redoubt, containing a Boer gun. We edged off from this in a westerly direction, and struck upon a piece of veld sparsely scattered with thorns—slipping from tree to tree, lying in the shadow, and listening for sounds. After this we struck some rocky ground, and, the stars being now obscured, we had some ugly stumbles over the stones. We saw no signs of Boers except a new wagon road and a Boer

telegraph, as we pressed on northward—knowing the enemy was to the east. After a long tramp, just as we reached the top of the rise, we saw a light. This we discovered, by steady staring, to be the camp of a Boer patrol. We edged away, and presently found ourselves, so we believed, on Eland's Laagte battle field.

There were many cairns of stone about, over which we fell in the darkness. After getting clear of the field of slaughter, about 3 o'clock, the moon rose, and, although we then had a view of the country, it materially increased our own chance of being observed. Daybreak found us, after a hard tramp, in an open plain, through which runs the Modder Spruit, and on the farm of Piet Uys. A kafir kraal was in sight, and Young and I debated whether we should lie low in the spruit or take refuge in the kraal. We decided to trust to the natives, and it was well we did so. Immediately on approaching them they told us that Boers occupied the farmhouse, and were being entertained by its owner, and that Boers occupied the hills round about in considerable numbers. We accordingly decided that the open was no place for us, and crept inside one of the huts—after explaining to the headman that we did not wish the Dutch even to guess at our presence.

The natives brought us amabele, utyala, and several eggs, and we made a satisfactory breakfast. We slept and rested in the hut the whole of Sunday. During the day the Boers—who were marching north—passed the kraal, and on one occasion obtained mealies and a drink from the natives, who never betrayed our presence even by a self-conscious look. Yet the natives knew that if the Boers had discovered us they would themselves be in a position in which they would never again be able to aid an Englishman. We left the kraal at sunset on Sunday, and striking south by east marched about thirty miles. On this tramp we passed countless camp fires glowing round the base of Umbulwana and Lombard's Kop, apparently forming a semi-circle of Ladysmith on the north, east, and south. We saw a camp fire to the east of us, and a heliograph instrument working to the Umbalwana, and had to pass between the two. We passed a wagon road also midway of these points. We then struck towards Sunday River, and came upon the water-shed, where we got practically lost among the thorns, mires, and dongas. We were forced to wait for the moon-rise before we could go on, having been guided hitherto by the stars alone. When we halted we were so fatigued that we fell asleep, and awoke shivering—to find that the moon was high. We pressed on another hour, and reached the

kraal of a native, named Charlie Mabondis, who sheltered us during Monday. We talked with him about crossing the Tugela, which was some distance off, and he told us he knew a ford across which he could guide us. But, as he was afraid to leave his kraal, as the Dutchmen were swarming in the district, he wished to be well paid for taking the risk. He asked £4; but all my money at the time consisted of a sovereign and a few shillings, and he had to be content with £1. During the day Boers visited the kraal, and, although there were mealies in the hut where we lay, the natives procured mealies for them elsewhere, so as to avoid attracting attention to our hut.

Before sunset Mabondis informed us that the Dutchmen were not now in the neighbourhood, and he introduced a boy who wanted to go to Estcourt. This boy, John, had been a servant of the Natal Police, and was captured at Dundee and taken to Newcastle as a prisoner. He was set to mind cattle, and had escaped. As he could speak English well, we engaged him as interpreter to the expedition, our own knowledge of Zulu being more peculiar than profound. With this boy and Mabondis, we started for the Tugela, and had a frightful journey down the sides of the hill and krantzies to the bed of the river. On the way Young sprained his knee by stumbling against a rock. When we reached the Tugela, we found the far bank glittering with camp fires; and, fearing they were the fires of the foe, we went to a kraal close by to inquire. We were then between the junction with the Tugela of the Sunday River and the Klip River, and we decided to remain the night, getting the natives to scout for us at daybreak.

We got some mealies from the natives here and spent a dry night, although it was raining in torrents outside. On the morning of Tuesday the natives went out and came back to tell us that whoever had lit the fires overnight had moved away to the south-west. We then started to cross the drift, which extended down the river a considerable distance. It consists of great boulders, green and slippery with moisture, worn by the water's action, and a couple of islets covered with reeds. It took us the best part of an hour to ford this place. The water was waist-high and rushing down with great speed. On one occasion Young slipped and wet most of his clothes. I was almost swept off my feet, but was saved by Mabondis, who held out his stick to us. After crossing, we started on what was the longest march we had yet undertaken, going by the eastern side of Inhlawe Mountain and keeping to the hills. We

inquired at every kraal and of every native for information of the Boers, and the replies were to the effect that they were coming up from the south after a big battle, and were sweeping across the land in an irregular way. As we moved south we found that these wandering Dutchmen were far to the east of our course, and for a time we attempted to take a straighter line, till the natives informed us we were approaching raiding parties of Boers.

All through the natives were marvellously loyal, and gave information freely and cheerfully, but would in no case venture far from their kraals, as they stated the Dutchmen shot boys they found wandering. John acted as our interpreter, but we did not trust him too much at first, lest we should be misled, but asked our own questions in addition. Our march brought us to the Blaauwkrans River, after 12 hours travelling from the Tugela, our constant detours and wanderings among the hills having practically driven us in a great circle. We stopped at a kraal from which all the men were absent. The women brought us fresh milk, amasi, amabele, porridge and mealies. After resting a while, we attempted to descend to the Blaauwkrans and here again experienced much trouble. Throughout the march, Young's knee had troubled him frightfully, both in ascending and descending grades; on the level he could move comfortably.

Our shoes by this time were badly worn, and the soles of Young's were completely loose at the back, and he had to tie them up with ambulance bandages. Pieces of stone cut his feet, and he practically had to limp along half the journey. I kept urging on the march, and at sundown we reached a boy's kraal, where we were told that a chief's kraal was not far off, and that there we could obtain information of the whereabouts of the Dutch and the road to Estcourt. Both Young and John were so wearied that they did not wish to press on. I induced them to go forward another hour, which brought us to the indicated kraal—that of a retired chief, Mtyetyi, father of the Weenen chief.

Mtyetyi, who appears to be a military strategist of high order, explained to us that the English did not know how to carry on war. We were too gentlemanly for the Boers. We carried on the war like a game. The proper way for England to do was to set the Zulus and Basutos to invade the Transvaal and Free State, and kill off all the women and children. When the Dutchman heard of those who were killed they would come back hastily to defend their homes. For this purpose they would break up into small

commandoes, and the English could follow at their convenience and kill them at their leisure. Any who escaped, the natives would take care of. Consequently, the race would be stamped out, and there would never be any more Dutch trouble in South Africa.

During that day's march we heard the sound of cannonading, and learnt from natives of a fight having taken place at Chieveley. We also heard that the Boers were looting farms, and had tried to shoot two boys at Charlie Lloyd's farm. We also heard a great dull explosion, which could not have been thunder or guns, and so I conclude it must have been dynamite, and was possibly the blowing up of Colenso Bridge. Mtyetyi's people were marvellously hospitable. They brought us utyala, goat flesh, and soup, which were very grateful after our long forced march of 15 hours, during which we had gone over 60 miles. At daybreak on Wednesday the chief's induna, a very handsome fellow, guided us for some distance along the road, and we marched in the direction of Estcourt. We passed two kraals which were deserted, and at last met a native who informed us that the Boers had just passed, going to the north, and Natal police were to the south and south-west of us. We hardly credited the story of the presence of our police, but the boy offered to guide us, and, as we were determined to make him pay dearly if he was treacherous, we followed his guidance. About 11 o'clock we sighted a village, of which we could only learn the native name. Consequently, we approached carefully, and sent John and the other native ahead to scout, as the Boers were less likely to pay attention to Kafirs than to white men. They returned and reported that round the bend of the road an induna of native police was to be found.

We spoke to the policemen, who told us there were English at the Court-house, to which we pressed forward, and there found Mr. Maynard Matthews, the magistrate, whom we greeted warmly, he being the first white man we had seen since Saturday. We now knew that the place was Weenen. We were in a sorry plight, and Mr. Matthews treated us kindly. He telephoned to Estcourt, announcing our arrival, and also provided us with horses. Accompanied by Mr. Foley, the lineman, we left Weenen at three o'clock. On the road we met a patrol of Natal Police. They spread in skirmishing order, and practically surrounded us, and as they closed in we deemed it desirable to display the white flag, as they evidently mistook us for some looting party of Boers. At Estcourt we had interviews with General Clery and staff, who expected us.

We took the 10 o'clock train to Maritzburg, where we arrived on Thursday morning. I at once called on the Postmaster-General (Mr. Gardiner Hamilton), who was very kind, and from him I received orders to call at Government House, where I saw the Governor, his Excellency being kind enough to congratulate me on my successful journey. The same evening I returned to Durban, where I have now resumed duty. Our trip, I calculate, was about 150 miles, 125 of which were done on foot.



MOUNTED MAILMAN, QUEENSLAND.

*Fort Stuart and the Post Office Service of the Niger Coast Protectorate.**

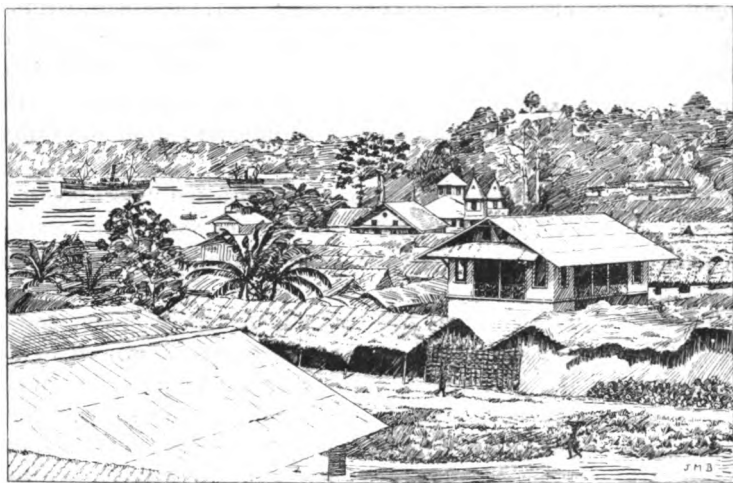
FORT STUART! The very name carries one back to the Scottish feudal system in the days long gone past. Is the name only to remind us that there are Scotsmen scattered all over the earth wherever the British flag flies, and in some places where it does not, or is it that we may recall the days of slave raiding or pirating? No! the Fort Stuart that is now before us has no relation to one or the other, but was one of the first European trading establishments on the Old Calabar River in the Niger Coast (formerly Oil Rivers) Protectorate—one of the lately acquired territories now forming an integral part of the British Empire in West Africa!

One might well ask why it is, or was ever christened "Fort Stuart"? I will endeavour to enlighten my readers. For very many years—I believe for the past four centuries—Old Calabar had been a great centre of trade, if slavery may be thus termed. In the olden days, cargoes of slaves were here collected together in the river, and in fast sailing schooners, brigs, and other craft were conveyed to the United States, the West Indies, Cuba, and the world in the West, where they became very valuable commodities on the sugar, cotton, and tobacco plantations. Many of these poor wretches died *en route*, and the horrors of the once "terrible middle passage" are well known. Brought down from long distances in the interior, manacled together with long forked sticks lashed round their necks, with scanty food, water, and clothing, if any at all, and the possibilities of a scourging if they lagged behind, they found themselves collected at Old Town or Duke Town—the populated centres of the river, and exchanged by their owners with the Portuguese, Spanish, and even British slavers for rum, tobacco, brass rods, earthenware, Manchester goods, guns, powder, &c. In later days, many of these adventurous slavers were captured by British cruisers in or leaving the Bights of Benin and Biafra, and were taken to the Admiralty Court at Sierra Leone for condemnation and the emancipation of their freights. Long after these courts were established, occasional seizures were made, &c.

* Since the 4th January of the present year, the Niger Coast Protectorate has been designated "Southern Nigeria."

but the glories (if such they may be called) of the slave trade, with its dare-devil agents, waned and gradually disappeared.

The traffic in slaves having ceased, it was found necessary to exchange other articles with the white traders, who persisted in coming to Old Calabar, and then sprang up a large barter business in exchange for palm oil, an article of modern commerce largely used in the manufacture of soap and candles, and for lubricating purposes. In those days, sailing vessels entered the river which finds its outlet into the Bight of Biafra, opposite and about ninety miles distant from the Island of Fernando Po. Although the high



VIEW OF RIVER FROM THE TOWN.

mountainous peak of Cameroon, now German territory, is a good land mark, frequently vessels looking for the river mouth are delayed in the "Smokes" of the Harmattan wind, which brings with it dense fog such as is experienced in November in London—of a regular pea soup colour. This is due to the sand blown from the desert to the sea, suspended in the atmosphere for periods varying from one to fourteen days, when it is blown back again. The decks of ships are often literally covered with fine sand and navigation is much interfered with. In February, 1898, the French steamer "La Flachet" was caught in one of these fogs and totally wrecked off Orotava, Teneriffe, and the "Rosslyn Castle" Cape mail had great difficulty in making the Island of Madeira by dead reckoning.

Having made the entrance of the river between the Tom Shot Breakers on the Western and Bakasy Gap on the Eastern side, there is a circuitous run of forty-five miles, through dense mangrove swamps with interminable shoals, to the anchorage at Duke Town—a populous place of some fifteen to seventeen thousand native inhabitants. The town is built in a horseshoe-shaped amphitheatre, shelving up and backwards from the river side to some slightly higher ground about half-a-mile distant. The town is on the left bank of the river. On the western promontory stands the United Presbyterian Mission with its church and dwelling-house nestling among the beautiful foliage of palms, breadfruits, bananas and orange groves, with the European cemetery lying peacefully below, railed in on the slope of the hill. On the opposite promontory are the Government buildings, the residence of the Consul-General and his staff of Europeans, and the barracks of the Hausa soldiers. The approach to the anchorage has a very pleasing and pretty effect with the factories or trading stations of the European merchants dotted along the river bank, and above, on the hills, the galvanized red-roofed Swiss-looking chalets of the Government buildings, and in the distance away up the river the Industrial Training Institute of the United Presbyterian Mission, now doing excellent work under the superintendence of the Rev. W. Risk Thomson. The building is erected upon a site given by Sir Claude Macdonald, K.C.M.G., the then Consul-General, now British Minister in Peking, before his departure in July, 1895.

From Seven Fathom Point, running at right angles to the great Cross River, there is a stretch of about five miles up the river to the factories, at which, on the steamer being first observed, goes up a cry along the bank from factory to factory, announcing a ship in sight. Oh! welcome sound we all say, and pray that letters from home may bring us good tidings of those loved ones from whom we are so far distant. No sooner has the ship dropped anchor, than a flotilla of beautiful fast rowing gigs are afloat and row round the vessel ready to board her as soon as she has been granted pratique by the boarding or harbour officers, which is all very speedily effected. The yellow quarantine flag is hauled down and busy feet are hastening up the gangway ladder which has been lowered, and pleasant welcomes are extended to old friends and new comers alike.

The Customs and Postal officers, in their smart uniforms, are busy receiving the mails from the purser or attending to the ship's papers, while the captain and officers are reporting the latest

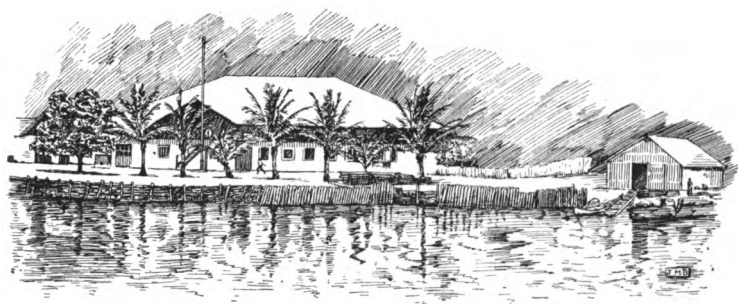
advices and cablegrams received by them along the coast—at Accra, Lagos, and Bonny—which are, of course, often quite a fortnight old, as the mail steamers only call every fourteen days. The mails are hurried ashore to the Post Office just above the Queen's Beach, so called because it is the Government landing place. Alas! it is not to Fort Stuart that the mails are now conveyed. Fort Stuart is no more! but of this later. Temporary premises have been adapted to the postal service since the disastrous fire in November, 1895, which destroyed the whole of the Post Office and Customs House and Fort Stuart in a couple of hours.

The mails are no sooner ashore in the Post Office than the staff—all natives except the Postmaster-General, who has had the work of organising the service since the inauguration of the Protectorate in 1891, of the two money making departments of the Government, *i.e.*, Post and Customs—are busy at work in the distribution of the mails—parcel post, registered packets, newspapers, &c.—into boxes (there being no sorting tables or distributing letter pigeon-holes, all being burnt out) labelled with the names of the respective firms, employees, &c., which have been previously lodged in the Post Office as soon as the steamer's arrival was announced. The distribution invariably occupies from one to two hours, according to the number of bags received. By this time a crowd has gathered outside the door and windows of the temporary post office, with eager and extended hands waiting for news of those at home. The boxes are distributed to the various owners, the business of the department closed, and finally the office, each one retiring to ponder in the solitude of his own bosom the good or bad tidings the mail has brought him, and to learn the latest political and commercial news of the world at large.

We must now revert for a moment to Fort Stuart, and perhaps it would have been well to have prefaced these lines by what follows. We asked ourselves at the beginning of this article, "Why Fort Stuart?" Does the name not call up the idea of massive stone walls, and embrasures with guns of ancient date peeping forth and defying all attempting invaders? Truly, when I heard the name, I fancied myself once more on the Gold Coast, where every few miles one finds the old Dutch, Danish, Portuguese, and English forts still standing as good to-day, if not better, as when they defied all assaults from within or without. These forts are such in the true sense—splendidly built, pinnacled upon rocky promontories commanding both sea and land, and in early days were practically

impregnable. Compare these with our fort—"Fort Stuart." I was certainly amused when introduced to our own fort, which I will now attempt to describe.

Imagine a block of land on the bank of the river, 300 feet long by 150 feet wide, extending at the back to a high cliff above which, at some distance, is situated the United Presbyterian Mission Training Institute before referred to. Upon this block of land stood the dwelling house of a European trader, erected by a dear, good old gentleman named Thomas Forshaw, who in those days represented the prosperous firm of Stuart and Douglas, of Liverpool, hence Fort Stuart. He was charged, but of course this was not true, with having built this house principally out of empty gin cases, the



FORT STUART BEFORE THE FIRE.

receptacle in which the Hamburg spirit is imported. Fancy a fort of empty gin cases! What a safeguard against an attack of turbulent and savage cannibals! Had the liquid still remained within them, there might at least have been some security from its fiery qualities, which would soon have dispersed the marauders.

The foundation consisted of a cement floor on the sandy ground, with mangrove (a native wood) posts, extending upwards some ten feet, upon which rested a common white pine flooring. From this stage other uprights of white deal scantling, a further twelve feet, upon which was fixed a galvanised iron roof. The outer walls were of galvanised iron rivetted together, the interior being divided into a central dining hall with four bedrooms on each side, the building itself being 120 feet long by 60 feet wide, making a really commodious dwelling on the first floor, with an eight foot open verandah running all round it. The lower or ground floor had, in the good old trading days of palm oil and ivory, often

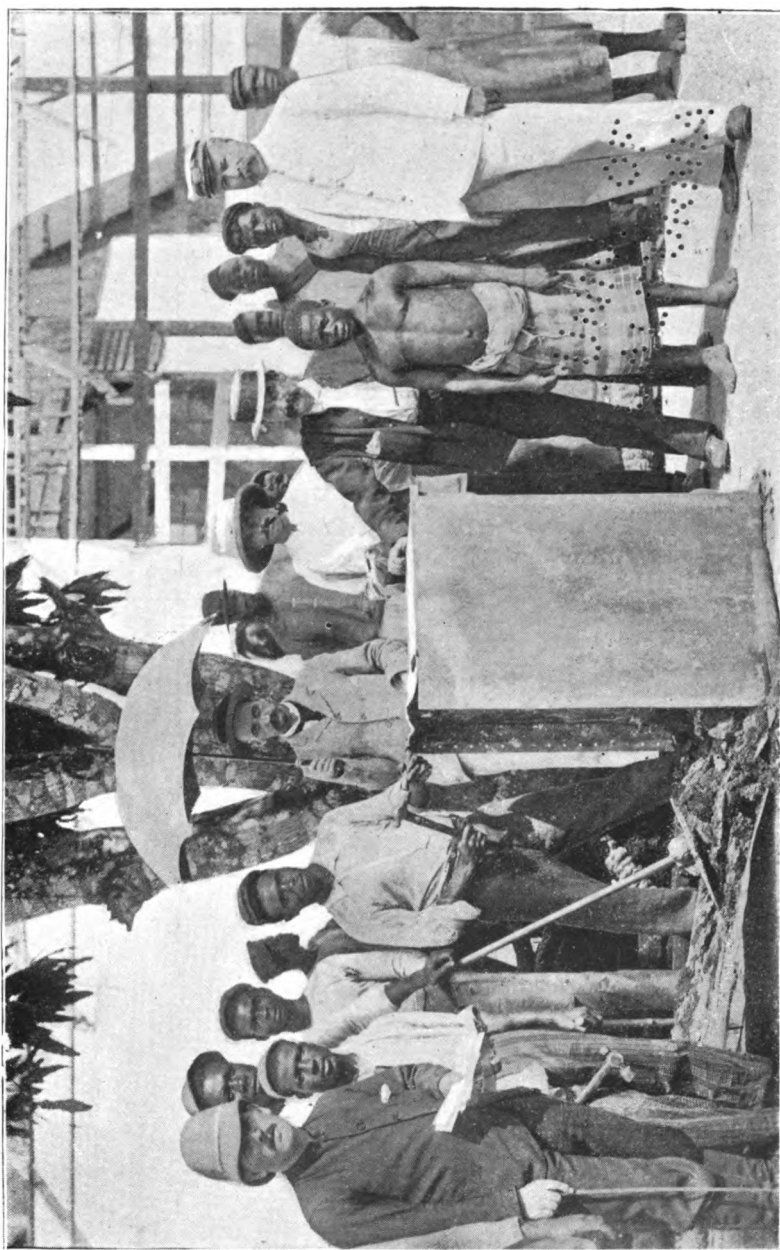
been filled with bales and cases of cotton goods, cases of flintlock guns, hardware of every description in barter for produce, for the agents in those days knew full well the value of the markets at home and made money hand over hand.

For many years, it is necessary to mention, the chiefs and people of Old Calabar refused to allow any buildings to be erected on shore, except possibly a cooperage for the storage of palm oil, casks, and all trade barter was done on board hulks (sailing vessels dismantled and housed in with native bamboo-thatched roofs) lying anchored up and down the river in various places, each vessel being sufficiently manned and armed in the not infrequent case of attack or palaver over their trading operations.

These hulks have disappeared one by one, until there is nothing left, except the frames or ribs of some one or two which lie, like the deposited relics of a bygone age, on the other bank of the river, and are now somewhat in the way of steamer and boat navigation. The agents have now provided themselves with comfortable houses on shore, built of the usual corrugated iron, with iron walls and roofs. These, of course, are very hot during the sunshine and dry season, but are sufficiently cool and comfortable when the rains are on.

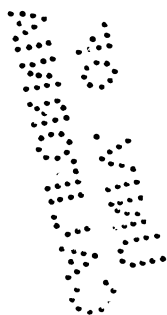
Since the Government of the Niger Coast Protectorate came into existence, a road has been made along the river bank from one end of the factories or trading stations to the other. Other roads have been made across the Consulate Hill, connecting it with Kwa Town at the back of Old Town, at the head of the stretch of the river, from the Training Institute to the Mission Hill, passing by a neatly kept native cemetery. Formerly, all persons dying were buried in their respective houses or compounds, a procedure which has since, except in the case of an important chief or big man, been entirely discountenanced on sanitary grounds.

The view from the consulate hill, looking towards the European Hospital and the Mission Training Institute, reminds one of a park-like vista with undulating grounds lying in between, with pretty roads winding their way up from the beach to the different houses on the summit of the Hill. Indeed, it makes quite a pretty picture, with the red postal letter boxes, of European, up-to-date form, dotted here and there on the hill and through the town, the indicators showing the hour of the next collection in front of the door just as though one was at Piccadilly Circus. All this was dense forest and impenetrable jungle eight years ago.



AFTER THE FIRE. BREAKING OPEN THE POST OFFICE SAFE.

[To face page 160]



Endeavouring to depict the course of administration, especially that of the Postal Department, since its inauguration in 1892, I have digressed considerably, owing to the minute details, with a view of illustrating how, in a few years, a purely semi-barbarous state has changed entirely into a well governed part of the British Empire. In 1892 the postage to this native state was sixpence the half ounce from England, without any guarantee of the letters ever reaching their destination : the postage is at present 1d. per half ounce. There were no postal arrangements whatever. The purser of the ship brought the letters to the respective ports and the mail bags were opened by those who fancied they had a right to do so. Letters were distributed indiscriminately upon the ship's deck, and those who were fortunate enough to be aboard in time might possibly secure their own correspondence. Many letters were, to my own knowledge, thrown or blown overboard. When the Government took possession it immediately took measures to correct these irregularities, and to reduce the postage to fourpence the half ounce. An officer of much experience on the Coast on postal and other administrative matters was selected by Sir Claude Macdonald to organize the Postal Department. This was done so speedily and effectively, that in November, 1892, there arose out of this chaos a postal administration admitted by the Postmaster-General of England to be working so admirably with all its ramifications as to compare favourably with any large provincial town in England. At this moment there is a regular trained staff of native officials (a photograph of a few of them is here reproduced), smart, intelligent young Africans, trained up by the Postmaster-General under his own eye, who are a credit to any administration, at least to one so recently developed and incorporated with the Colonial Empire.

It is essential here that some idea of the mail transactions should be furnished from the statistical records which are briefly hereunder shewn :—

Year.	RECEIVED.			DESPATCHED.		
	Registered Articles.	Letters, Newspapers, &c.	Parcels.	Registered Articles.	Letters, Newspapers, &c.	Parcels.
1895-96	1,834	73,068	750	4,017	44,082	463
1896-97	1,893	95,077	1,342	3,963	64,680	957
1897-98	2,782	109,588	1,709	5,162	76,928	1,172

There are exchange Post Offices and Money Order Offices established, in addition to Old Calabar, at Bonny, Opobo, New Calabar, Brass, Warri, Sapele and Benin; and Postal Agencies situated at Bakana (New Calabar), Kwâ-Ibo, and Forcados River.

The local communication is very irregular owing to there being no continuous service of steamers plying within these waters—the direct mails only arriving once a fortnight.

The mails from the Protectorate for the West African and Windward ports, viz., Lagos, Kotonou, Kwitta, Accra, Cape Coast, Elmino, Sekondi, Axim, the Timber Ports, Liberia, and Sierra Leone, are taken by all steamers calling at those ports, and the same applies to the service in the opposite direction. There are three distinct services to the Protectorate, their respective terminals being Brass, New Calabar, and Old Calabar, the steamers leaving Liverpool every alternate week to the two former, and each alternate fortnight to Old Calabar; and, although it has hitherto taken five weeks to reach England from the Niger Coast, it is in contemplation to accelerate the homeward voyage and perform it in 25 days.

There is occasional service to the South and South-West Coasts, the regular service to and from which was discontinued when Old Calabar was left out on the direct route.

Fort Stuart, as at first represented, might well indeed be some pretty, tropical riverside dwelling, with its cocoanut palms spreading their graceful fronds, and its wide verandah running round the house, indicative of peace and quietness. The upper part of the building was used as quarters for European officers, the lower floor was devoted to the Postal and Customs Departments.

Suddenly, at 6 o'clock one Sunday evening, on the 24th November, 1895, the sound of fire bells was heard on the top of the Consulate Hill and all along the river. In a moment it was discovered that Fort Stuart was in flames. In the compound at the back was the Government Printing Department with its valuable presses; a few yards away was the powder magazine, filled with ammunition, shells, fuzes, &c., of every description, belonging to the Niger Coast Protectorate Force, which it was thought would be destroyed. The Postmaster-General and other officers on the Hill heard the alarm bell and repaired as fast as possible to the flaming scene, a mile away. The fire originated in the lamp room, at the back of the house, a small room which extended from the back verandah and adjoined the kitchen, built out from it for security. It was alleged at a public enquiry held afterwards, that the fire was due

to a "palaver" or row between the Government steward and the pantry boy over a match to light the latter's lamp. A spent match had been carelessly thrown away by the steward, which fell into the oil feeder, the lid of which had been left open. This instantly caught and burst into a flame, spreading rapidly to the room itself, which had for years previously been saturated with oil without any precautions whatever having been taken for its protection from fire. It was, in fact, considered so secure, that the Protectorate Treasurer in London, sitting down comfortably in his office in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, had actually advised Sir Claude Macdonald to discontinue the insurance policy effected upon the building.

The fire had no sooner taken hold of the lamp room than the flames spread to the back verandah, flying up under the eaves to the ceiling, and in less time than it takes to describe it, the whole building was a mass of burning timber and red-hot iron. By the time the Postmaster-General and other officers reached the scene from the hill, a matter of a few minutes only, the whole river was alive to what was taking place; the flames had swept through the entire building on the first floor, and the roof, from one side to the other, was burning fiercely. Within half-an-hour the roof fell in with a crash, making the fire more difficult to cope with. Buckets of water were passed from hand to hand by a chain of Kroo boys, and the Hausa Force soldiers had fallen in at the barracks and came down with the object of rendering assistance, if possible, and to clear and secure the ammunition in the magazine, a very dangerous undertaking, though effectively carried out. Everyone who could lend a hand did so, and good work was done by the officers and crew of the steamship "Erasmus," then lying in the river near by, by scaling the neighbouring buildings and breaking them down so as to get clear of the fire, and pouring buckets of water upon the burning mass.

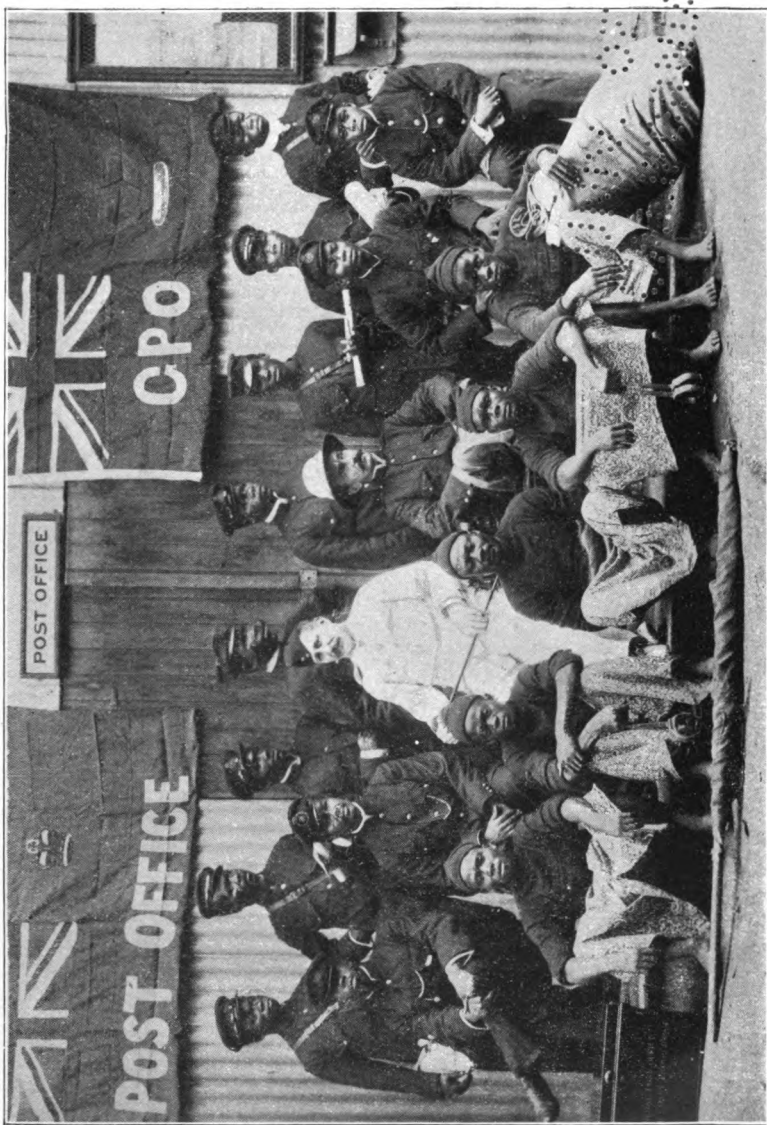
From the first, however, it was a hopeless task to attempt to save the building. All efforts were, therefore, directed to saving the contents and records of the Post Office and Custom House below, but it was impossible to save a single article. The entire building was burnt clean away in less than two hours, as may be seen by the illustration, "Fort Stuart after the fire." With the exception of the iron safes containing the stock of postage stamps, cards, and registered envelopes, hardly anything remained. Fortunately, no serious disaster occurred to those who assisted in preventing the

flames spreading to the adjoining stores. The fire was practically over at about 8 p.m.—Fort Stuart in all its glory having surrendered.

A body of European officers volunteered to stand by all night, relieving each other every two hours, in case the wind freshened and blew the burning embers on to the other buildings, which, from their dry and over-heated condition, would have instantly taken fire. A very large trading establishment, the property of Messrs. Alexander Miller, Bros. & Co., was also in much danger from the flying sparks during the intensity of the fire. Happily nothing further occurred. Water was poured on the burning embers all night long by relays of Kroo boys, but what a sorry sight Fort Stuart presented when day dawned! It was thought that the destruction of the records would paralyse the two money making departments of the Government.

Not so, however! At 8 a.m. the outward mail steamer was sighted coming up the river. The steamship "Accra" had anchored below Parrot Island the previous evening, and the officers had seen the lurid sky lit up the night before, and fancied that some "bush plantation" was burning. The mails were brought ashore instantly; a shed was temporarily improvised, where the sorting of the letters, &c., took place, and the business of both departments was carried on at 8 o'clock that morning as though nothing whatever had happened. This was subsequently referred to in the Consul-General's report to the Foreign Office, No. 1834, January, 1897, which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of January 12th, 1897, under the heading "A Compliment to the Officials."

"Before closing this report," continues Mr. Moor, "it is my duty to call attention to the able and willing assistance which has been rendered by the members of the staff in carrying on the administration effectually. All the members, I am glad to say, show a thorough interest in their work and carry it on with such goodwill in assisting one another that the work of administration is a united effort in one direction. It appears somewhat invidious to call attention to any officers specially in discharge of their duties, but I must point out the excellent organization which existed under the departments in charge of Vice-Consul T. A. Wall, which was severely tested on the occasion of the fire which occurred in the Custom House and Post Office at Old Calabar. On this occasion all the records and books of both these departments were destroyed, but though it has been an enormous labour, the returns for the year from both these departments have been re-collected from the detailed returns of the out-stations and furnished with approximate accuracy. There was little or no delay in the carrying on of the work subsequent to the occurrence of the fire, and this, I venture to think, reflects great credit on Mr. Wall and Mr. C. E. Dale, his assistant in the Customs and Post Office Departments."



THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL AND HIS STAFF.

[To face page 164.]



I hope I have interested my readers in postal work in West Africa, with its many complicated questions and its internal working, upon which I need not, however, dwell. It is pleasant to find one's self working with a staff that does one credit even though they are all black. One of the staff has, I am proud to say, been lately presented by the public with a gold watch as a mark of appreciation of his work. The photographs, from which the illustrations have been reproduced, were taken by a native of Sierra Leone.



MR. T. A. WALL.

Fort Stuart is no more ; but as soon as it is possible, it is the intention of the Government to build a substantial brick edifice to replace that destroyed by fire, and it is hoped that the new office will be one worthy of its administration. A local Post Office Guide on the same lines as the British is published. The Parcel Post, registration of postal matters, and the money order system, &c., are in full working order, and it is believed that cable communication with Europe, via Bonny, and wires overland, will soon be established. Finally, Imperial Penny Postage, recently established, has received a warm welcome in the Niger Coast Protectorate.

T. A. WALL,
H.B.M.'s Deputy Commissioner and Vice-Consul,
and Postmaster-General,
Niger Coast Protectorate.

*Indo-Anglian Literature.**

IN compliance with a request for a further edition of *Indo-Anglian Literature*, I herewith send a few more specimens. The following report was received from the Inspector Upper Sind.

Dated 1/8/95.

“Sir,—The mail peon Rohri being unwilling to be village postman on Rs. 9 on account of his pitiable circumstances of his family, viz. : he has got old Mother suffering from spirits and palpitation and two widowed sisters solely dependent on him and in his family there is no other man to look after them viz. : to arrange for the necessary things required for human life, the women being Parda Nashin, the reason assigned by Sheikh Hadibux is therefore considered favorably and Kodsomal village postman Rohri has worked disgracefully is provided by me with appointment of Rs. 8 as mail peon Ruk as that appointment was not filled in permanently as yet. Kodsomal is resident of Rohri, appointing him mail peon Rohri was in fact not a punishment for him and therefore under the above circumstances I have passed orders for his transfer as punishment to be mail peon Ruk on Rs. 8.

“I have, &c.

“W.—B—.”

An error report against Adamshah post office was :—“Weight of cash bag as entered by sub. P.M. in his daily account is 230 tolas instead of correct weight 239. The contents were correct.” The explanation of the sub-postmaster was—

“Sir,—I most respectfully beg to submit that the cash bags were always weighed with utmost caution and great heed. This deviation from complete accuracy, according to the universal truth and the law of science of mechanics, I regret, appears to be due to the change of magnitude and direction in the rod of the scale.

“I beg, &c.

“G.—M.—M.—”

The Postmaster of Fort Sandeman having made a most unwarranted charge against a native Revenue Official, was called upon by the

* A previous paper under this title was published in Vol. vii. of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, page 276.

Political Agent for an apology, and this was the wording of the apology that was sent :—

“I am very much pained to learn that the charge of misappropriation made against Mr. T——R——in my letter D^c 27/10/98 was unfounded, and I withdraw it and apologize for the same.

“ G———

“Offg. Sub-Postmaster.”

This is how a Kulu Branch Postmaster announced the reduction of English postage :—

“Sir, Europe postage, she is degraded, she is two annas six pie, registration fee, she stand two annas, she intact.” He meant that the registration fee of two annas was unaltered.

The next three specimens are taken from a book on *Baboo English*, published at Calcutta.

Letter from a Magistrate's Head Clerk :—

“With deep regret and unfeigned sorrowfullness your poor slave approaches his poor sole to the footsteps of your honours throne feeling sure he may meet with forgiveness of his sins from your wisdom and goodness. Since last two days or more I am much trouble with largest size boil as per margin on end of my back wherefore my sitting down has become unpleasant in highest degree. Dr. Sahib is telling to subdue by poltiss but while the carefulness is being completed how I am to attend your honours cutcherry (Court House) and discharge myself of the duties? I feel some shame there is no doubt in exposing my soreness to your honour but truly it is said that necessity has no laws, hence my prayer to excuse this one only and as in duty bound will pray ever and ever until life doth us end.

“Yours faithfully,

“With deepest regret,

“B. Doss.”

Application for employment :—

“Sir,—Being educated in the Calcutta and by your favour passed B.A. examination, I now venture to approach the throne of your honours goodness in hopes that some of the crumbs which fall from the rich mans table may be available for me.

Sir, I am expert in many things, and desire only to be tried to show my agility in mathematics and other languages being hopeful to stand on my own bottom without help for any if I once am made glad with the object of my desire.

In the Bible of your honour it is said that mans life is but a span which is equal to five inches, also it is stated that few men live at so great an age as four scores, and as my talents are now in their blooming prime they may not be rusted in obscurity by delay in the matter.

Your honour will therefore kindly appoint me without further notice, as to the post which I am to occupy that is left to your honours discretion who being an all wise man will no doubt judge it properly. In conclusion

“I remain

“Your servant in life

“B——. L——. D——.”

Application for a post :—

“Sir,—Being in much need and suffering many privations I have after long time come to the determination to trouble your bounteous goodness. To my sorrow I have not the good friendships with many people hence my slow rate of progression and destitute state.

Here on earth who have I but thee, and there is Our Father in heaven, needless to say that unless your milk of human kindness is showered on my sad state no other hope is left in the world.

Be not angry my Lord at this importunity for my case is in the very worst state.. If your honour kindly smile on my efforts for success and bestows on me a small birth (*berth*) of rupees thirty or more per mensem then I can subsist myself and my families without the hunger of the Reen proverty, with assurance that I am ever praying for your goodness and liberality.

“I remain

“Yours obedient

“S. C ——.”

The Superintendent, Patna Division, has sent me the next two specimens :—

“Honoured Sir,—Since the departure of your honour from this Divⁿ to join the Punjab Circle your honour’s poor destitute subordinates are weeping daily in knash of teeth and heart beating tears. Your worship was told to me I will take you to my Divⁿ if there will be any some opportunity for doing this, and I am therefore too anxious with the one eyedness of self interest to join and serve under your kind orders and hearty control. I wish to serve only to you, my kind and mighty master and to follow you everywhere quietly and humbly like Simon Peter followed the Lord Jesus. I am in anxious hope your honour will call your poor servant to your

honour's Divⁿ. where I with my family will end our serenity days in happy rejoicing and praying God as in duty bound for your honour's long life and prosperity and many children.

"Hoping your honour will reply me soon and call for your honour's kind service.

"I have, &c."

"From the Branch Postmaster — to the Suptd. — Division.

"I beg most humbly and respectfully beg to bring to your kind notice that a Englishman who is mager of troops No. 7 came from Faizabad to Calcutta through this office have come on Sunday to-day at 6 a.m. in the morning time and asked me for parcels, letters, &c., but not receive any articles of his troop so I replied him that not came any letters of your troop then mager esquire told me that he will report against the office regarding not receive any parcel but that time I have washing my teeths I am stand with a Datwan in hand and replied him that if letters or parcel not came what I shall do no any fault under me. Afterward the mager esquire fall down from his horse and beaten me two thapper in the presence of the Police and villagers without my any fault. I therefore beg to request the favour of your kindly forwarding to the officer of the mager for favour of notice.

"I have, &c."

The Inspector's report, after enquiring into the above complaint, was:—

"I have the honour to state that a Major of a certain Army was passing through — Branch P.O. and called at the P.O. to receive a parcel which he was expecting. The Br. P.M. being ignorant of delicate English etiquette did not receive the Major politely who could not tolerate the conduct of the Br. P.M. and dismounting from his horse gave him good slapping for Yadgiri. The Br. P.M. cannot name the Major or the Army to which he is attached. I have, however, apologised to the Br. P.M. as a proxy-major and he has now been reconciled."

The Superintendent, Belgaum, informs me that he once received a petition for leave. It started with "Sir"; the second paragraph with "Honoured Sir"; the third with "Your Honour"; the fourth with "My Lord"; and "it wound up with the fact that he knew I came of very good family and therefore could not do an injustice and remained.

"Your Royal Highness,

* * *."

A native sorter once wrote to his Superintendent, that owing to "a bad attack of perjury" (meaning purging) he was unable to go on duty by the mail train to Mokameh. Another sorter, in the pride and delight of being a father for the first time, reported that his wife had given birth to a "male boy." An Assistant Superintendent R.M.S. once complained of a head sorter for having made "a winked eyed request" to another sorter, not to do so, when that individual was asked to speak the truth.

"An officer of the —, travelling from N— to M—, told the parcel-clerk to book his greyhound slut and two pups. After the Baboo calculated the charges, he made out the railway receipt and brought it to the officer who was much amused at the description given which was as follows :—

- 1 Female Dogs
- 2 Poop of Dog above.

"This was shown to the native station master, who said, 'Your honour will kindly excuse for this poor man as he is a fool and has plenty ignorance.' Turning to the offender, he said, 'You estoopid gudda (*donkey*) why you are making the laughing estock of everybody and making the shame on us? Have you never study dictionary? Go and make yourself correct before attending the works.' The parcel clerk retired, and after a few minutes interval returned with a fresh receipt, which read as follows :—

- 1 B—h,
- 2 Sons of B—h."

The next is a copy of a letter addressed to a Hindu father in Lahore asking for the hand of his daughter.

"To Baboo—Paternal father of Miss —,

"Dear Sir,—It is with a faltering penmanship that I write to have communication with you about the prospective condition of your damsel offspring. For some remote time to past a secret passion has firing my bosom internally with loving for your daughter. I have navigated every channel in the magnitude of my extensive juris-diction to cruelly smother the growing love-knot that is being constructed in my within-side, but the humid lamp of affection trimmed by Cupid's productive hand still nourishes my love-sickened heart. Needless would it be for me to numerically extemporize the great conflagration that has been generated in my head and heart. During the region of rightness, my intellectual cranium has been entangled in thoughtful attitude after my beloved consort, nocturnal

slumberlessness has been the infirmity which has besieged my now degenerate constitution. My educational capabilities have abandoned me and here I now cling to those lovely long tresses of your much coveted daughter like a mariner-ship wrecked on the rock of love. As to my scholastic calibre I was recently ejected from Calcutta University, I am now masticating and will make a move as soon as I perceive the business of life. I am of a lofty and original lineage and of independent incomes, and hoping that having debated this proposition to your pregnant mind you will concordantly corroborate in espousing your female progeny to my tender bosom and thereby acquire me into your family circle.

“Your dutiful Son-in-law.”

A gomasta (*a factor*) who got a head-stall made for his employer's house billed him in the following terms:—

“To cooly hire of making a leather saddle for a Horse Nose, Rs. 4.”

This is from the sign-board of a baker:—

“ALI BUX,

First class European Loafer, every kinds of breads prepared on shortest notice. Prices to suit all taste, from 16, per rupee down. Biscuit, Sponge cake, also Seeds cake, Jellie and Ice Creem of sorts, daily made at lowest cost, and Europe style.”

The next is a report from the Inspector, Upper Sind:—

“No, 977. Dated 7th July, 1898.

“Sir,—An application has been received from the residents of Sita village, stating that at present the days of clearance of the letter box kept at their village are Mondays and Fridays, but that Fridays are inconvenient to them as they represent that on that day they have to read longer prayers than on other week days, and that on that account they cannot write their letters on Fridays. As the village is an important one there seems to me to be no objection to comply with the request of villagers and fix the day of clearance as Thursday instead of Friday. This would not involve much change in the present sorting list of Sita, P.O., beyond that the villages now served by postman Sita on Thursday will be served by him in future, on Fridays, If my proposal is sanctioned I shall ask the Stock Depot to supply me with a new plate for the letter box at Sita marked Thursday.

“I beg, &c.”

Before concluding, some specimens of telegrams may be given. M.S.C.D. relates :—"This telegram was sent not long since by a Bombay Brahmin to his friend in Poona. A wealthy Brahmin wired to his friend to send up a 'good milking cow.' It was some time before a cow of the description given could be procured. However, she was duly despatched by rail to Poona, but the sender was at a loss how to telegraph the despatch of the cow to Poona. The cow being sacred, he had, of course, to use the choicest and most sacred terms. Therefore, after cogitating for some time, he hit upon the following message which he sent to his friend :—"Almighty God is sent by noon goods train, meet."

The District Traffic Superintendent, Quetta, received this telegram :—

"Sir,—Here is everyone dying on account cholera, kindly grant us leave. We go by first train in anticipation of sanction. What can poor baboos give in exchange of his soul?"

An engineer having wired for bamboos, the recipient must have been astonished at this message being handed to him :—"Send six baboos, male, about seven feet long and ten inches round. None procurable here."

ANGAREION.

Quetta.

Professor Hughes, F.R.S.

DAVID EDWARD HUGHES, inventor of the type-printing telegraph which bears his name, died at the end of January last at the age of sixty-nine. It was pretty generally supposed at one time that he was an American, from the fact that, when but seven years of age, he emigrated with his parents to the United States. But he was born in London in 1831, and to London he returned some twenty-five years afterwards to reap the fruits of his invention and end his days. While in America he was a professor of music for some time in a Kentucky college, and his love of physical science and mechanics so developed there, that he was appointed at the early age of nineteen to the Chair of Natural Philosophy in the same college. Even at this early age he was fond of dabbling in scientific apparatus, especially that used in telegraphy; and it seems not improbable that his skill as a pianist led him on to the invention of his type-printer, which is worked by a keyboard not unlike that of a piano. This instrument is not only one of the most interesting but one of the cleverest used in telegraphy. It is mainly mechanical, the electrical action being confined to the sending a single short current when the type wheel is in the proper position, and only a single wave is needed to produce a letter. But, under certain conditions, combinations of as many as five letters can be produced during a single revolution of the type wheel, a triumph of mechanical ingenuity which has never been approached in any telegraph instrument. Obviously in a system of this kind the sending and receiving instruments must be in absolute synchronism, and here, again, the mechanical genius of the inventor has been displayed in the most extraordinary manner. Nor only so, but the *sending* instrument reproduces the message recorded at the distant end of the wire, so that the operator has constantly before him the result of his work, and can see at a glance whether he is transmitting accurately or not. This is a feature quite peculiar to the Hughes instrument, and so is the fact that the actual record of the signals transmitted, and not a mere translation and transcription of them, is delivered to the recipient of the message. So that not only is inaccurate translation

but indistinct handwriting wholly eliminated from the operation of telegraphing by the Hughes method.

The Hughes system was first introduced in America, but it had a formidable competitor in the Morse, which was of native origin, and which already had a firm hold throughout the systems of the leading companies. As in America so in England, the leading companies were wedded to their own systems, and the Electric Company, which may be said to have controlled the others, would have none of the Hughes system. Later on, however, the United Kingdom Company, at the instigation of its enlightened and enterprising manager, Mr. William Andrews, late managing director of the Indo-European Telegraph Company, introduced the system,



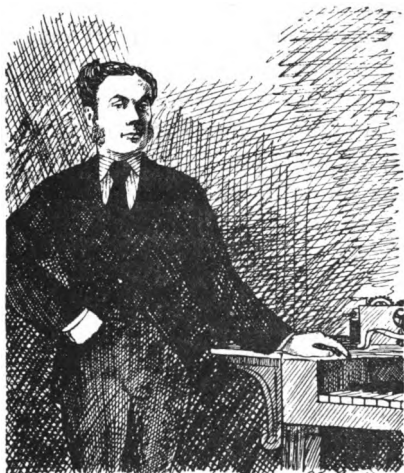
PROFESSOR HUGHES, F.R.S.

and Mr. Andrews became the warm friend of Professor Hughes. But it was on the Continent that the system was to meet with instant and sustained recognition. The French Government took it up with enthusiasm, and Napoleon III. was so enamoured of it, that he at once created the inventor a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Italy followed suit, and the adoption of the system in that country soon brought Professor Hughes the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazare, conferred by the King himself. In 1863, owing to the success of the instrument in Russia after six months' trial, Professor Hughes was created a Commander of the Order of St. Anne; and in 1867, he installed his system on the Prussian land lines and in Austria, receiving the Order of the Iron Crown from the king of the last mentioned country, as well as the Grand Cross of the Medjidie

from the Sultan of Turkey. In 1867, the Paris Exhibition awarded him one of the ten Gold Medals designed to reward the very highest achievements in science at that time; while Belgium, Spain, Switzerland, Bavaria and Wurtemberg all vied with each other in bestowing upon him equally marked honours. It was, no doubt, owing to the almost universal adoption of the system on the continent that the Submarine Telegraph Company so early adopted it on this side of the Channel; and the ultimate absorption of this Company by the Post Office led to the introduction of the system into St. Martin's-le-Grand, where it was practically unknown before. The instrument is by no means an easy one to work, and this probably had something to do with its late and tardy adoption in this country. It requires both brains, legs and arms to keep it going, and it is hardly suited to the female capacity, although the writer once saw it splendidly worked by quite a young woman about thirty years ago. About this time, or perhaps a year or two later, the writer established a Hughes circuit between London and Newmarket for racing work, and the sketch shown on the next page, made at the time by a clever artist well known to the readers of *St. Martin's*, was designed to celebrate the event. The experiment was highly successful, and the delivery of telegrams printed in bold Roman characters created much interest amongst the habitués of the turf headquarters.

Although Professor Hughes had already achieved enough for fame, the invention of the type-printer was but the commencement of his scientific career. He invented the microphone, without which the telephone would be still only in the lisping stage; and, what is more, he made a free gift of the invention to the whole world. How patient and painstaking were his researches in connection with this invention, is evident from an amusing story which is told about his desiring to record the "tramp of the fly" across the carbon diaphragm of the apparatus. It was winter time, and there were no flies to be had as a matter of ordinary domestic capture. Nothing dismayed, he set off for a neighbouring pastry-cook's, where he secured his "quarry," and conveyed it home in a pill-box, much to the amusement of the shopkeeper. Who can tell how much that "tramp of the fly" has contributed to the delicate apparatus which does duty as the transmitter for the telephone everywhere to-day! Professor Hughes' contribution to electrical science, and his researches in the domain of the experimental theory of magnetism, are known to all scientific men, although it may not be so well known that he discovered the essential principle of wireless

telegraphy, but, with his accustomed modesty, omitted to publish the discovery in time to entitle him to priority. He was a man who worked for the love of science, and did not trouble his head much about the substantial results of his labours, else he had realised a large fortune from the microphone. All honour to him in this age of self-seekers and self-advertisers ! That he was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a Past President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, goes without saying ; but it is not easy to account for the singular omission of successive Governments to include his name in



*The Hughes, the Hughes, the silly Hughes
That prints each letter as you choose
Horse glories pale & quickly flee
When Hughes strikes up E J O T*



the list of persons to be decorated by Her Majesty for distinguished service to their country. Was it because he was too modest, too retiring to push himself forward ; and too manly to ask other people to do it for him ? On the one or two occasions when the writer has had the pleasure of meeting him, he has been strangely attracted by his modest, simple character, and by the winsomeness of his address and demeanour. These, rather than external honours and decorations, are, after all, the truest marks of genius and distinction. *The Electrician*, in announcing "with profound sorrow" the death

of Professor Hughes, speaks thus feelingly of his career, and of the loss which his friends have sustained :—

“ His death at the age of 69 years deprives the world of one of its most accomplished electricians, the electrical profession of one of its most honoured and respected members, and a world-wide circle of admirers of a genial and well-beloved friend. It can truly be recorded that David Hughes lived without making a single enemy, and died mourned by all whose good fortune it has been to come within the cheery circle of his friendship. We mourn his loss not only as a well-esteemed personal friend, but also as a compatriot to whose versatility and genius his native country has been astoundingly blind, while all the countries of the civilized world have showered honours upon his head.”

This is a well-deserved tribute, to which I should be sorry to add a single word, except to note the magnificent benefactions to science and to certain London Hospitals made by Professor Hughes, and announced since the foregoing lines were written. R. W. J.

Post Office Prosecutions in Ireland Fifty Years Ago.

IN turning over the pages of memory back to the halcyon days of youth, many incidents occur to me in connection with the postal service in Ireland, and I select the following, as, apart from any interest they may possess, they illustrate the mode of dealing with criminal offences by the surveying staff when there was neither a Confidential Enquiry Branch as in England, nor a Public Prosecutor as in Scotland.

At this period the duty of a Surveyor's Clerk, after making a successful enquiry, and perhaps trapping a delinquent, was to arrest him, draw up witnesses' depositions and his own, summon a bench of not less than two magistrates, and act in the dual capacity of counsel and witness—addressing the bench and giving evidence for the Crown. On the committal of the prisoner, copies of the depositions were sent to the Post Office Counsel, of whom one was appointed for each circuit.

One of the earliest enquiries of this nature entrusted to me was rather a curious one, as showing how a single drop of blood on a young girl's hand led to a conviction for extensive frauds on the Revenue. I was then serving under Mr. Trollope, Acting Surveyor of the Northern District in Ireland, and as I was young and inexperienced, the case would probably not have been referred to me by Mr. Trollope if he had not been busily engaged on his novel, *Framley Parsonage*. It was the first of his series of works treating of clerical life, a vein of literature which had hardly been touched since Goldsmith wrote *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The knowledge of ecclesiastical life, which was so foreign to Mr. Trollope's experience, was acquired through his introduction to the Bishop of Down by Mr. Fitzgibbon, Surveyor's Clerk, whose sister was the wife of the Bishop; but *revenons à nos moutons*.

The case for enquiry was one of extensive frauds on the Revenue by the substitution of used for new stamps on about from 80 to 100 letters a day passing through the Dublin office. Owing to the careful manner in which the obliterating stamp was used to screen the fraud, it was months before it was detected. It was noticed

that the letters bearing old stamps were chiefly posted in Coleraine or its subordinate offices, and accordingly copies were taken in the Dublin G.P.O. of the addresses of all letters forwarded to Coleraine, the labels they bore being numbered in invisible ink. These stamps were on many occasions observed coming back on letters forwarded from Coleraine to Dublin. It thus became clear that the frauds were committed at the former office, but there was no evidence as to who was the actual delinquent, or whether there were more than one. This I was directed to find out, but after employing policemen in plain clothes from other localities to post trap letters at Coleraine, nothing material was discovered, and it was then decided to obtain a warrant to search for used stamps in the house in which the post office was placed. Accordingly, accompanied by several of the police, I made diligent search in the post office, and in the house of the postmistress without any result. I was about to abandon the search when I observed a drop of blood on the back of the hand of one of the daughters of the postmistress, and who was an assistant in the office. I gallantly advanced to wipe it off with my handkerchief, and as I did so I saw beside a slight abrasion of the skin a white speck that looked like lime. This set me thinking—whence came this lime, and how? Could it have been caused by thrusting the hand into a hole and hurriedly withdrawing it? This seemed not improbable, and we therefore directed our attention to looking for rat holes, and in one of them, in a lumber room at the back of the post office, the much desired stamps were found by a constable, who, in withdrawing his hand, hurt it in precisely the same way as had the postmistress's daughter.

The latter, with her brother, then confessed, and both were convicted at the assizes at Londonderry and sentenced to nine months imprisonment.

During the vacancy at Coleraine I took charge of the office. An election for the borough was proceeding, and as acting postmaster it became my duty to report on the election, especially the result of the poll, to the Lord Lieutenant. This latter information I was fortunate enough to obtain just as the mail coach for the south drove up to the door of the post office. Hurriedly inserting the required numbers in the already written report, I dropped it into the mail bag, which I handed to the mail guard. Just as I did so in walked the Chief Secretary for Ireland, the Hon. Southwell Bourke, afterwards Lord Mayo, who, when Governor-General of India, was assassinated in one of the Andaman Islands.

He had with him, evidently, a similar report to mine, and ordered me to forward it. I knew if I did so my report would be valueless, and refused to re-open the mail bag. Mr. Bourke announced his official position, and my reply was, "If you were the Lord Lieutenant, whose Secretary you are, I would not forward the letter, as the Post Office Department, in its dealings with the public, recognised no difference between the representative of the Crown and a humble peasant." Of course, I know better now, but I was rewarded for my refreshing innocence by receiving a complimentary letter from the Viceroy thanking me for the information I had afforded.

My next official investigation illustrates the truth of the lines in Burns that "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley." The case was one of the abstraction of ten £5 notes from a registered letter posted in Dublin for Ballinamore, County Leitrim. I visited Ballinamore, but though my appearance was not known to the sub-postmaster, I made no attempt to make any enquiry at his office, but, under various disguises, contented myself with endeavouring to gain possession of one of the missing notes. At last, after several days spent in this way, I tendered in a public-house five pounds in silver, asking for a £5 note, as if I were a commercial traveller who desired to make a remittance.

To my delight I received from a farmer who was standing by one of the stolen notes. I traced it to the hands of the sub-postmaster, and arrested him. He was committed for trial at Carrick-on-Shannon, and now comes his first escape from our hands. The case against him was conclusive, provided each link in the chain of evidence remained unbroken, and his counsel was aware of this when he applied at the assizes to the judge to postpone the trial until the following day. His request was granted, and next morning, when the prisoner was arraigned, we found that one of our witnesses had been spirited away in the night, and the missing link, like the more celebrated one in nature, could not be found. So the prisoner was acquitted, and returned in triumph to Ballinamore. I had, however, still another hold over him, as I had learned that he had forged the signature of one of his alleged sureties to his bond to the Post Office. It would have been useless to ask this person, who was a Roman Catholic priest, to disavow the signature, as he would be naturally unwilling to bring the late sub-postmaster, who was a personal friend, into further trouble, and to obtain the desired admission the following ruse was adopted :—

The resident or stipendiary magistrate, as he was then designated,

arranged with me to go out as if for a day's shooting, and to call on the priest with whom he was acquainted, and whom we found at home ; after a few minutes of ordinary conversation, the magistrate turned the subject to the rumour of the priest signing the bond, and I asked permission to write a letter, but in reality to take down the replies of the priest, which were to the effect that he had not signed any bond. Instantly, and somewhat dramatically, the magistrate swore the priest as to the statement he had made, and taken aback he signed the deposition which I had drawn up, and in an hour afterwards I had the late sub-postmaster again in custody, and brought him before a bench of magistrates, who committed him for trial. His solicitor asked that he might be retained in the local Bridewell all night, instead of being conveyed to the county jail. I objected, but my objection was overruled, and next morning the village was in a state of excitement at the escape of the prisoner. It seems at a late hour the previous night his wife had called to see him, and they were allowed to meet in the backyard of the Bridewell. Half-an-hour after the Bridewell keeper went into the yard and found only the women there, the prisoner having been hauled by his friends over the wall some twenty feet high, and placed on an outside car, which was driven off. When next heard of he was in one of the western states of America, where he had been joined by his wife and family.

Shortly after this case I was transferred from the Northern to the Western District, the work of which was in arrear, and there a case occurred which, though it had rather a comic beginning, had a very tragic ending. It was a case of missing letters mostly posted after 10 p.m. in an important office in the West of Ireland. At that hour it was the practice of the senior clerk at the posting office to clear the letter box, lock it, and take the key with him until his return to duty next morning. The officers who had charge of the enquiry arranged with this clerk to let him sit in the letter box from 10.30 p.m. until midnight, by which time the postmaster, who was the suspected party, would have made up the night mail and left it in the office to be called for next morning. Accordingly this "Jack in the Box" was carefully locked up in the letter box, a position more novel than dignified; still, it gave him a good view of the front office in which the postmaster made up the mail. After a while he fell asleep and had a rude awakening, a large packet tied up in a roll being thrust from the outside against the eye nearest the aperture; forgetful of everything he gave a yell which startled the poster, as well as the

postmaster, who rushed to the box and opened it with his master key, and affecting to regard the intruder as a would-be burglar, gave him a severe pummelling, which effectually put an end to his desire to make further enquiries.

After this fiasco the papers were referred to me, and my investigations led me to the County Cavan, where one of the addressees of the missing letters, a gentleman of position, resided. The "shades of evening were falling fast" when I reached his house. As usual in such enquiries this gentleman expressed the fullest confidence in the honesty of his servants, but agreed with their consent to allow me to search their boxes. They made no objection, and accompanied by the butler and his master I went to the room of the former, and kneeling down commenced to search his clothes trunk. As I did so I noticed it had a false bottom, and inside the space thus formed were three of the missing letters minus their contents. Without rising I turned to look at the butler, who became deadly pale. He put his hand in his coat pocket, and the next moment the report of a pistol rang through the room, and the unfortunate man fell dead at his master's feet, having shot himself through the brain. For the first time in my life I regretted the success of an enquiry followed as it was by so sad a result.

The abolition of the practice of receiving money for the prepayment of letters for abroad and marking the amount so received on the letters, instead of affixing stamps, has rendered it impossible to embezzle the postage, a class of fraud which was not so infrequent in former days as might be supposed. One involving much hardship came under my observation. I had occasion to visit a small town in the County Roscommon, to enquire into the solvency of sureties, not being quite satisfied with the practice of a colleague, which was simply to enquire of the chambermaid at the hotel where he was stopping, and certify accordingly. While making this enquiry at the post office, I mechanically arranged some old papers which were lying about the office, and in doing so came unexpectedly on some eighty letters for the United States which were not marked in red ink, although it was subsequently found that all had been prepaid one shilling each. Some had been delayed many months, and in the close ties which existed between poor people in Ireland and their relatives in the States, it can easily be imagined the grief and anxiety which the interruption of their communications for so long a period occasioned. The sub-postmistress made no attempt to deny her guilt, and she was sent for trial at the assizes. She was

the daughter of a coachman to Lord de Freyne, who, when the trial came on, made interest with the presiding judge—the late Judge Keogh—to get her off, the result being that her trial was put off until the evening of the last day of the Assizes, when the jurors in waiting were released from further attendance with the exception of the relatives and friends of the prisoner, who were constituted jurors, and practically directed by the judge to do so acquitted the prisoner. The entire proceedings were characterized by Mr. West, the eminent Queen's Counsel, as a scandalous miscarriage of justice.

The integrity and sense of honour of the Irish Bench were then as high as they are now, and I trust ever will be; and it is only charitable to assume that the mind of the learned judge was unhinged, as not long afterwards he terminated his existence by cutting his throat in the absence of his valet, who was more his keeper than a servant.

I have now exceeded the limit of space which the courtesy of the Editor of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* might be reasonably expected to extend to me, and it only remains to me to conclude with the expression of a hope that this year—the first of the century—though ushered in amidst the horrors of war, may not close until peace, perfect peace, again reigns supreme.

C. A. MAITLAND.

The Liverpool Post Office—Past and Present.—IV.



THE history of the Liverpool office for the last 50 years is more prosaic, but not less striking, than that of the earlier period. There have been fewer curious incidents, but a growth and development that are amazing. It is one long record of increasing business, and the manner in which each new facility has been used shows how much the Postal Service has become appreciated by, and necessary to, the community, both as regards business and social life.

An old Sorting Office Superintendent, still living, told me that in the early fifties a foreign mail of 100 bags was considered an exceptionally heavy arrival; on the 23rd December last over 2,000 large bags arrived in one ship from New York, and over 1,000 are now frequently received at one time, at all seasons of the year.

Fifty years ago the number of letters delivered weekly was 156,000; it is now over a million and a half.

At that time there were about 1,500 private boxes, with nine deliveries a day to callers; there were then only four deliveries a day by postmen, made by about 60 men; now with seven deliveries made by over 600 men, the private boxes have fallen to less than 150.

The first special examination of newspapers of which I have any knowledge was commenced at Liverpool in 1853, that of newspapers from America, which had been found frequently to contain writing; the charge levied when writing was detected was treble letter postage, equal to 3s. for each $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Another fraud also common at that period was the washing of the higher priced stamps so as to remove the obliterating ink. The stamps so prepared had a peculiar glazed appearance, and the foreign letters passing through the office were carefully examined to detect them.

In this year (1853) I find an order fixing the attendance of clerks at nine hours a day, of 1st and 2nd class sorters at 10 hours a day, and 3rd and 4th class sorters at 11 hours a day on week-days, and all had to work seven hours on alternate Sundays if required. Overtime payment was unknown, but there was a proviso that no

officer was to remain on duty for more than 16 hours. Payment for overtime only commenced in 1870, and was at first made at a fixed rate; it was only given for more than nine hours day duty, and more than eight hours night duty, and was limited to three hours a day. It is interesting to compare the personal conditions of the staff now with those which obtained only 30 years ago. So recently as 1869, a man was suspended, fined two days' pay, and had his holiday reduced from three weeks to one, for refusing to attend for duty on Christmas Day.

In the first Report of the Postmaster-General, addressed by Lord Canning to the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, on the 31st January, 1855, I find the following paragraph, of some interest to Liverpool people.

"In the course of last year, with the sanction of your Lordships, I have awarded a payment of £200 to Mr. Brownless, one of the clerks in the Liverpool office, for a plan of a Floating Receiving House, which he devised and carried out, so as to admit of letters for America being posted up to the latest moment before the sailing of the packet. Mr. Brownless' plan has been a great accommodation to the public, and profitable to the Revenue." The "plan," however, does not appear to have been permanently successful, for I find no record of it, and officers who entered the Service only four years later say it was not then in operation, and they never even heard of it. Mr. Brownless must therefore be considered a fortunate man.

The present arrangement is to accept "late fee" letters at the Landing Stage Branch Office, up to a short time before the sailing of foreign mail packets, and the officer in charge encloses them in a bag which is handed by a mail porter to the ship's mail officer.

In 1856, the practice, which had long existed, of allowing clerks in the Packet Office to receive fees for supplying special information as to the arrival and despatch of foreign mails to the Exchange News Rooms, and other business centres, was stopped. The officers in question continued to supply the information, but their salaries were increased. The distribution of similar information continues to be a very important part of the work of the Liverpool Office at the present time. In January, 1865, a warning was issued that no officers except letter carriers are permitted to solicit or receive any gratuity from the public, which suggests that the former practice had not then entirely ceased.

On the 1st April, 1857, Liverpool was transferred to the Manchester

Surveyor's district, and it may interest my surveying friends to know that the Surveyor was then Mr. Gay, who had his headquarters at Altrincham, and that his clerks were E. C. Windsor and E. C. Burckhardt.

The plan of allotting to each officer a fixed duty, from which he must not deviate without express orders from his superior officer, was introduced at Liverpool in 1858.

During the last 40 years the order books are full of instructions relating to altered and improved circulation, additional bags and accelerated means of communication with all parts of the Kingdom, new offices opened, and many other matters too numerous to mention in detail, but proving that my predecessors were keenly alive to the importance of continually improving the service, and undoubtedly accounting to a great extent for the growth of business that has been equally steady and continuous.

Among these improvements may be mentioned the use of time collecting tablets in letter boxes, which were, I believe, first tried in Liverpool; the establishment of the North Western T.P.O. (up day mail) in June, 1862; a service to and from the West of England through the London and Exeter T.P.O., and with the Eastern Counties through Ely in 1863; important accelerations of the London day mails in 1867; improved service to Lincolnshire and South Wales in 1868, to Cornwall through the T.P.O. in 1870, and through the Galloway Sorting Tender in 1871 to the South West of Scotland.

Those who know Southport to-day as a busy and fashionable town of 70,000 inhabitants will be surprised to hear that it was served by mail cart from Liverpool until the year 1863, when a mail train was established to Ormskirk and Southport. In the same year also, Formby, a large district between Liverpool and Southport, received and despatched its mails by railway for the first time.

The London district system was introduced in 1864, and at the present time there are four district offices and eleven sub-district offices, at each of which there is a separate staff of postmen, working independently under the control of an inspector or a head postman.

At Liverpool, as elsewhere, the importance and usefulness of the service was greatly increased by the acquisition of the telegraphs in 1870. In the first year less than a million and a half of telegrams were dealt with, a number that has increased to eight millions and a half at the present time. A remarkable order describes the limits of the free delivery of telegrams in March, 1870; it extended only from two to three miles, and less in some directions, excluding

Aigburth, Aintree, Bootle, Garston, Old Swan, Seaforth, Walton, Waterloo, Wavertree, and West Derby, all now densely populated suburbs of the city, and included within the town postal delivery.

In December, 1871, a regrettable incident occurred, a strike of telegraphists, due, I believe, to delay that appeared to them excessive in settling their pay, position, and prospects.

The trunk telephone wires were added to the telegraphs in February, 1897; there were then 50 such wires, and 54 have since been added by the engineers of the department. In the first completed year these switchings numbered 730,000; and they have now increased to over 1,000,000; but it is doubtful if the full development of either telephone or telegraph business will be reached until the local exchanges are transferred to the control of the department, and the whole of what is really one business is thereby placed under one management.

In 1870 the members of the British Association held their annual congress in Liverpool, and a special post office was opened for their convenience in Brown's Museum. The visit was repeated in 1896, when I had the pleasure of again opening a "British Association" post office, this time in St. George's Hall; as there were 3,000 members, a large proportion of whom called at the special office for their letters each morning, the post was no sinecure for the officer in charge and his staff.

The Exchange Branch Office, the busiest and most important office of the kind out of London, was opened in 1871. It faces the celebrated "Exchange Flags," behind the Town Hall, with the well-known monument to Nelson in the centre, which has, from Waterloo to Ladysmith, been the scene of patriotic demonstrations, and on which, until the opening of a Cotton Exchange in 1896, a very large part of the cotton brought to this country was bought and sold. This branch office is absolutely the centre of the principal business quarter of the city, and its establishment made it possible to close no less than four receiving offices in different thoroughfares leading to the Exchange.

In 1874, a direct service from Liverpool with a new branch office was first established to Bootle, now the northern suburb, containing some of the newest and largest docks, which has since been incorporated as a separate borough.

In the same year a daily sailing to the Isle of Man was first commenced, and the railway in the south of that island was first used for the conveyance of mails.

On the 1st March, 1876, the Returned Letter Branch was established in Liverpool, to relieve the London office of dealing with the undelivered letters from a part of Lancashire, Cheshire, Shropshire, and North Wales. The number of articles disposed of in the Liverpool R.L.B. steadily increased until it exceeded 1,000,000 in 1894, but owing to the wise step taken by the Department in conceding the free re-direction of halfpenny matter, the number has now dropped to 430,000 a year. Many curious articles have passed through this branch, but none more curious than a parcel dealt with last Christmas. To all external appearances it was a fine goose, ready dressed for the fire; the returner, however, thought it felt hard, and cutting it open, found it stuffed with a bottle of whisky. This parcel came from Ireland, and perhaps it was fortunate for the addressee, or his cook, that the label came off in transit, for one shudders to think of what might have been the consequences of exposing a bottle of whisky under such conditions to the heat of a roasting fire.

Mr. Charles B. Greaves Banning retired in 1874, and the Liverpool office was placed temporarily in the charge of Mr. Henry James, then Surveyor of the North Western District. The three members of the Banning family, Thomas and his two sons, had held the office between them for no less than 76 years.

Mr. J. D. Rich, who had been transferred from Manchester to Liverpool in 1865 as chief clerk, succeeded Mr. Charles Banning as postmaster, and was installed on the 20th March, 1875. He retired in November, 1895, and was succeeded by the writer of these notes on the 1st January, 1896.

F. SALISBURY.

(To be concluded.)

*Post Office Improvements in 1899.**

ALTHOUGH no very striking improvement can be recorded, the Post Office has, during the year just closed, made steady and continuous progress in many directions. The year has, in the first place, witnessed the extension of penny postage to Malta, Jamaica, Mauritius, British North Borneo, Labuan, and the Cape of Good Hope, so that now the only British colonies which have not, as yet, availed themselves of the reduced rate of transmission are those of Australia, New Zealand, and Rhodesia. In the past year the orbit of the telegraph has been extended to Swakopmund and Walfisch Bay; and simultaneously telegraph rates have been reduced to Korea, Denmark, French and Dutch Guiana, Venezuela, Portugese East Africa, certain places in South and East Africa, Formosa, British Guiana, the West Indies, and Key West.

It is anticipated that in the hands of the Post Office the development of the trunk telephone system will be considerable. It is four years since the department took over the trunk system of telephones, and in the interval great progress has been made in the spreading of its network. A large amount of work of the kind was performed in 1898—99, when the trunk system was extended to the following places in the order given:—Cirencester, Dunoon, Nairn, Penzance, Rothesay, St. Austell, Truro, North Berwick, Salisbury, Huntingdon, Peterborough, Stamford, Newquay, Arklow, Wicklow, Boston, King's Lynn, Redruth, Settle, Stratford-on-Avon, Lanark, Louth, Tiverton, Wellington (Salop), Llantwit Major, and Wallsend.

Early last year arrangements were made whereby letters marked "Express delivery on Sunday," and prepaid the necessary express fee, were carried on Sundays from the General Post Office to any address in the London postal district. In the course of 45 weeks 3,200 letters were so delivered, giving an average of 71 per week. The express fee is 3d. per mile according to the distance of the address from the General Post Office, and the average fee paid on the letters delivered was 9d., so that on an average each letter was carried three miles, the longest distance travelled by an express messenger on Sunday being 11 miles—namely, to Hanwell, which is

* Reprinted from *The Times* of the 10th January 1900.

one of the extreme points of the district. This Sunday express delivery includes letters from abroad as well as inland letters, and it has been found of great convenience lately in connection with letters coming to hand in the mails from the Cape after the last delivery on Saturday night. The wives of officers and others serving with the South African Field Force have, in numerous instances, lodged applications that any letters arriving too late for distribution on Saturday may be conveyed by special messenger on Sunday, and quite recently when the Cape Mail reached London too late for distribution the same evening 15 such letters were taken out by express messenger. It may be added that express messengers may be sent to any place outside London regardless of distance, the only condition being that, in addition to the ordinary postage, the express delivery fee of 3d. per mile shall be paid. Messages of this kind have been delivered at Ascot, Chatham and Aldershot.

The war has affected the Post Office in many ways, more especially by the withdrawal of a large number of its servants who were in the Army Reserve, and who have been called to rejoin the colours. The number of men who have left the London Letter and Parcel Post Service to fight is 231, in addition to whom 160 others have gone to form the Army Postal and Telegraph Corps at the front, so that altogether the metropolis has temporarily given up nearly 400 of its Post Office workers; and this number does not include men who have gone out from the Post Office Stores Department, the Central Telegraph Office, the Savings Bank Department, and the Money Order Office in London.

News from the seat of war coming officially has, since the first Sunday in November, been regularly forwarded to every telegraph office in the country open for the delivery of telegrams on Sunday morning, and been exhibited in the window of the office, where it can be read by the public. The Post Office is being utilised in another respect in connexion with the war—namely, for the payment of separation allowances to married Reservists in the employment of the department, and of compassionate allowances granted by the Receiver of the Metropolitan Police to such Reservists as belong to the Metropolitan Police; while as soon as it was decided, in the early part of October, to mobilize the First Class Army Reserve, arrangements were made whereby the Post Office, on presentation at any money order office in the United Kingdom of an Army form headed "Notice to join the Army for permanent service," has paid to each Reservist the sum of 3s. as mobilized Reserve pay.

Herzliche Glückwünsche! Ober-Postdirection Köln (Rhein).



J. H. B.

A NEW YEAR'S CARD FROM THE COLOGNE POST OFFICE.

[To face page 190]



Our Library Table.

[We draw no hard and fast line as to the kind of books we notice, but, of course, we give the preference to those written by Civil Servants.]

THE HISTORY OF STROOD, by Henry Smetham. Sweet & Sons, High Street, Strood, 1899. Parrett and Neves, "News" office: Chatham and Rochester.

It is the habit with many people to sneer at local histories, to class them among the books which are not books, and to impute to the particular town which is sufficiently proud of the past to publish its records in a book an exaggerated sense of its own importance. And yet the compiler of local records is perhaps doing a more valuable service to "letters" than the literary man whose ambition is to add yet another history of the eighteenth century or another history of our own times to an already well-stocked corner of literature. For the local historian is providing the material out of which the historian of the future will construct a real history of the English people which will not be a mere political story or a series of biographical sketches of great individualities. So long as the local historian tells his story simply, producing his evidence in an intelligible manner, we are not likely to demand from him the gifts of a Gibbon or a Froude, for the people who will read his book are the lovers of statistics for their own sake, and the past and present inhabitants of the town to whom the facts are so interesting of themselves that they require little or no artistic setting. The lover of statistics resents style or imaginative work in the department of history: he likes the raw material, and he wishes neither the novelist nor the philosopher to spoil his enjoyment of the plain fare on which he lives. The book before us is a compilation of records, but it is well arranged and clearly and intelligibly written. People who know Strood or who are interested in her past will find something to interest them on every page. To hundreds of our readers the picturesqueness of the place must be familiar as they have seen it from a Chatham and Dover train en route to the Kentish coast. In ancient days the crossing of the Medway was as formidable a business as the crossing of the Tugela. The Strood drift had to be reckoned with by all travellers, whether they were Danish or Norman soldiers, or pilgrims to

Canterbury. The history of the bridge is as remarkable as that of London. Tradition even favours a Roman bridge, while there is documentary evidence of a Saxon successor. The bridge which was demolished in 1857, to make room for the present structure, had existed for 469 years. What tales its old stones could have told! For Strood is on the high road to Canterbury and Dover, and everybody who was anybody in mediæval days must have crossed the bridge.

Like Natal, Strood has known what a Dutch invasion means. In an old print, reproduced in this book, is a picture of the town and river of Rochester, "wherein is clearly shown the victorious effect of the Fleet of War of the high and mighty Lord States General of the United Netherlands, which took place the 19, 20, 21, 22, and 23 June 1667."

From an old book, containing memoranda, is extracted the following item which may be of interest if not of warning to Post Office men. "1845. Dic Horton was transported for 15 years. Dic Horton's offence was malversation of Post Office funds. Horton's wife was a noted Strood beauty in her day: she lived at what is now known as the Anchorage." Is not this clearly a case of cause and effect? For noted beauties are expensive luxuries everywhere.

In a chapter entitled "Our Men of Mark" we are pleased to notice an admirable portrait and a short account of the career of Mr. F. S. Cobb, the late British Postmaster of Constantinople, who was a native of Strood. There is also produced a portrait of the South-Eastern Station, taken by Mr. Cobb himself when he was a boy at the King's School, Rochester.

We ought to add that the book is admirably illustrated throughout with photographs and sketches, and the publisher's share of the work has contributed much to the pleasure with which we have read this story of the old town on the Medway.

DAVID HARUM: A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE, by Edward Noyes Westcott. London: C. Arthur Pearson Limited, Henrietta Street, W.C., 1899.

WE recommend this delightful book to all our readers. It is true that the actual story is thin, and even melodramatic, and the various characters, with the exception of that of the hero, are slightly and amateurishly drawn, but then the exception we make is such a magnificent one. Nobody who reads the book will care much how

the story goes, his one request will be that David Harum himself shall talk and act the whole time. And there is no denying the fact that the author satisfies such a demand very well. David Harum is a banker in a small American town, with a love for and knowledge of horseflesh, and he has a fresh individual way of thinking and acting that should appeal to us all, as it has already appealed to thousands of the reading public in America. Here is David's consolation to those who are worried. "They say a reasonable amount o' fleas is good fer a dog—keeps him from broodin' over *bein'* a dog mebbe." David was one of the finest men that ever breathed, yet, as he said, "I sh'd have to admit that I ain't much of a hand fer church goin'; Polly has the princ'pal charge of thet branch of the bus'nis, an' the one I stay away from, when I don't go," he said with a grin, "'s the Prespyterium." . . . "I never missed attendin' church on Thanksgivin' day for five years but *four* times." "As I look back it ain't the money 't I've spent fer the good times 't I've had 't I regret; it's the good times 't I might's well 've had an did'nt." "I'm inclined to think," he remarked with an air of having given the matter consideration, "thet after Adam an' Eve got bounced out of the gard'n they kicked themselves as much as anythin' fer not havin' cleared up the hull tree while they was about it." We have given specimens of David's talk: his actions must be read about at length to be appreciated. How he could bargain with and get the better of his fellows and yet maintain his integrity and good heart is delightfully told. Perhaps one little sentence explains it all: "I'm always willin' to let the other feller make a little." If this is what results from being a non-churchgoing Prespyterium, that particular form of faith is surely not to be despised.



Why are Educated Men so Excessively Ignorant?

A FEW days ago, I took part in a debate in a Hampstead drawing-room, opened by Mr. Bernard Shaw. The subject of the discussion was the question which appears at the head of this article, and the battle eventually narrowed itself down to the old controversy, Literature versus Science. Mr. Shaw, as he always is, was brilliant and paradoxical, and had little difficulty in demonstrating the fact that the average classical education is a failure, so far as it is a training for the duties of citizenship. The admittedly good results which follow from a university education are due rather to the communal life which the undergraduate shares in, and not to the antiquated studies to which he is supposed to devote his time and attention. The misfortune attending this training is that in the minds of those who have been through the process, it is regarded as a sort of religious sacrament, which places them for the rest of their lives in a caste apart from their fellow men, and in a position to speak authoritatively on any question which comes in their way. In other words, according to Mr. Shaw, the university man is too often an intolerable prig, who regards his education as a sort of charm, and who knows far less of what is really worth knowing than the uneducated man who has trained his powers of observation. Mr. Shaw's remedy was to substitute utilitarian studies for those which already existed, and in place of the dead languages, which only a ludicrous fraction of university men are able really to master, living languages and studies immediately bearing on social and political life.

Now, I am not going to argue for or against the proposition, but rather to consider from my own point of view the great question he has asked. I speak as an uneducated man. I left school when I was fifteen years of age, and though I had been at an establishment where the study of the dead languages was the principal occupation, and where at the time I left I was in the sixth form, I was always

quite at sea without a good crib and a dictionary. It never seems to have occurred to any of my masters to give me a lesson in writing or modern geography, while English literature was simply represented by Shakespeare's plays, which we were taught to parse and paraphrase ! On the other hand, I had come to the school, where I stayed three years, with certain accomplishments I have never entirely lost. I could repeat whole pages of the Book of Common Prayer, chapter after chapter of the Old and New Testaments, and quantities of English ballads. My father, who was my first and my best teacher, believed in repetition as a system ; and in middle life, when I find that what he taught me has survived, while everything I learnt at the classical school is more or less forgotten, I am inclined to think that he was on the right track. I was always very limited in my ability to quote either from the ancient or modern classics, but when once started I can beat most people at illustrations drawn from the Book of Common Prayer or the Bible. A certain chief once charged me with having written a letter on official matters to a service journal, and when I asked him indignantly what right he had to suspect me of such an offence, he replied smilingly that there were two Biblical phrases in the letter, and he had noticed that I rarely put pen to paper without incriminating myself in this way. I hope that I succeeded in convincing him that he was mistaken in this instance, but his knowledge of my Biblical acquirements undoubtedly caused him much uneasiness. He was a great student of Scripture himself, but he was deficient in the power of applying what he had read to official life. In no other way can I explain away a great many of his acts while he held high office. It was my duty as a representative of other men to have to constantly interview him, and when I quite unconsciously incorporated in my appeals to him some sentence from the Sermon on the Mount, or the Book of Psalms, he invariably said the reference was inopportune, and would have no weight with the Treasury. And he mildly reprimanded me for introducing sacred words into a matter of everyday life. I don't know that he would altogether have disagreed with Lord Melbourne, who, after hearing a sermon on social morality, said indignantly, "that things were coming to a pretty pass if religion was to be allowed to invade the sanctities of private life," but he regarded his knowledge of the Bible, much as the university man does his classical education, as a sort of charm, with no official application. Knowledge one can apply is the only education worth having, but when I tried to apply the only branch of education in which I was proficient, I was discouraged in this way.

The consciousness of the possession of a charm, or of a sacramental benefit, makes the average university man so unreceptive—academic is the favourite phrase to describe him—and the same criticism applies to all who have missed similarly the aim of education. What we want are seers, not scholars. Here are we between two Unknowns, in the possession of a few limited faculties, with powers to get a little light here and a little information there, but even the

most educated among us are steeped in unfathomable ignorance of things, and our own relation to things. The man we hail as a guide is not the one who can tell us what everybody else has said or thought, or the man who suffers himself acutely from the disease we call "literaturitis," but the individual who has a vision of his own, who lives and breathes in an atmosphere of original and living thought, not one that is charged solely with the thoughts and obsolete points of view of our ancestors. I have sometimes felt, after an evening spent in a society where the disease of "literaturitis" is raging, that the omnibus driver with whom I talk on my journey homewards has helped me to a better recognition of the realities of life than have these literary persons who regard their accomplishments as sacramental charms. "Though thou should'st bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him," and if you send him round the world, or turn him loose among the languages of Greece and Rome, his stock of original sin will but pervert the knowledge he has acquired, and his foolishness has so much the more material to work on.

I was much amused at the counsel given to me the other day by a friend who occasionally lectures me, and who on this occasion was explaining to me why he thought correctly on a certain question of the hour, and why I thought incorrectly. He said, "Every question which comes up I use my reason upon. I am not a partisan; I come clearly and dispassionately to the consideration of the subject. I have no prejudices, and I can approach questions without allowing the consideration of personalities to influence me. That old woman Gladstone, for instance, was a mass of sentiment and prejudice," and then he began to indulge in a violent personal attack on the man whom he knew I revered. After still more violent abuse of other prominent Liberal politicians, he finished up with the conviction fervently expressed that the world and the British Empire were destined by some mysterious Fate to become convertible terms. He explained to me that the reason why I did not apparently hold these temperate and comfortable opinions was that I was wrong-headed to start with, and that even though I used my reason, its exercise was vitiated by the double dose of original sin which I possessed. His parting shot was that I jumped to conclusions, and had violent personal animosities, "just like," he said, "a woman." And in a postscript he asked me how long the party to which he thought I belonged was going to be led "by that dish of Scotch haggis, Campbell-Bannerman." This reference caused him to add in another postscript, rather "like a woman," another uncomplimentary reference to the late Mr. Gladstone.

This letter somewhat mystified me, because on the particular question of the hour to which it related, I am genuinely anxious for enlightenment, and guidance from a really unprejudiced person would have been particularly welcome. But when I received a further letter in which he said "I decline to take you seriously; serious argument is wasted when dealing with a man like you," I felt aggrieved.

In this refusal to take me seriously he is not alone. I find that though I argue "like a woman" and jump to conclusions, women themselves habitually misunderstand me. It has been the chief difficulty of my life, this constant misunderstanding of my character by the fair sex. Let me give instances.

The ladies of the Postal Order Branch have, for several years, greatly to their own credit, conducted a magazine which they call *The Boomerang*. It speaks well for their *esprit de corps* and for their love of intellectual pursuits, that having only a comparatively small circle of readers and supporters to depend on, they are yet able to publish month by month their little magazine, to pay their way, and to find suitable literary matter. I am gratified to think that I am the humble means of providing much entertaining copy for the readers of *The Boomerang*. A considerable amount of space is frequently devoted to criticising the articles I have the honour to write for *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, and the fair writers invariably do me the honour to take me seriously. That is more than I can ever get Angelina to do; even our marriage she sometimes avers was evidently the result of a misunderstanding, because, if she had really thought I was serious, she would have been more careful in giving expression to one particular affirmative. But the ladies of *The Boomerang* clearly see in me an earnest but mistaken reformer, and they bring their eloquence to bear on me to lead me to better things. I ventured, for instance, in one issue to suggest that but for the demoralising influence of our women folk who were always goading us on to secure promotion, we Post Office men would be a happy contented race, and quite disinclined to indulge in the art of pushfulness. I was courteously informed in *The Boomerang* that these are the sentiments of a savage, and that to sit in an arm chair, smoking the pipe of contentment, while your wife is in need of hats and gloves and your children are in want of decent shoe leather, is not Christianity. And to suggest that the influence of women is anything but ennobling is an insult to Angelina. I am not giving the exact words of *The Boomerang*, but I think I have accurately summarised the article which contains these sentiments. Now I do not deny that Angelina is at times a very sorely tried individual, but she is spared the suffering the ladies of the Postal Order Branch endure by the possession of an intimate knowledge of my character. And she does not read everything which I write; she prefers counting up the words to see how much they will realise when paid by the thousand. For this reason she is a bad critic of my manuscripts, because she is never in favour of cutting down, or of deleting unnecessary adjectives. She regards adjectives much as the economist regards the pennies which go to make up the pounds, and she is not above putting quite unsuitable ones in if she thinks the bill is not realising the sum that she expected.

In the last issue of *The Boomerang* I am again attacked because of the unprincipled nature of my philosophy, but the article is prefaced by the pathetic words "We are not sure, however, whether

this writer is to be taken seriously." It will indeed be a blow to me if my fair friends of *The Boomerang*, who have hitherto believed so in my sincerity and have so firmly and intelligently withstood me, join the ranks, to which Angelina herself belongs, who consider me a trifle. It is not Christianity to abandon me so unreasonably. The editor of a Service journal in dismissing some remarks of mine as nonsense, said that "life to Mr. Bennett was apparently one huge joke, so no more need be said on the matter." It has come to this that nobody believes in me. "Why," they ask in the paradoxical way of Mr. Shaw, "are sincere men so insincere?" "Why are truthful men so untruthful?"; and if I ask them in return "Why are clever men so stupid?" they don't appreciate the truth underlying all these paradoxes.

I have tried to indicate what it is when I spoke of original sin. We are what we are not by virtue of our accomplishments, but because we are, as the Americans say, "made that way." Some grandfather or great-grandmother has probably done more to form my point of view than all my schoolmasters and professors. Some great-grandfather took life very seriously while a grandmother took it very flippantly, and the result is a blend. You don't know which is which. All that you do know is that education has very little to do with the result, whether the education takes place at a university or, as in my own case, it is education in a speciality. I should be pitied—not blamed, seeing how handicapped I have been by the conflicting characters of my grandparents.

E. B.

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SOME SUPERINTENDING ENGINEERS.

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St. Martin's Letter-Bag.

The Duke of Norfolk and the War.

THE Duke of Norfolk's departure for South Africa as an officer of the Sussex contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry has caused no little sensation. Ever since the services of volunteers were requisitioned by the Government, it has been the Duke's wish to go to the front; but it was generally thought that his position as Postmaster-General would keep him at home, whatever opportunities might fall in his way to serve his country abroad. We may be allowed, on behalf of the Post Office, to express our regret at the decision to which he has come. It is obviously not our business either to praise or to blame the ex-Postmaster-General on account of any of his actions. But in unprecedented circumstances such as the present we cannot refrain from saying that although the Duke of Norfolk may with a light heart leave his official duties to be looked after as he no doubt modestly thinks, by an efficient substitute, the Post Office does not so regard the matter. For our own sake, as well as in the public interest, we are sorry he is leaving us. In the victories of peace, not less renowned than those of war, he has been a general whom we have been proud to work under, and whose warm heart, public spirit, and unassuming manner, have won for him our affection. We wish him God speed and a safe return.

The Mail Service to South Africa.

THE recent amalgamation of the Union and Castle Lines is an event so important and significant, and has taken place at a time when so much attention is centred on the march of events in South Africa, that the present is perhaps an opportune moment in which to give some particulars of the history of the two Companies that have done so much to link the Cape with the Mother Country.

The "Cape" of the present day may be said to have grown only within the last fifty years. Before that date, it was neglected and almost unthought of; and, as it had the reputation of being merely a pastoral country, in which the settlers lived in constant fear of attacks from the natives, British capital and labour shunned it. It was not until 1867, when diamonds were discovered in Griqualand West, that all this was changed. The country was lifted from obscurity into world-wide prominence; and its future destiny began to unfold. Everything connected with it, which had been in a languishing state, was inspired with new life; and from one of the most poverty-stricken of our colonies it became a source of wealth to all connected with it. With its fortunes those of the

Union Steamship Company have been linked since 1853. In this year, under the title of "The Union Steam Colliery Company," it commenced a service with a fleet of five steamers, having an aggregate tonnage of 2,327 tons only. In 1857, a contract was entered into for a monthly mail service to the Cape for five years with an annual subsidy of £30,000; and, since that year, the company has uninterruptedly carried on the mail service between the mother country and the South African colonies.

As the needs of the colonies grew, the necessity for improved and more frequent communication with England became pressing; and the Cape Government, casting about for a means to this end, came into contact with Sir Donald Currie, who had established the Castle Line of steamers in 1872. In that year, the first steamer of the Line—the "Iceland"—was despatched from London *viâ* Dartmouth to the Cape, and was rapidly followed by another—the "Gothland"—both of which vessels were of about 1,400 tons gross register. In 1876 the colonial Government concluded contracts with the Union Company and the Castle Company for a weekly service—the former to despatch a steamer one week, and the latter to do so the following week. From the time this contract was entered into, the growth of South Africa may almost be traced in the history of the development of the fleets of the competing companies. The passenger and mail service increased with the volume of trade, and the ships built gradually increased in size and speed, until with the "Kildonan Castle" and the "Briton" a gross register of over 10,000 tons each has been attained.

The amalgamation of the two companies has not come as a surprise, in view of the identity of interests in which their operations have always been involved. With the renewal of the mail contract, the directors, prompted no doubt by the knowledge that, with the exit of competition, their mutual concerns could be worked more efficiently and with greater economy, at last resolved upon this great step. What the effect of this combination will be upon shippers and the public generally remains to be seen; but, as the company will have everything to gain by a policy calculated to meet the wishes of their customers, it may be taken that ultimately it will be beneficial all round. As regards the mail service, the old policy of the companies of keeping in hand a uniformly fine and fast fleet of steamers so that the service may be as near the ideal as possible, namely one of regularity combined with speed, will undoubtedly be pursued. Given a tranquilised South Africa under the justest and most liberal system of government that the world has ever seen, the future of the companies and of the Colonies they serve will be prosperous in the extreme.

R. W. H.

Her Majesty's Mails in India.

IN this country it was once no safe task to carry the royal mails from one part of the kingdom to another, as our postal records will show. But, nowadays, highwaymen are scarce; and it is a very uncommon occurrence for a mail carrier to be robbed and



CAPTAIN PALMER.



CAPTAIN LABOUCHERE.



LIEUTENANT CURTIS.



LIEUTENANT PREECE.

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murdered. In India, however, according to the recently issued Postmaster-General's report, the security enjoyed in the United Kingdom by postmen in the performance of their duties is conspicuous by its absence. No fewer than thirty cases of highway robbery of the mails are recorded during the past year, and, in eleven of these, the mail carriers were wounded by their assailants. These outrages were not confined to such lawless regions as the wastes of Waziristan. The Bombay Presidency contributed four to the total, while it is stated that, in one attack on the mails in the Central Provinces, the runner was killed and his body thrown into a well. There are other dangers awaiting the Indian letter carrier. For instance, two village postmen were drowned during the monsoon while attempting to cross a river in the North West Provinces during a flood. Two others were swept away by avalanches while pursuing their way through the passes in the Himalayas; and a couple more were killed by tigers in Bengal.

"Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or swim.

Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb by the cliff.

Does the tempest cry 'halt'? What are the tempests to him?

The Service admits not a 'but' or an 'if.'

While the breath's in his mouth he must bear without fail,

In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail."

Another phase of the danger attending Indian postal life is exhibited in the destruction of 17 post offices by fire; the annihilation of another in a hurricane, and the partial destruction of a railway mail van by fire. The culminating disaster to the chapter was the sinking of a mail steamer in the Bay of Bengal with all the Burmah mails on board. Notwithstanding these mishaps, the Indian Post Office is able to report a very satisfactory year's business in dealing with the huge total of 477,000,000 postal articles.

R. W. H.

The Post Office Volunteers in South Africa.

SINCE our last issue further detachments of the 24th Middlesex R.V. have left for the Cape to reinforce both the Army Post Office Corps and the Telegraph Battalion of the Royal Engineers. The largest detachment of 4 officers and 125 men for the A.P.O.C. sailed in the "Canada" from Southampton on the 3rd February, in very wintry weather. Those of their friends who went to Wellington Barracks to see their final parade found several inches of slushy snow on the ground in London that morning. The men fell in looking very fit and cheerful, but the surroundings were grey and depressing. On account of the recent death of the Duke of Teck, the honorary colonel of the regiment, no band played, and with a simple "form fours, right," the men trudged off through the snow to the railway station. The officers with the detachment were Captains Palmer and Labouchere, and Lieutenants Curtis and Preece. The last is a son of Sir W. H. Preece, and has therefore a

special claim on the interest of our readers. He is not in the Post Office Service, but, in a most patriotic manner, has put aside his practice as a solicitor to serve in the field with the regiment to which he has belonged for several years. In a letter dated the 27th February from Cape Town he wrote as follows of the doings of the detachment: "Price, of the Post Office Corps, met us and told us Palmer was to leave at once for Kimberley with 17 men, Labouchere and Curtis to proceed on to Natal with 50 men, and I was to take the remainder ashore here and stop to help at the base. At 9.30 on Monday morning I march off with my 57 men to the main barracks and bid good-bye to the good ship 'Canada' and her merry cargo. After lodging the men in barracks I went off to the G.P.O., where I found Price and his 40 men esconced in one huge wing, overwhelmed with work and at breaking down point. The mails every week increase now, and we have 250,000 pieces of mail matter to sort and distribute every week, over a country larger than France, among a shifting population of soldiers, each of whom expects to get his letters as easily as he gets his rations. It is a vast job, and we have done wonderfully so far with a totally inadequate staff. We have come in the nick of time. The recent movements (*i.e.*, the advance of Lord Roberts from Modder River, relief of Ladysmith, &c.) have caused chaos among our mails. We receive and send telegrams every hour either to a field post office or to headquarter staffs. The latter order immediate reinforcement at Modder River, and Price has decided to send me up with more men to proceed to Paardeberg or wherever the troops are to get things straight."

The other reinforcements of the A.P.O.C. have gone out in twos and threes, and so have not figured in the public view. The telegraphists also have gone in small detachments—two sergeants (Tee and Miller) and 33 men on the 1st December, 1 sergeant (Lanyon) and 21 men on the 21st January, and two detachments of 20 men and 8 men on the 20th and 28th February. Others are about to start. In all about 300 of the A.P.O.C. and 200 of the Field Telegraph Company of the 24th are in South Africa, or on their way, so that this regiment has now over 500 men on active service, a number which is not equalled by any other volunteer regiment in the Kingdom.

A Letter from the Postmaster of Kimberley.

WE are indebted to Mr. Robert Henry, of Liverpool, brother of the Postmaster of Kimberley, for allowing us to see a copy of the first letter received from the Postmaster since the relief of the town. The letter naturally covers nearly the same ground as the article which appears in another portion of our columns. The writer has much to say of the food supply during the siege. He says that his children enjoyed the soup made from horseflesh, and we gather from his remarks that it was prejudice which prevented

the elder people waxing enthusiastic about it. He tells also of his sensations during the shelling, and of the many extraordinary escapes that were experienced. The Post Office was only struck once, and then by a splinter from a shell, the little damage resulting therefrom being the carrying away of the plaster work round one of the windows. Mr. Henry's account of his life in the De Beer's Mine is so interesting that we give it in full.

"On Sunday afternoon, the 11th February, a notice was posted up at the Town Hall and elsewhere that it was thought the shelling of Kimberley would commence again at midnight or early on Monday morning, and that, seeing the relief column was so near, the firing would probably be heavier than ever. So the De Beer's Company placed the Kimberley and De Beer's Mines at the disposal of those who had no splinter-proof shelter near their houses. Many took advantage of this, and during the latter part of the afternoon and evening some hundreds went off to the mines. It is estimated that about 1,200 went to Kimberley Mine and about 1,500 to De Beer's Mine. We went to the latter, and what a time we had of it! We left the house about five o'clock and got down without much bother, but we were not allowed to take any luggage with us, and as no preparation had been made for feeding so large a number we had to wait until our things were sent down—that is to say after all the people had been got away from the top. It was after five next morning before we had anything to eat.

"We were on the 1,000 feet level in a tunnel about 200 yards long, 20 feet wide, and 10 or 12 feet high. People of every class were lying about in all directions, and it was a scene that I shall never forget. The next day, Monday, we had bread and coffee brought to us, and during the day some soup, but it was not what may be called first rate. Monday passed and we had to make some arrangement for sleeping; but it was a fearful trial endeavouring to get six people into a space that was about large enough for two. The floor of the mine is of soft clay, and we had first to get planks to put down so as to place the mattresses and rugs on with which we were provided. We got through that night somehow, and during the Tuesday morning I had a good stretch out, which was a great relief. The others lay down at intervals, and thus we passed the second day. The mine men had by this time got into something like a system of distributing the food, and in that respect we did not fare so badly. The soup was a distinct improvement upon that which we had the day before, having plenty of good vegetables in it.

"The Wednesday was just about the same as Tuesday; but I had had enough of it, so went up to the top about half-past-six in the evening and slept at the house that night. We had had all kinds of rumours brought down to us in regard to the shelling of the town; now it was that the Boers were firing worse than ever, and even sending rockets into the town which burst and set fire to the houses; then, that several houses had been struck; and one

yarn was to the effect that a shell had struck the Post Office and done some damage.

"The next morning there was no shelling until 20 minutes to 11, when the Boers sent five or six shells into the town. I went back to the mine to bring the rest of them up; for I found that the firing had not been heavier than at any previous time, and it was not worth while putting up with the discomfort of being below. We all came up about two or three in the afternoon, and the four days down a mine will live in our memories for ever. The De Beers people did all they possibly could to make things bearable, but it was useless to attempt to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

"We had all the food free, but the mine was so damp and at night so draughty that it is a wonder we kept up so well. Fortunately the place where we were located was under a solid rock, and there was very little dripping from the roof; but in other places the water oozed freely from the roof and sides, and it must have been very unpleasant in those quarters."

"What a relief it was to get back once more to our comfortable home, and after a good tea to hear the news that at last the relief column had reached Beaconsfield!"

Mr. Henry finishes up his letter with an intimation that he has arranged to go with his wife and family for a much needed change to Simons Town. His portrait appeared in our last number.

The Natal Postal Service.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Natal, says:—"The Post and Telegraph Departments of this colony have experienced some drastic changes during the past two months. Owing to the invasion by the Boers almost half the colony, comprising upwards of twenty different places, has been cut off from postal communication. Ladysmith at the present time is besieged, and has already held out eight weeks, and we are beginning to feel anxious about twenty of our colleagues, who are, no doubt, having a very uncomfortable time at the hands of the Boers."

"There are also colleagues on active service fighting side by side with the soldiers of the Queen, besides other clerks engaged on special duty with the relief column at Chieveley Camp. The prospects of this service are more brilliant than ever they were, and we are looking forward to the prosperity which will benefit all South Africa after the present war is over."

"Many of the officials have had trying experiences during the war; one was on the unfortunate armoured train near Colenso, but he luckily escaped unhurt. Another has distinguished himself by escaping through the Boer lines around Ladysmith, and was congratulated by H.E. The Governor of Natal. There are numerous other instances in which our colleagues have received the Boer baptism of fire, but I hope to deal specially with these in another article as soon as the 'lucky ones' can be 'buttonholed.'"

The following is taken from *The Times of Natal* for the 31st January last :—

(From Our War Correspondent.)

Frere Camp, January 30th, 7.40 p.m. (received by runner from Ladysmith).—The postal and telegraph staff of Ladysmith had a long spell of arduous work prior to the siege, and on railway and telegraph communication being cut were rejoiced at the prospect of a cessation of labour at high pressure, from early morning till late at night. Some obeyed an instruction from their superior officer (Mr. Weightman), and went to the neutral camp at Entombi Spruit on November 5th; others elected to remain in the town, and their willingness to incur the risk accompanying this decision, on the chance of being of service to the military authorities, has been duly appreciated. Messrs. J. B. Surgeson, chief clerk, R. G. Honey, J. S. Heyburn, and A. D. McArthur (telegraphists) were attached to the telegraph section of the Royal Engineers throughout December. Mr. Wm. McIsaac was unable to join in this duty, in consequence of serious illness, and Mr. W. F. Mitchell left for Durban, and succeeded in passing through the Boer lines in the early part of the siege.

Mr. J. B. Craddock, acting postmaster, was also one of those who preferred to remain on duty, and events proved that he acted wisely; his services being required in connection with the barricading of the old post office, and afterwards in fitting and preparing of a larger office, to cope with the increased work anticipated on the restoration of communication with Maritzburg and Durban. Other members of the staff, whose names appear above, assisted in this work, and they certainly merit praise, and more substantial recognition, for the pluck exhibited in standing by their duty under bombardment.

Another South African Post Office Heroine.

THE outbreak of disaffection in the Carnarvon district gave Miss Walton, postmistress at Van Wyk's Vlei, an opportunity of showing her pluck and patriotism. When the rebels entered the town they smashed the telegraph instruments, but Miss Walton refused to give up the keys of the post office. One telegram says that she wept, but the tears she shed were certainly not those induced by fear or cowardice. The rebels pointed a gun at her and threatened to shoot her if she refused to deliver up the keys. Miss Walton replied: "Shoot me dead, then you can take the keys, not otherwise." The keys were hidden in her breast. In the end she managed to get all the money and stamps away to Carnarvon, and the rebels, admiring her pluck, left her alone, complimenting her on her courage. The *Daily News*, in remarking on the incident, says truly that Miss Walton well deserves a reward for saving so many Queen's heads. We congratulate her most heartily on the honour she has reflected by her action on the Postal Service, and on the women workers of the Post Office in particular.

The following verses on the subject, from the pen of Canon Rawnsley, appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* of the 23rd March:—

"I am the mistress of the Post.
For Queen and country here I stand,
Some twenty letters at the most
Pass daily through my hand.

"You claim my keys, you point your guns,
You—men—I but a woman born,
But in my veins the true blood runs,
I laugh your threats to scorn.

"Ay, shoot me dead, then take the keys!
Here is my heart—if shoot you must!
It is in moments such as these
We feel our sacred trust."

They saw the fire-flash of her eye,
There were the keys—they knew the cost.
For Britain, still, at Van Wyk's Vlei
A woman keeps the Post.

The Brighton Post Office and the Reservists.

WE have pleasure in publishing the following communication received from Mr. Gibbs, Postmaster of Brighton:—Perhaps room can be found in the next issue of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* for a plain statement of facts as to what the staff of the Post Office at Brighton has been doing for the wives (and other relatives depending upon them) of our Reservists called out to rejoin the colours in the South African War. No doubt in other towns something similar is being done.

Our Fund was started on the 1st November, 1899, when four men were called up. For several weeks the number remained stationary, and we paid the wife, or mother, 4s. a week. By December the number had increased to five, but as the subscriptions of the staff had increased also, we were able to pay each 5s. a week. I suggested at the first a *small* contribution from each, so that it might be kept up and not fall off, and the whole staff have most generously continued their support since the day it commenced. "Many littles mak' a muckle" says our Scotch proverb, and most of our weekly contributions are only a penny, but as the staff, including telegraph messengers, who have not been behind their older colleagues, number over 500, this produces no inconsiderable sum.

By January our cases had risen to eight; but still we maintained our payments. February saw an increase to eleven, while in March they have risen to fourteen, two being established men, the remainder temporary substitutes, with service as such varying from two years down to two months. By dropping off several wives, who now are in receipt of the higher separation allowance, as well as half-pay from the War Office, we have been able to meet this

increasing number of cases, and I can speak from personal knowledge of the gratitude with which these generous gifts have been received. During a little more than four months, a sum of £45 has been contributed.

From this office eighteen Reservists and five Royal Engineers have gone to the front. I am sure the facts which I have mentioned show that we all have a real and practical sympathy with our colleagues exposed to the dangers and privations of the campaign, and with those near and dear to them left at home, enduring privations without the stimulus of comradeship in camp and on battlefield to carry them through it. On the other hand, as mercy is "twice blessed," the liberality and thoughtfulness evoked has doubtless brought the donors good as well.

Treasury Control.

IN an article in the March *Nineteenth Century*, entitled "The Newspapers," Sir Wemyss Reid tells an amusing story. "The Treasury has got a bad name, and some of its traditions certainly indicate that this name is not wholly undeserved. I remember a distinguished public man, who has risen high in the service of the State, relating to me a little experience of his own. On the day on which he first entered a certain Government Office as a junior clerk, he was the witness of a scene that filled him with amazement. An elderly gentleman, who was seated at another desk in the same room, suddenly rose from his seat, dragged his chair to the fireplace, and seizing the poker, attacked the offending piece of furniture with what seemed to be maniacal fury. When he had taken a leg off the chair his passion seemed to be exhausted. He flung the damaged seat into a corner of the room, and getting another chair, calmly resumed his work as though nothing had happened. My friend on leaving his work that afternoon ventured, with the hesitation of a novice, to ask another clerk who had been a witness of the scene what it meant. 'Is Mr. X—— subject to attacks of this kind?' he asked. 'Mr. X——!' was the response, 'there was nothing the matter with him. You see, one of the castors had come off his chair, and the Treasury won't replace castors, they will repair nothing less serious than a broken leg. So he broke one of the legs, and now he will get the castor put on again.' This story is not merely *ben trovato*, it is absolutely true, and it throws a flood of light upon Treasury methods and traditions."

Anthony Trollope.

MR. STEPHEN GWYNN, in an interesting article on "Anthony Trollope" in *Macmillan's* for January, says of the novelist's official career: "For seven years he lived as a clerk in London, always in trouble with his superiors by reason of his unpunctuality (which he seems to think was fairly compensated by his energy when he set to work), and of his temper, which was always insubordinate. All this time he was deep in debt, forming

that intimate acquaintance with the habits of bill-discounters which is written large on half a score of his books; and, moreover, plunging, so far as his means and credit permitted, into all the things that a young man ought not to do. . . . The turn in his career came when he was released from routine work in London and sent as surveyor's clerk to Ireland to extend the blessings of a postal system to Connaught. The office was one which no man coveted, but it brought to Trollope an increase of income and a very active outdoor life, in which he was largely his own master. With three or four hundred a year in Ireland he was as well off as most of his neighbours, well enough off to keep a horse and hunt; and so began for him the greatest joy of his life next to successful work. He was heavy, short-sighted, and rode abominably, but he hunted with an indomitable energy. For the next twenty years he lived a life of continued movement, first in Ireland, then in England, as a sort of travelling inspector of country post offices, extending the ramifications of the postal system. It appears that he did excellent work, though he did it in a way that brought him into constant conflict with his superiors; but that was the salt of existence to him, and among his regrets when he left the Civil Service he records, not merely the life-long interest in his labours, but the feuds, 'such delicious feuds.' What a shocking official! It seems quite wicked that such things should even be recorded.

The Strathdon Road.

THE *Aberdeen Journal* of the 20th February contains the following tribute to the pluck and endurance displayed by Mr. John Summers, the Strathdon and Gartly mail car driver, during the recent snowstorm:—

"Our Lumsden correspondent writes:—During the last severe storm, while so many of us were counting the hours and minutes when the papers would reach us with the latest news from the seat of war, very few paused to consider the difficulty of carrying mails and newspapers by road under such unfavourable conditions. Mr. John Summers, who drives Mr. Garden's mail coach between Strathdon and Gartly Station, had a terrible experience on the morning of Friday last after the terrific blizzard on Thursday. At four o'clock on Friday morning he, with a sleigh and two horses, with only one man to assist him, started with the mails from Strathdon for Gartly Station. The roads were completely blocked with snow, the drifts in some places being over 8 ft. deep. In the darkness, and not knowing where the deep drifts were, he found progress most difficult; but cheering on his horses he pushed bravely forward. Sometimes the sleigh was almost buried, and the horses wading to their girths in the snow. Time and again, in the darkness, the horses plunged wildly into the deep drifts, and two or three times the harness gave way; but hastily tying it up with a piece of rope, he struggled on, and finally succeeded in reaching his destination, about 3½ hours late, having covered about 23 miles of almost impassable roads in

less than seven hours—truly a remarkable and praiseworthy performance, and one that could not have been executed but by the indomitable perseverance of the energetic and intrepid 'bus driver."

The route followed by this mail car is through one of the most picturesque and historic districts of Aberdeenshire. The car starts at 4 a.m. from Strathdon in the Clan Forbes country, and after a run of a mile passes the ruin of the Castle of Lonach on the braeside above the road. Another mile, and Castle Newe, the seat of the chieftain of the Strathdon Forbeses, is passed. After a run of other four miles along the foot of Ben Newe, the car passes the ruins of Glenbucket Castle, the ancient seat of the Glenbucket Gordons, whose lands were forfeited in consequence of the laird and his men having been "out" both in "the '15" and "the '45." Over the entrance door of this ruin the old family motto may still be traced, "Nothing on earth remains bot fame."

At the top of Glenbucket is Badenyon, celebrated in Tullochgorum Skinner's song, "John o' Badenyon." The Picts' houses are now passed on the left, and we approach Glenkindie, the home of the Leiths, a race of soldiers, one of whom, old Sir Alexander, commanded the Gordons at Waterloo, and was known as "Cauld steel," on account of his preference for a hand-to-hand bayonet fight to any other method of warfare. He also bore the sobriquet of "Cia mar tha," from his custom of addressing his men in their native Gaelic. Beyond Glenkindie on the south bank of the Don the peel of Faichlie is seen. The road hitherto has run close alongside the Don, but the river is now lost sight of for a time, and a mile or two further on the car runs through the beautiful Den of Kildrummie and reaches Kildrummie Castle, now in ruins, but at one time a palace of the kings, of great extent and architectural magnificence, and around which many battles and skirmishes were fought during the wars of the 13th and 14th centuries, including a siege by the English when the castle was defended by Bruce's brother, Nigel.

Leaving Kildrummie, the car runs through Lumsden village and enters Strathbogie, the country of the Gordons—the "Jock and Tam" Gordons, be it said, who must by no means be confused with the "Bow o' meal" Gordons, another sept of that famous clan.

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
An' castocks in Strathbogie."

From this point onward to Gartly, the road is most difficult to negotiate in a snow storm. The sleigh goes everywhere but on the road. Over thirty fields fenced or hedged have to be crossed, and over the hedgetops, fences, and dykes the sleigh goes merrily on through the "blin' drifts" of February. After strenuous efforts Rhynie is reached, and away to the left are seen the outlying hills of the wild district of Cabrach, proverbial in Aberdeenshire as being the "back o' the warl," and known wherever Scots sangs are sung as the parish where dwelt "Roy's wife o' Aldivalloch." Along the foot of the Tap o' Noth, with its extensive vitrified fort 1,800 feet above

sea level, goes the sleigh, and at last the railway is reached at Gartly and the connection with the up day mail is saved.

For years John Summers has fought the winter storms on this wild road—a brave determined man who, whatever the weather may be, sees before him only his duty to go from Strathdon to Gartly, and who goes. Why have we not a Distinguished Service Order in the Post Office to reward such men as John, who would certainly be one of the first Companions of the Order? If the backbone of the army is the man who carries the gun, the backbone of the Post Office in the country districts in times of storm is the mail car driver and the rural postman.

A. S. R.

Aberdeen.

Mr. Eugene Ruffy.

MR. EUGENE RUFFY, whose appointment as Director of the International Bureau of the Postal Union was recorded in our January issue, is better known in political than in postal circles. As a statesman and politician, he has had a distinguished career.



MR. RUFFY.

He was born at Bannerette, near Lutry (Canton Vaud), Switzerland, in August, 1854, was educated at Lausanne, and completed his studies at the Universities of Heidelberg and Leipzig. On his return to Switzerland, where he commenced practice as a lawyer, he at once began to take a keen interest in political questions, and in 1882 was elected a member of the Cantonal Council of Vaud. Subsequently, he was chosen for the National Council, was made a Federal Councillor in 1894, and four years later was elected President of the Republic, a position which he held for the usual period of twelve months. In

his capacity as Federal Councillor he has, at various times, acted as Head of the Law, Home, and Military Departments.

When it is added that Mr. Ruffy, by his moderation, probity, and capability, has won the respect of his extremest political opponents, that he is an authority on all matters connected with education, and a lover of the fine arts, it will be admitted that the International Bureau is to be congratulated upon its new Director.

A Roundel of Relief.

'Tis half-past four; the girls go by,
 Descending from the topmost floor.
 I watch them with a kindling eye:—
 'Tis half-past four.
 First one or two, then girls galore,
 They troop along. I heave a sigh,
 And turning, drive my quill once more.
 Patience! release is drawing nigh;
 The neatly costumed maids restore
 My wearied soul: soon I shall fly—
 'Tis half-past four.

S. O.

Mr. C. J. B. Knight.

ON the 27th January, Mr. C. J. B. Knight, Assistant Superintendent of the Circulation Office, was presented with a Testimonial from his colleagues on his retirement from the Service.



MR. C. J. B. KNIGHT.

The Testimonial took the form of a handsome time-piece, the presentation being made by Mr. J. C. Badcock, C.B., Controller of the London Postal Service.

Mr. Badcock expressed the pleasure it gave him to make this

presentation on behalf of numerous subscribers, who, with himself, had a great regard for Mr. Knight, who had faithfully and loyally served the Department for upwards of 48 years. Mr. Badcock remarked that many of the younger officers of the Service might not be aware of the many and great re-organizations in which Mr. Knight had taken a hand.

Mr. Knight entered the Service in 1851 when the whole of the then London District letters for the first delivery were prepared at the Chief Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and the postmen were sent to their walks in ten accelerators. This system was soon felt to be insufficient, and it was decided to divide London into ten postal districts. Mr. Knight's aptitude and ability led to his being called in to assist in arranging the districts and the postmen's walks in each, and afterwards in visiting many large offices in the country to establish the London district sorting. This was in 1857 and 1858. For his services he was made Inspector, and subsequently Supervisor. In 1863 Mr. Knight accompanied the late Mr. Boucher to Liverpool for a similar purpose. Again, when the telegraphs were taken over by the Post Office, he was called in to assist in arranging delivery areas in London. In 1873 he went with his chief to perform similar services in Dublin.

For his long and meritorious career Mr. Badcock announced that the Postmaster General had been pleased to promote Mr. Knight to the brevet rank of Assistant Superintendent on retirement.

Mr. Knight suitably replied, and gave some of his experiences, among others, stating that for half a year at a stretch his average daily attendance in Liverpool was upwards of ten hours, and in Dublin the average exceeded thirteen hours a day.

The late Mr. F. W. Halfpenny.

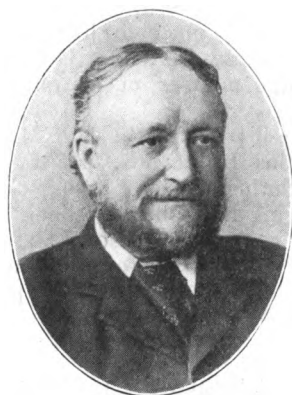
ENTERING the London Postal Service at the moment of the starting of a "Radical Reorganization" epoch, the subject of this memoir grew with it, and took part in all the important revisions which have occurred during the last 40 years.

The first important scheme was the dividing of the London Postal Service into "Postal Districts" according to the compass. After participating in carrying this out and having a brief experience at two of the new district offices, *i.e.*, the N.E. and E.C. (in the latter office he found time to reorganize and re-establish the minor establishment library and reading room), Mr. Halfpenny obtained a transfer to the Railway Post Office, as it was then called, now the Travelling Post Office. This branch subsequently underwent a complete change; and a few years later the work was divided, some portion of it being transferred to the Surveyors.

When this had been carried out Mr. Halfpenny was promoted to the Mail Bag Apparatus Staff. After a short spell on the G.W. and L.N.W. Railways he was appointed to the Scotch Division, where he was busy fitting up apparatus to accelerate the North Night Mail. On the completion of this he returned south and taking charge of the

Great Western Division, carried out the alterations of the roadside and carriage apparatus from broad to narrow gauge, an undertaking of no small magnitude when it is considered that the whole of the 28 stations, scattered over a distance of 340 odd miles, were simultaneously shifted to meet the new requirements in the space of a few hours. He at the same time seized the opportunity to alter the delivery arms on the roadside and carriages from "T" iron to "Pin Cap," a most desirable alteration.

Shortly afterwards he succeeded to the supervisorship, which covered England, Scotland and Wales, and successfully carried out the alterations required by the L. and N.W. Railway Co. The scheme of replacing the whole of the "T" iron delivery arms was then taken in hand and carried out by him without hitch or dislocation of traffic. Several important alterations were also made in the details



MR. F. W. HALFPENNY.

of the machinery of the mail bag apparatus; provision was also made to receive by means of the apparatus the Irish mail correspondence formerly received by the stoppage of that mail at Stafford.

The last important work undertaken by him in connection with the mails was due to an officer meeting with a fatal accident by falling out of a carriage whilst working the apparatus at Slough. The Secretary decided that immediate steps should be taken to prevent a recurrence, and called upon Mr. Halfpenny to provide a remedy. He devised a safety bar, which, after being thoroughly tested, and personally approved of by Sir Spencer Walpole, was adopted, and has now been fitted to mail coaches throughout the country.

In the earlier days of the T.P.O., when no "block system" of signalling was in existence, the mail trains were often liable to mishaps. This state of affairs entailed an enormous amount of extra travelling for the supervisor, reaching at times to nearly 63,000 miles

per year, and once or twice to over 70,000. Railway accidents were frequent, some serious, others trifling. Mr. Halfpenny was in thirteen altogether, but fortunately escaped very serious injury. The two worst were at Clay Cross and Mill Hill. In the former the Post Office carriage was knocked off its framing and rode on its side on the rails several hundred yards in company with the engine, which was also on its side. At Mill Hill the train ran down a steep bank, the mail carriage almost turning a somersault in its descent. On both occasions the shock was terrific, and he was extricated from the débris with much difficulty in a bruised and exhausted condition. It is almost safe to say that he had covered more miles and been in more accidents during his 39 years of travelling experience than any other official in the postal service.

A final promotion came in July last, but unfortunately a severe and painful illness following closely up precluded him from long enjoying it, and he retired at Christmas after 44 years service. It was hoped that rest would do much for him, but on the 6th March, after a rather sudden relapse, he died. He was buried at Manor Park Cemetery, a large number of his old colleagues attending the funeral.

Mr. Halfpenny, like his father, the late Mr. F. W. Halfpenny, barrister-at-law, Lincolns Inn Fields, had always been a devoted lover of reading, and during his long roving career has had ample opportunities of gratifying his hobby for book collecting, until now his private library is a considerable one and contains many fine works. His greatest delight was to show and discuss his much prized gems with his friends at home. Just prior to his death he was at work on an article for our pages.

Mr. Matthew Cooper.

THE tragic death of this gentleman, which happened in the train while on his way to the office, on the 8th March last, was a great shock to his numerous friends throughout the telegraph service. Mr. Cooper left his home at New Barnet, apparently in his usual health, and before the train had reached Finsbury Park, he had ceased to breathe. A weak heart, aggravated by excessive devotion to duty, and possibly by injudicious use of the bicycle, are the only causes to which his premature death can be attributed. The writer feels that he is especially concerned in this sad event, having known Mr. Cooper throughout most of his official career, and having had the benefit of his services from a period anterior to the transfer of the telegraphs to the Post Office more than thirty years ago. Mr. Cooper, who entered the service of the Electric Telegraph Company in 1861, was one of the staff of instructors employed in training the postal staff in telegraphy prior to the transfer, and afterwards became one of the principal members of the special telegraphic staff. He was not only an expert operator, but a very clever electrician and mechanic, and in fact he was the

"engineer" of the special staff, which had to rely a good deal on its own members in matters of this kind. He exhibited the somewhat rare combination of amiability and cleverness, and there were few men to whom the writer was more endeared in his official relationships. Mr. Cooper subsequently joined the technical branch of the Engineer-in-Chief's department, to the work of which he was suited in a very special degree, and, after several years of most useful if not distinguished service, he attained to the position of Principal Technical Officer, which he would have been certain to adorn if he had lived. He was instrumental in carrying out many improvements in the working of the more delicate forms of apparatus employed in telegraphy, and he had latterly been deeply engrossed in matters relating to the working of the telephone, in which he took a very especial interest. His death, at a time when the Department is engaged in elaborating its scheme for encircling the Metropolis with a Postal Telephonic system, is a loss which will not be easily repaired, any more than will the loss sustained by his numerous friends and admirers throughout the service. R. W. J.

Mr. Charles Willis Potter.

THE sudden death of Mr. C. W. Potter, cashier in the Accountant General's department, on the 18th January last, came as a shock to all who knew him. Though for some time past his health had been indifferent, he was yet able to be on duty and was at the office on the very day of his death. Mr. Potter entered the Service as far back as 1854, nearly 46 years ago, and as a link between the past and the present he was an interesting figure. His recollections of the numerous changes, reforms, and incidents which have taken place during that long period would have formed interesting reading had he committed them to paper; but his tastes lay in other directions than those of literature. He was somewhat of a sportsman, taking a keen delight in horses and dogs, and at his home at Cheshunt he led an ideal country life. He was a retiring and unassuming man, and officially his career was smooth and uneventful. Gradually working his way up in the Service, he became a principal clerk in 1885, and on the retirement of Mr. John Mitford in 1896, was appointed cashier. At the time of his death Mr. Potter was in his sixty-first year. He had intended taking his pension at an early date, but, alas! he was not destined to enjoy to the fullest the quiet rustic life he loved so well.

Captain W. J. Warren.

ON Saturday, the 24th February, Captain Warren, King's Royal Rifles, took leave of his colleagues in the Savings Bank Department, prior to his departure for the front in South Africa.

When it became known that Warren's services were required by the War Office, steps were at once taken, not only to accord him a good "send off," but to give him some practical testimony of the

feelings which were entertained towards him by his fellow clerks. The following named articles, which form part of an officer's outfit, were purchased, viz., a pair of Zeiss field glasses, a luminous night marching compass, a regulation valise and kit holder, a cork mattress, an air pillow, a "Redvers Buller" sleeping sack, and a

writing portfolio with stylographic pen—the last from the Messenger Boys' Brigade, which Captain Warren commanded.

Mr. Sealy, Sub-Controller, was asked to make the presentation in due form, and this he did in a most excellent speech, giving expression to the patriotic sentiments which everyone present felt. Mr. Sealy assured Capt. Warren that all his colleagues in the Bank would watch with much interest his career at the front. Every confidence was felt in his doing his duty as a soldier, and he was sure that only opportunity was required to enable Capt. Warren to demonstrate that the devotion which he had given to his soldierly duties for many years had not been given in vain.

The meeting, which was largely attended, enthusiastically applauded the speech, and it is almost a pity that a recruiting sergeant was not outside the hall door when the meeting dispersed.

Captain Warren replied in a manly way, thanking Mr. Sealy for the kind things he had said about him, and assuring his colleagues that his only regret in going to the front was in leaving so many friends. He was greatly impressed with the feeling which it appeared his colleagues entertained towards him, and he



CAPTAIN WARREN.

hoped that if any opportunity at the front did occur he would not be found wanting, but rather that in seizing it he would add to the prestige of the Department. The articles which had just been given him would, each in their way, take his memories back pretty frequently to his old friends in the Bank.

At the end of his speech Captain Warren was vigorously cheered, the war spirit having fairly collared the meeting.

It may be mentioned that Captain Warren is an especially efficient officer, having passed examinations qualifying for major. He is renowned for his devotion to a soldier's life, and as a sportsman holds a high place in the Bank, a department famous in that respect. He has figured in the Devon fifteen at Rugby football; he has held the captaincy of the Service Cycling Club; the distinction of being the best shot in his company is his, and he is also a good cricketer, swimmer, and sculler.

Warren has been given a captaincy in the King's Royal Rifles, the famous regiment in which Lord Roberts and General Buller served, and it can be fairly taken that his life has only just begun. It will, indeed, be strange, if with anything like a chance, he does not make a name for himself and do credit to his new calling. A "Gentleman in Khaki" is Warren, indeed. We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with his portrait from a photograph taken only a few days before his leaving England to join his fellow countryman, General Buller.

We heartily wish Captain Warren "Good Luck and a Safe Return."

T. M. P.

Mr. W. E. Kearns.

IT is with much regret we have to record the death of Mr. W. E. Kearns, a Principal Clerk in the Savings Bank Department, which occurred on the 11th February last, in his 57th year. Mr. Kearns was one of the fast diminishing band of officers



MR. W. E. KEARNS.

who were associated with the early days of the Post Office Savings Bank, to which he was first appointed in February, 1862, a few months after the commencement of business. He became a Principal Clerk in July, 1883. Though of a somewhat retiring

disposition, he possessed in a very marked degree the warm esteem of his colleagues, his generous nature, fairness and kind-heartedness being proverbial. He was for many years a member of the Civil Service Cycling Club and other athletic institutions, and took a great interest in the Post Office Benevolent Fund, on the committee of which he represented his Department for twenty-three years. At the recent general meeting of the Fund a resolution of regret at his untimely decease was passed. The funeral took place at Norwood on the 17th February, and amongst his brother officers and friends present were noticed Messrs. E. H. Poole, T. J. Hanley, I. J. Sealy, H. Badcock, J. A. Housden, W. Rishworth, W. F. Lovell, A. J. Bovay, J. C. Palmer, E. Bennett, W. F. Copeland, and R. Browne.

In connection with Mr. Kearns death we are reminded of an event in which he took a prominent part in October, 1866. In that year, in spite of the hard claims of official work, a considerable number of the officers of the Post Office were rowing men, and the Ino Rowing Club had recently been resuscitated.

A suggestion was thrown out that a departmental eight-oared race between the Circulation and Savings Bank Departments would be a novelty, and the idea was warmly taken up in the respective Departments; the race, which was from the "Ship" at Mortlake to Hammersmith Bridge, taking place in October. The Savings Bank eight included: W. F. Copeland, bow, J. Trenery, I. J. Sealy, W. Batty, J. Pott, I. J. Dadd, S. Rishworth, H. Badcock, stroke, W. E. Kearns, cox. The crew of the Circulation eight we do not remember, but the stroke oar was taken by Mr. J. Ardron, now an Assistant Secretary. The race, which was a hard one all the way, was won by the Savings Bank by about three-quarters of a length, and the result was in a great measure due to the accurate knowledge which Mr. Kearns had of the currents and course of the river. After the race the first impromptu smoking concert of the Post Office was held, and it was on this occasion that a member of one of the crews, happily still amongst us, made the observation which has since become historical as to the result of his exertions during the contest.

Mr. W. F. Evans.*

THE operation of the Age Regulations has brought about the retirement of another valuable public servant in the person of Mr. W. F. Evans, a Principal Clerk in the Money Order Office, who enters upon a period of well-earned leisure after an official career extending over nearly 42 years. He attained the rank of Principal Clerk in January, 1891, and had become the doyen of his office, where his ability and long experience made his services specially valuable in connection with the various improvements which have been made in the Money Order system during recent

*A portrait of Mr. Evans appeared in Vol. V. of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, page 112.

years. Long, long ago, when Money Order men were as often as not known best by their nick-names, he adopted, probably unconsciously, a semi-nautical style of dress which gained for him the title of the "bold smuggler." No nick-name has ever been more misapplied, for he was of all men one of the most inoffensive. No one heard the "smuggler" speak harshly of his fellow man. He was a capital raconteur, a fair violinist, a wonderfully well-informed man, and a great reader; and his store of knowledge was invariably at the service of those who sought for advice on any point, or help in solving a knotty problem. He has taken an active part in the management of many of the benevolent and other societies established for the benefit of postal officials, and his kindly and genial disposition have gained him a wide circle of friends in the Service. As a mark of the high esteem in which he is held by his late colleagues in the Money Order Office they presented him on his retirement with a testimonial in the shape of a handsome clock bearing a suitable inscription, and he now carries with him their best wishes for many years of health and happiness.

Miss Beeson.

THE presence of the old Telegraph Company's clerks in the service of the Post Office will soon become a memory of the past. This quarter we have to note that another has just retired from our midst in the person of Miss Beeson, Postmistress of Honiton. She entered the London and Provincial Telegraph Company, or rather, as it was then called, the London District Telegraph Company, at the time of its formation, in 1859, and rose to the position of clerk in charge of an instrument room at the central office. After the transfer she was sent by the Post Office to Jersey, with Messrs. Waterman and Turner, to open the office there for telegraph business, on the completion of the cable to that Island, in December, 1870. In January, 1894, she was appointed Postmistress of Honiton, where she has most successfully carried on the work of the office, winning the confidence and appreciation of her staff, tactfully enforcing rules of the Department which had long lain a dead letter, and ultimately overcoming the prejudice of both officers and townspeople to a female head of the Post Office.

On retirement, at the commencement of this year, the staff of the head office united with the fourteen sub-offices in showing the appreciation and respect with which they regarded Miss Beeson by presenting her with a very handsome marble timepiece.

We should like to add, in expressing our own good wishes to Miss Beeson on her retirement, that in a playful letter she wrote to us in answer to a request for her portrait she has labelled the Editor. She attempted to fill in, so as to fit her own case, replies to the suggested questions which appeared in our last number. In reply to the question "What is your private opinion about the Editor?"

she says, "That he would like to upset the present system of the Appointment Branch, but is too cautious to try. Also he has but a very poor opinion of the business capabilities of women, and would like to turn every female out of the Post Office. My opinion is formed solely from his own writings." We understand that Angelina is furious at this charge, and says that "the writings" alluded to must belong to the Editor's bachelor days. She has not allowed



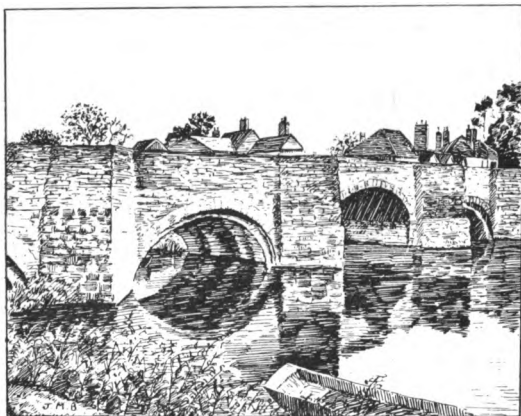
MISS M. M. BEESON.

anything to go to the printer since, which could be described in Miss Beeson's words. Miss Beeson, in answer to the question whether she had any hobbies, says "Not any. Office duties have been everything to me, and so have felt quite unable to follow the advice of our Editor to reserve two-thirds of energy." This is another for the Editor, but we don't believe Miss Beeson: her reserve power seems tremendous. Her reply to the question "To what cause do you assign your promotion or want of promotion?" is, "Lack of promotion for twenty-three years for the serious offence of being the only woman in an office." This even the Editor admits

is scandalous. She admits to being half-educated, and describes the process as "the ornamental half which was the half usually taught in ladies' schools in my youth." Lastly, she has been a subscriber to the Magazine for five years. We wish her long life and happiness.

Tewkesbury and its Postmistress.

THERE are many old and picturesque towns in the United Kingdom, but we should fancy there are few among the number which have been able in so marked a degree to maintain their original character as is the case with Tewkesbury. The philistine restorer and the speculative builder have helped between them to destroy in many places everything interesting but the name and the sentiment connected with "the might have been." Not only has the old Norman Abbey of Tewkesbury been reverently



KING JOHN'S BRIDGE OVER THE AVON, TEWKESBURY.

restored to something like its mediæval magnificence, but the old inns, houses, and streets of the town have been preserved by loving hands, and any necessary restoration has followed, not abandoned, the original plans of the mediæval builder. Tewkesbury enjoyed the inestimable advantage of possessing in the person of one of her citizens, Mr. Thomas Collins (the well-known contractor for church building and restoration), a man of great artistic tastes and business capacity, who for the last 40 years has watched and tended the beautifying of the town he loved so well. He died on the 3rd January last, aged 82 years, with much of his work still incomplete. But the man who visits Tewkesbury and its Abbey and carefully studies the great work that has been done in the place in recent years will find the name and the memory of Thomas Collins writ large everywhere, and in a manner which will arouse in him a feeling

of thankfulness. It is an interesting fact, indicative perhaps of Mr. Collins's doggedness and perseverance, and the firmness with which he maintained his convictions, that though almost passionately attached to the abbey, and to Gothic architecture, he was born a Nonconformist and attended a Wesleyan chapel all through his life. We remarked one day to a verger in Tewkesbury Abbey that it must be a privilege to live in such a place, where one could worship in so glorious a building. "Ah, sir," he said, "they all say that who come 'ere, and I know it's 'ard to believe, but the place is chock full of dissent." But if Collins was a type of the Tewkesbury dissenter we can scarcely share in the old verger's professional regrets.

Now let us turn from the considerations of the abbey and the old houses to the recent history of the Tewkesbury Post Office.



MRS. E. GEORGE.

Mrs. George, the Postmistress, has just retired after being connected with the office for 40 years. Her father, Mr. John Spurrier, was appointed postmaster of the place in 1841, and on his death in 1862 her mother received the appointment. She herself was appointed an assistant in the office in 1860, and her mother retired in 1874 without pension or gratuity. Mrs. George's husband then received the appointment, while she retained the position of chief assistant. In April, 1886, while carrying out the instructions of his surveyor, her husband met with a fatal accident, and a petition was sent from the townspeople to the Postmaster-General urging the appointment of Mrs. George. Her claims were warmly advocated by her surveyor, Mr. Francis Freeling, and Lord Wolverton very quickly fell in with the wishes of the memorialists. Since then she has filled the post to the satisfaction of everybody, and now retires under the age-limit regulations.

On Christmas morning a presentation was made to her on behalf of the staff by Mr. W. J. Pready. The gifts consisted of a diamond

and sapphire ring and an illuminated address. We give the words of the address :—

“ This address, together with a diamond and sapphire ring, was presented to Mrs. Elizabeth George by the under-mentioned officials of the Tewkesbury Postal District on the occasion of her retirement from the position of Postmistress of Tewkesbury after a connection with that office for 40 years. During that time she has won the esteem and regard of all placed under her control. They regret very much her retirement from a position where all under her management have worked so harmoniously together, and desire to express their best wishes for her future happiness.”

Here follow a list of 58 subscribers.

The Cobb Memorial Fund.

WE are pleased to hear that the plans of the Cobb Memorial Fund Committee are almost complete, and that within a very short time we shall have in existence a memorial in this country worthy of the memory of our respected and beloved colleague. Mr. F. S. Stevenson, M.P., has been elected Chairman of the Committee in place of the late Duke of Westminster. The Committee have at their disposal nearly £130. A memorial stone has been erected at Constantinople, and negotiations have been carried on with the Dean and Chapter of Rochester concerning a proposed window in the cathedral of that city. The late Duke of Westminster was extremely anxious that the memorial should take this form, and the design and plan of the window are those which he himself suggested. The subject is “ The Good Samaritan,” and the window itself overlooks the King's School, at which Cobb was a scholar. The Dean and Chapter have been extremely courteous and generous in the matter ; so also have been the members of the Grosvenor House Committee. The Savings Bank Department contributed very largely to the Fund, and it speaks volumes for the way in which Cobb impressed his personality on his friends and colleagues, that after seven years absence from London, so many have been found anxious to honour his memory. We hope in a subsequent issue to give a sketch of the proposed window.

Post Office Clerks' Benevolent Fund.

THE Annual Meeting of the subscribers to this fund took place at the General Post Office North on Friday, the 9th March, Sir George Murray, K.C.B., presiding. There was a large gathering of subscribers, and among those present were such staunch supporters of the fund as Messrs. Yeld, Badcock, Lang, Smyth, Ardron, Cardin, May, and other officers of the Post Office.

The usual business was transacted, Sir George moving the adoption of the report, and replying to a vote of thanks accorded to him for presiding. The new committee was appointed, and votes of thanks were given to the auditors and committee. Special reference was made by Mr. C. H. Bundy to the services of the honorary secretary,

Mr. T. M. Plucknett. The work of a secretary of a fund of this kind involves duties of a most delicate and sometimes distasteful character, and we ourselves bear the most willing testimony to the truth of everything that was said as to Mr. Plucknett's fitness for the post he occupies.

The Post Office Employé's Mutual Guarantee Association.

THE thirteenth annual report and balance sheet of this Society, which were presented to the annual meeting of the members on the 14th March, show that the past year has been an eventful one. Consequent upon the abolition of bond-giving by established officers of the Post Office, 10,364 members holding 23,776 shares withdrew from the Association, and received £8,938 of share capital and accrued dividends, and £10,471 by way of bonus. On the 31st December last the shareholders numbered 6,800, and held 25,417 shares representing £13,327 capital. This number has been further, though not materially, diminished by withdrawals made in January. The Association continues to guarantee unestablished officers, and the premium income in respect of 10,436 guarantees amounted to £4,838 in 1899.

The Committee proposed in their report, which was adopted by the meeting, to declare a dividend of 1s., and a bonus of 2s. 9d. on each share registered on the 1st March. These amounts will bring up the amount paid on a large number of shares to £1 per share, and the Committee invite shareholders, whose shares have not been made up to £1, to pay the difference, so that all shares may be of uniform value. The Association has every prospect of a successful future.

Subscriptions from Abroad.

UP to the time of going to press we have received the following subscriptions from readers abroad:—Constantinople, Malta, Skjorping, Amsterdam, Christiania, Cologne, Malmo-Nassjo, Quetta, Rangoon, Dinapore, Cairo, Mombasa, Accra, Old Calabar, Sierra Leone, Singapore (3), Brisbane (22), Sydney (31), Ottawa (17), Wellington, N.Z. (47); and 205 copies have been ordered for Cape Colony.

Odds and Ends.

THE Postmaster-General of Canada has followed the example of the Imperial postal authorities in despatching an Army Post Office to South Africa. The officers chosen to accompany the Canadian troops were Messrs. W. R. Ecclestone, of Hamilton, Ontario; R. Johnstone, of Brandon, Manitoba; K. A. Murray, of Woodstock, Ontario; T. B. Bedell, of Perth, New Brunswick, and J. Lallier, of Coaticook, Quebec. They reached Cape Town on the 17th February and were welcomed by their comrades from the Old Country, who had found the distribution of letters for the Colonial contingents no easy task. Mr. Ecclestone has received, it is understood, the local rank of Captain.

THE Postal Union, which was founded in 1874, completed its first quarter of a century last year. The formal celebration of the event was, however, postponed until this year. On the 2nd of July the representatives of all the Postal Administrations of the Union are to gather at Berne, there are to be speeches and banquets, an excursion to the Alps, and the consideration of a proposal to erect a memorial in commemoration of the achievement of 1874. It is understood that Great Britain will be represented by Mr. Buxton Forman, C.B., and Mr. C. A. King, who have taken part in several Conferences of the Union. The Australian representative will, it is said, be Sir John Cockburn.

* * *

MR. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL has described South Africa as "this land of lies." This must be our apology for describing Mr. H. H. Flowers in our last number as "Postmaster of Mafeking." It appears that, since we last heard from him, he has been appointed Postmaster of Rondebosch, Cape Colony. Mr. Howat is the present Postmaster of Mafeking. The brave Postmistress of Lady Grey, whom on the authority of Mr. Hess we described as Miss Harris, bears the name of Mrs. Glueck. Mr. Alfred Harmsworth has presented her with £100 in recognition of her conduct.

* * *

IT is seldom our good fortune to announce that a member of the Postal Service has died leaving behind him any considerable amount of property. Least of all is this the case with our widows, and the fact that Mrs. Margaret Ann Walton, the widow of Todd Walton the 2nd, Postmaster of Bristol, 1842—1871, has died, bequeathing by her will a sum of nearly £50,000, may not be without interest to our readers. *Tempora mutantur*, etc.

* * *

WE congratulate Mr. A. B. Walkley on his appointment as dramatic critic to the *Times*. We are not sure, however, whether in every way it is a matter for congratulation. The *Times* is pre-eminently the organ of the Barbarians and of the Philistines, and Mr. Walkley's sympathies have not hitherto been with either class. It will be interesting to notice whether his personality will be strong enough to retain his own point of view without yielding somewhat to the tastes of his new masters. Certainly the dramatic criticism of the *Times* has in the past been unworthy of so influential an organ, and in the appointment of Mr. Walkley we may recognise a welcome sign of grace.

Promotions.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sec.'s Office ...	Burr, J. R. ...	Deputy Staff Offr...	S.B., '74; M.O.O., '75; Sec.'s Off., '77; Clk., Lr. Div., '86; 2nd Cl., '93; 1st Cl., '93
" " ...	Tolier, V. C. E.	Clk., 2nd Cl., Supply Est.	L'pool, '85; Cardiff, '86; Clk., 3rd Cl., C.E.B., '90
" " ...	Hall, H. A. ...	" " "	Inland Rev., '83; Sec.'s Off., G.P.O., '86; Asst. Clk., '93; Clk., 3rd Cl., '94
" " ...	Goldby, H. ...	" " "	'82; Asst. Clk., '93; Clk., 3rd Cl., '94
" " ...	Louden, J. ...	" 3rd Cl., "	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '97
" " ...	Whitaker, R. T.	" " "	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '95
" " ...	Ardern, A. J. ...	" " "	A.G.D., '94; Asst. Clk., S.B., '96; Clk., L.P.S., '99
" " ...	Fraser, J. S. ...	" " "	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '97
A.G.D. ...	Swayne, F. T. ...	Cashier ...	Clk., 3rd Cl., M.O.O., '67; R. & A.G.O., '72; 2nd Cl., '75; 1st Cl., '84; Princ. Clk., '88; Acct., '92
" ...	Hughes, R. B. ...	Acct. ...	Extra Clk., S.B., '68; Est., '69; R. & A.G.O., '72; 2nd Cl., '82; 2nd Div., Hr. Gr., '90; Exr., '92; Asst. Acct., '96
" ...	King, L. G. ...	Asst. Acct. ...	Clk., 3rd Cl., '70; 2nd Cl., '85; 2nd Div., Hr. Gr., '90; Exr., '96
" ...	Ennis, J. ...	Exr. ...	Divisional Engineering Clk., '73; Jr. Clk., '78; Clk., 3rd Cl., R. & A.G.O., '81; 2nd Div., Hr. Gr., '93
C.T.O. ...	Harvey, C. ...	Clk., 3rd Cl. ...	Tel., '94
E. in C.O. ...	Haynes, J. H. ...	Engr., 2nd Cl. ...	S.C. & T., Gloucester, '85; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '92
" " ...	Mulligan, P. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., L'pool, '83; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '92
" " ...	Gibbins, F. E. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Leicester, '85; Sheffield, '87; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '92

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
E. in C.O. ...	Callender, R. W.	Engr., 2nd Cl. ...	Tel., C.T.O., '82; Sub-Engr., '96
" " ...	Sirett, C. J. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Manchester, '82; Sub-Engr., '96
" " ...	Nichols, A. R....	" " ...	Tel., C.T.O., '85; Sub-Engr., '96
" " ...	Bailey, W. J. ...	" " ...	C.C.&T., E.C., '85; Sub-Engr., '96
" " ...	Stubbs, W. J. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Preston, '88; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '96; Sub-Engr., '96
" " ...	Stubbs, J. W. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., L'pool, '83; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '84; Senr. Clk., '92
" " ...	Wood, A. H. ...	" " ...	Tel., C.T.O., '85; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '92
" " ...	Holbrook, T. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Leeds, '77; Relay Clk., Lr. Sec., E. in C.O., '92
" " ...	Loch, E. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Hull, '82; Relay Clk., Lr. Sec., E. in C.O., '93
" " ...	Teggins, A. W....	Sub-Engr. ...	S.C. & T., B'ham, 85; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '95
" " ...	I'Anson, R. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Manchester, '85; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '96
" " ...	Andrews, J. R...	" ...	S.C. & T., Newcastle, '85; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '96
" " ...	Bannister, G. W.	" ...	S.C. & T., Manchester, '86; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '96
" " ...	Kemp, H. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Manchester, '87; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '96
" " ...	Gardner, A. W...	" ...	S.C. & T., Stockton-on-Tees, '87; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '96
" " ...	Upton, S....	" ...	S.C. & T., Grimsby, '87; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '96
" " ...	Whillis, C....	" ...	S.C. & T., Newcastle-on-Tyne, '89; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '96
" " ...	Hook, G. H. J...	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '89; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '96
" " ...	Davis, F. W. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Weymouth, '91; Peterboro', '92; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '96
" " ...	Wakefield, J. H. M.	" ...	S.C. & T., Leeds, '93; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '96

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
E. in C.O. ...	Hook, R. M. ...	Sub-Engr. ...	S.C. & T., Limerick, '94; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '97
" " ...	Wells, R. A. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Dublin, '87; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '97
" " ...	Hardie, J. J. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Aberdeen, '89; Edinboro', '92; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '97
" " ...	Brown, H. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., B'ham, '90; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '97
" " ...	Statters, J. E. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Hull, '90; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '98
" " ...	Bramwell, J. T. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Newcastle-on-Tyne, '89; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '98
" " ...	Everatt, W. C. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Newcastle-on-Tyne, '90; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '98
" " ...	Shaw, J. H. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Belfast, '92; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '98
" " ...	Partridge, T. T. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Nottingham, '95; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '98
" " ...	Cardrey, A. G....	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '85; Jr. Clk.(Prov.),E. in C.O., '98
" " ...	Brown, J. ...	" ...	S.C. & T.,Aberdeen,'88; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '98
" " ...	Fletcher, J. F. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Derby, '93; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '98
" " ...	Wilby, E. J. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Leeds, '91; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '98
" " ...	Scarr, W. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Norwich, '94; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '98
" " ...	Dawson, A. E....	" ...	S.C.&T., Bury,'87; Tel., C.T.O., '91; S.C.&T., Manchester, '94; Jr. Clk.(Prov.),E. in C.O., '98
" " ...	Lomas, W. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Manchester, '91; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '98
" " ...	Leigh, J. H. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Manchester, '85; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '99

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
E. in C.O. ...	Cameron, J. ...	Sub-Engr. ...	S.C. & T., Glasgow, '90; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '99
" "	McCarthy, J. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Belfast, '92; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '99
" "	Horner, F. H. ...	" "	S.C. & T., B'ham, '88; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '99
" "	Picker, H. F. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Manchester, '89; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '99
" "	Ogden, E. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Manchester, '90; Jr. Clk. (Prov.), E. in C.O., '99
" "	Tiffin, J. H. ...	Senr. Clk. (Prov.)	S.C. & T., Glasgow, '85; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '91
" "	Jones, J. ...	Jr. Clk. (Prov.)	S.C. & T., L'pool, '83
" "	Beasley, B. J. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Oxford, '83
" "	Pym, W. H. ...	" "	S.C. & T., South Shields, '83
" "	Davidson, J. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Dundee, '85
" "	Beer, G. F. ...	" "	S.C. & T., L'pool, '85
" "	Bellwood, G. F. ...	" "	S.C. & T., York, '85
" "	Hetherington, T. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Chester, '85
" "	McIlwreith, J. W. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Bradford, '85
" "	Waters, E. W. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Cambridge, '85
" "	Devey, J. E. ...	" "	S.C. & T., B'ham, '86
" "	Motyer, J. A. ...	" "	S.C. & T., L'pool, '86
" "	Crawford, J. M. ...	" "	S.C. & T., L'pool, '86
" "	Appleton, W. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Manchester, '88
" "	Bassett, S. W. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Oxford, '87
" "	Browne, F. G. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Bristol, '88; B'ham, '90
" "	Bound, J. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Penzance, '88; B'ham, '89
" "	Wenman, H. E. A. ...	" "	S.C. & T., L'pool, '97
" "	Bullock, A. H. ...	" "	S.C. & T., B'ham, '88
" "	Harrop, F. N. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Manchester, '88
" "	Jones, J. C. ...	" "	S.C. & T., L'pool, '88
" "	Adams, J. W. T. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Exeter, '89
" "	Whitehead, J. H. ...	" "	S.C. & T., L'pool, '89
" "	Tanner, L. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Hull, '89; Tel., C. T. O., '91; S.C. & T., Chippenham, '94
" "	Adams, T. ...	" "	S.C. & T., L'pool, '89
" "	Lane, W. H. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Tonbridge, '90
" "	Hedley, J. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Manchester, '90
" "	Walker, A. T. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Manchester, '90

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
E. in C.O. ...	Edwards, W. B. ...	Jr. Clk. (Prov.) ...	S.C. & T., Newport, Mon., '90
" " ...	Lucas, J. G. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Blackburn, '90
" " ...	Leigh, C. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Manchester, '91
" " ...	Tebbits, J. S. ...	" " ...	S. C. & T., Market Drayton, '91; B'ham, '93; Shrewsbury, '93
" " ...	Harris, E. C. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Dover, '91
" " ...	Vernon, G. H. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Manchester, '91
" " ...	Crocker, J. R. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Leeds, '91
" " ...	Denton, J. C. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Nottingham, '91
" " ...	Graham, J. W. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Newcastle-on-Tyne, '91
" " ...	Evans, A. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Cardiff, '92
" " ...	Fletcher, G. E. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Derby, '92
" " ...	Mercer, C. J. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Folkestone, '92
" " ...	Noyes, H. S. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., York, '92
" " ...	Milford, P. E. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Cardiff, '93
" " ...	Davies, E. R. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Chester, '93
" " ...	Atkinson, J. W. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Birmingham, '93
" " ...	Turner, J. W. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Barrow-in-Furness, '94; Manchester, '97
" " ...	Brown, H. P. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Newcastle-on-Tyne, '97
" " ...	Fleming, G. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Glasgow, '87
" " ...	Doak, H. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Armagh, '87; Belfast, '92
" " ...	Smith, N. L. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Dundee, '87; Glasgow, '99
" " ...	Scully, D. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Dublin, '87
" " ...	Lockhart, J. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Glasgow, '88
" " ...	Maguire, B. J. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Dublin, '88
" " ...	Cowie, J. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Aberdeen, '89
" " ...	Taylor, J. L. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Aberdeen, '89
" " ...	Sharpley, A. J. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Dublin, '89
" " ...	Storey, S. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Dublin, '89
" " ...	Finlayson, W. J. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Glasgow, '90
" " ...	Macpherson, H. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Glasgow, '90
" " ...	Glover, J. B. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Glasgow, '90
" " ...	Watson, D. W. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Edinburgh, '91
" " ...	Moore, H. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Belfast, '91
" " ...	Jack, J. A. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Edinburgh, '91
" " ...	McMullen, J. F. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Belfast, '91
" " ...	McCormack, W. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Aberdeen, '91
" " ...	McCandless, J. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Belfast, '91
" " ...	McCloskey, A. E. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Londonderry, '92
" " ...	Burge, C. W. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Dublin, '93
" " ...	Henrici, R. C. ...	" " ...	S. C. & T., Castle Douglas, '93; Edinburgh, '94

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
E. in C.O. ...	Sinclair, W. M.	Jr. Clk. (Prov.) ...	S.C. & T., Aberdeen, '94
" " ...	Burrow, S. E. J.	Relay Clk., Lr. Sec.	S.C. & T., Exeter, '86; Relay Clk., Lr. Sec. (Lr. Scale), '99
" " ...	McCurdy, J. N.	" "	S.C. & T., Belfast, '83
" " ...	Farrar, S. ...	" " (Lr. Scale)	S.C. & T., Glasgow, '85; Jnr. Clk., E. in C.O., '91
L.P.S.D. (Contr.'s Off.)	Pollard, R.	Clk., 3rd Cl. ...	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '94; Clk., S.E.D.O., '98; Jr. Clk., P.S.D., '98
" "	O'Donnell, J. J.	" "	Sr., Cir. Off., '97
" "	Whittle, W. G....	" "	S.C. & T., Southport, '91; Pr. Kr., Regy. (Sec.'s Off.), '97
" "	Bell, W. P.	" "	C.C. & T., E.D.O., '93
" "	West, P. F.	" "	Boy Clk., S.B., '93; Asst. Clk., '96; 2nd Div., '99
" "	Letch, W. J.	" "	Boy Clk., Regy. (Sec.'s Off.), '94; Asst. Clk., S.B., '97; 2nd Div., '98
„(Circn.Off.)	Andrews, W.	Insp. ...	1873; Sr., '76; Spl. Duty Offr., '85; Over., '85
" "	Taylor, A. A.	" ...	1872; Sr., '76; Over., '86
" "	Holt, H. J.	Over. ...	1876; Sr., '80
" "	Taylor, G.	" ...	1881; Sr., '83
" "	Bagshaw, S. R.	" ...	1876; Sr., '78; Wtg. Asst., '85; Spl. Duty Offr., '90; Sr., '90
P.S.D. ...	Brampton, J. C.	Jr. Clk. ...	Tel., C.T.O., '89; C.C. & T., W., '89
" ...	Gilpin, A. J.	" ...	C. C. & T., N.W., '94; Exr., 2nd Cl., T.S.D., '99
" ...	Alexander, A. G.	" ...	S.C. & T., Manchester, '96
" ...	Gunn, W. H.	" ...	Asst. Clk., S.B., '97
" ...	Cross, A. E. B...	" ...	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '97
M.O.O. ...	Sanderson, R. J.	Asst. Princ. Clk.	Clk., Genl. Body, '68; 2nd Cl., '73; 2nd Div., Hr. Gr., '90; 1st Cl., '91
" ...	Barrett, J. C.	Clk., 1st Cl. ...	Boy Clk., '72; Clk., 3rd Cl., '74; 2nd Cl., '87; 2nd Div., Hr. Gr., '91
" ...	Miss M. M. Billing	Princ. Clk. ...	Clk., C. H. B., '84; M.O.O., 1st Cl., '98
" ...	" K. Dimond	" ...	Clk., C. H. B., '85; M.O.O., 1st Cl., '98
" ...	" C.C. Couper	Clk., 1st Cl. ...	Clk., C.H.B., '83; M.O.O., '98
" ...	" M. I. Wright	" "	Clk., C. H. B., '88; M.O.O., '98

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
R.L.O.	Mackay, G. S.	Clk.	S.C. & T., Glasgow, '94; Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '98
"	Hudson, J.	Senr. Asst.	Retr., '69; Asst., '73
"	Tnompson, E. J.	"	Retr., '69; Asst., '73
S.B.D.	Lovell, W. F.	Princ. Clk.	Kingstown, '67; C.D., '68; S.B., '69; 2nd Cl., '75; 1st Cl., '92; Asst. Princ. Clk., '94
"	Walker, F. E.	Asst. Princ. Clk. ...	Boy Clk., '70; Est., '71; Hr. Gr., '90; 1st Cl., '96
"	Undrell, W. J.	Clk., 1st Cl.	Boy Clk., '73; Est., '74; 2nd Cl., '86; 2nd Div., Hr. Gr., '90
"	Lee, J. P.	"	Boy Clk., '70; Est., '71; 2nd Cl., '85; 2nd Div., Hr. Gr., '90
Solr.'s Off.	Winter, E.	Asst. Solr.	Professional Clk., '58; Princ. Clk., '76
Sur.'s Dept.	Dickie, D. T.	Sta. Clk.	S. C. & T., Castle Douglas, '89
"	Coonan, S. D.	"	S.C. & T., Dublin, '90
"	Macpherson, W. A.	"	S.C. & T., Nairn, '91; Aberdeen, '93
"	Gibb, G.	"	S.C. & T., Dundee, '91
"	Durnin, J.	"	S.C. & T., Newry, '93
"	Blake, F. G.	"	S.C. & T., Dublin, '95
"	Powney, A. E.	"	S.C. & T., Shrewsbury, '92; Brighton, '98
T.S.D.	Clementson, J. J.	Super.	S.C. & T., Newcastle-on-Tyne, '76; Tel., C.T.O., '82; Test Clk., T.S.D., '96; 1st Cl., '99
"	Wheeler, C. W.	Test Clk., 1st Cl. ...	Tel., C.T.O., '79; Test Clk., T.S.D., '96

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

Abergavenny ...	Jones, J.	Clk.	S.C. & T., Pontypool, '94
Ashton-under-Lyne	Saunders, J.	Ch. Clk.	S.C. & T., '81; Clk., '91
"	Sagar, J. H.	Clk.	S.C. & T., Oxford, '85; Ashton-under-Lyne, '86
Barrow-in-Furness	Armstrong, T.	Asst. Super.	S. C. & T., Bradford, Yorks., '77; Clk., Barrow-in-Furness, '95
Birkenhead ...	Graham, T.	Clk.	1882; S.C. & T., '84
"	Fullarton, D.	"	S.C. & T., '86
Birmingham ...	Taylor, E.	Ch. Clk.	S.C. & T., '67; Asst. Super., '85; Super., '90
"	Spencer, H. W.	Ch. Super. (P.) ...	Clk., '73; Asst. Super., '86; Super., '88
"	Day, C.	Super. (P.)	S.C. & T., '79; Clk., '89; Asst., Super., '92

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Birmingham	Spencer, F.	Super. (P.)	S.C. & T., '81; Clk., '90; Asst. Super., '92
"	Payne, C. C.	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (P.)	1879; S.C. & T., '81; Clk., '90; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '93
"	Donnelly, W.	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (P.)	S.C. & T., Banbury, '75; Oxford, '77; Clk., '85; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '93
"	Holt, G. A.	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (P.)	S.C. & T., Rugby, '72; Coventry, '74; B'ham, '81; Clk., '87
Blackburn	Vity, R. T.	Super. (T.)	S.C. & T., '86
Dewsbury	Normanton, J. W.	Ch. Clk.	S.C. & T., '81; Clk., '91
"	Roberts, W.	Clk.	S.C. & T., '81
Exeter	Fowler, G. H.	Asst. Super. (T.)	U.K.T.Co., '68; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '91
"	Toms, A.	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '71
Grimsby	Underwood, J. J.	Asst. Super. (P.)	S.C. & T., '77; Clk., '91
"	Hollingsworth, W. C.	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '81
"	Johnson, W. B.	" (P.)	S.C. & T., '83
"	Miss A. L. Petersen	Asst. Super.	S.C. & T., '95
King's Lynn	Smith, W. E.	Clk.	S.C. & T., '74
"	Garnham, E. E.	"	S.C. & T., '84
Kingston-on-Thames	Powell, W. H. F.	"	S.C. & T., '88
Leamington Spa	Gething, W.	"	E.T. Co., '67; G.P.O., '70
"	Miss G.F. Pughe,	Super.	S.C. & T., '94
Liverpool	" C. McCraith	Clk. in Charge	Counterwoman, '74; Asst. Clk. in charge, '83
Mansfield	Copestake, W. A.	Clk.	1888; S.C. & T., '92
Normanton	Eames, T. B.	Ch. Clk.	1875; S.C. & T., '80; Clk., '95; Asst. Super., '98
Ramsgate	Nash, J. C.	Clk.	1887; S.C. & T., '89
Sheffield	Nichols, C.	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (P.)	S.C. & T., '74; Clk., '94
"	Youdan, T. A.	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '86
Tonbridge	Tanner, S. T.	"	S.C. & T., '88
Wallingford	Witherell, W.	"	S.C. & T., '87

IRELAND.

Carlow	Nelson, T.	Clk.	S.C. & T., Kildare, '89; Carlow, '93
Cork	Clifford, J.	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '85
"	Riordan, J.	"	S.C. & T., '83
"	Barry, J.	Asst. Super. (T.)	E.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '91
"	Barry, M.	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '79

OFFICE	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Cork	Giltinan, T. J....	Clk. (T.)	E.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; Tel. Instructor, S. Dist., '74; Clk., Cork, '84
"	Fitzpatrick, T....	"	S.C. & T., '70
Dublin	Stuttard, J.	Princ. Clk. (Sec.'s Off.)	Registry of Seamen, London, '75; Customs, '76; Sec.'s Off. (G.P.O.), Dublin, '77; Clk., Lr. Div., '78; 1st Cl., '95
"	Keawell, P. J....	Clk., 1st Cl. (Sec.'s Off.)	Clk., Lr. Div., Sec.'s Off., Dublin, '86; Temp. Staff Asst., '95; Hr. Gr. (Accts. Off.), '96; Sec.'s Off., '98
"	Olden, R....	Super., Stg. Off. ...	Tel., Dublin, '72; Armagh, '72; Clk., Waterford, '77; Londonderry, '78; Stg. Off., Dublin, '83; Asst. Super., '90
"	Behan, P. J. ...	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (P.)	1876; Sr., '78; Over., '90; Clk., '91; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '97
"	Cavendish, R. J.	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (P.)	S.C. & T., '59; Clk., '96
"	Higginbotham, W. R.	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., Kingstown, '82; Dublin, '92
"	Dunne, T. M. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	Tel., '70; Clk., '95
"	Sweeney, J. P....	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., Waterford, '74; Dublin, '81
"	Sweeney, E. F...	"	S.C. & T., Carrick-on-Suir, '75; Waterford, '75; Dublin, '81
"	Pemberton, W. A.	"	S.C. & T., '84
Londonderry ...	Lockington, J....	Ch. Clk....	S.C. & T., Dundalk, '73; Belfast, '80; Clk., T., Londonderry, '85; Asst. Super., T., '91

SCOTLAND.

Glasgow	Cameron, D. ...	Asst. Super. (T.)	S.C. & T., '74; Clk., T., '95
"	McColl, T.	Clk. (T.)	S.C. & T., '77

*Retirements.***LONDON.**

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
A.G.D., C.H.B.	Miss G. G. Glasgow	Clk., 1st Cl.	1881; 1st Cl., '94
" "	* " A. E. Kennard	Clk.	1892
" "	* " K. M. White	"	1890
" P.O.B.	* " E. Lemin...	"	1892
" "	" A. H. Meadows	"	1886
" "	* " C. M. V. Doughty	Sr.	1896
C.T.O.	Faunch, W. G....	Super.	E.T. Co., '54; G.P.O., '70; Clk., 2nd Cl., Intel. Sec., '71; Super., '78
"	Parker, E. P. ...	Asst. Super., Hr. Gr.	E.T. Co., '64; G.P.O., Southampton, '70; C.T.O., '73; Senr. Tel., '81; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '90; Hr. Gr., '94
"	Doree, I. T. ...	" "	U.K.T. Co., '67; G.P.O., '70; Senr. Tel., '85; Asst. Super., '90; Hr. Gr. '98
"	Waters, G. ...	Tel.	1871
"	Bennett, B. P. ...	"	1877
"	Thoms, A. E. ...	"	1880
"	* Tarryer, A. F....	"	1890
"	* Carrel, F. J. ...	"	1895
"	Miss M. Hobbs	Asst. Super.	Tel., '70; Asst. Super., '96
"	" H. L. Lowrie	Tel.	1873
"	" A. Hudson	"	C.C. & T., S.W., '83; Tel., C.T.O., '87
L.P.S.D., E.C.	Stevens, P. B. ...	Clk., 1st Cl. (for Stg. purposes)	Prob. Clk., '64; 3rd Cl., '64; 2nd Cl. (for Stg. purposes), '83; 1st Cl., '91
" "	Fitzgerald, T. J.	Insp.	1856; Sr., '58; Over., '76; Insp., '91
" "	Lockhart, R. ...	Over.	1860; Sr., '72; Over., '81
" "	Dean, A. ...	Sr.	1859; Sr., '61
" "	Willis, H. H. ...	"	1863; Sr., '67
" "	Breton, G. H. W.	"	1881; Sr., '89
" "	McCartney, J. M.	"	1882
" "	* Marshall, J. ...	"	1890
" "	* Sullivan, B. ...	"	1897

* Awarded a Gratuity.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
L.P.S.D., E.C.	*O'Donovan, M. V. B.	Sr.	1897
"	W. *Spendlove, W. L.	"	1893
"	S.W. Parr, W.	Over.	1858; Over., '88
"	" Corp, B. J.	"	1865; Sr., '72; Asst. Over., '81; Over., '88
"	" Miss M. B. Coles	Super.	C.C. & T., '71; Super., '91
"	E. Taylor, R.	Over.	1866; Over., '91
"	" White, A.... ..	C.C. & T.	1880
"	Paddn. Neale, W.... ..	Over.	1868; Over., '85
"	N.W. Almond, T.	"	1861; Sr., '66; Over., '73
"	" Holden, F. W.... ..	"	1866; Over., '91
"	" N. Hunt, C. J.	Sr.	1886
"	Norwood Miss M. Deakins	C.C. & T.	1887
M.O.O.	Evans, W. F.	Princ. Clk.	Clk., 3rd Cl., '58; Genl. Body, '67; 1st Cl., '73; Princ. Clk., '91
S.B.D.	Miss E. S. Fullagar	"	Clk., 2nd Cl., '75; 1st Cl., '76; Princ. Clk., '84
"	" M. A. Hunt	Clk.	Sr., P.O.B. (A.G.D.), '88; Clk., S.B., '91
"	" M. J. Crichton	"	A.G.D. (C.H.B.), '96; S.B.D., '97

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

Alnwick	Simpson, J.	Pmr.	1873
Alresford... ..	Peploe, G.	Pmr.	1865
Ashton-under- Lyne	Cotgreave, C.E.	Chief Clerk	S.C. & T., Stoke-on- Trent, '80; Insp. of Postn., '84; Clk., Oswestry, '88; Ch. Clk., '92; Ashton- under-Lyne, '97
Birmingham ...	Dorrington, J....	Ch. Super. Tels. ...	E.T. Co., '54; G.P.O., '74; Super., '71; Ch. Super., '90
"	Beaufoy, T.	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '63; Clk., '90; Asst. Super., '97
Bridport	Miss M. Prince	Pms.	1865
Carlisle	Graham, W.	Ch. Clk.... ..	S.C. & T., '59; Clk., '60; Ch. Clk., '69
"	Henderson, T....	S.C. & T.	1886
Eastbourne	Thompson, C.W.	"	1881
Honiton	Miss M. M. Beeson	Pms.	L.P.T. Co., '59; G.P.O. (London, W.D.O.), '70; Jersey, '70; Pms., Honiton, '94
Ipswich	Gardiner, W. A.	S.C. & T.	1887
Leeds	Miss M. L. Barnes	Tel.	1874
"	* " A. Fox	"	1892
"	" E. Ormand	"	1885

* Awarded a Gratuity.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Liverpool	Walker, J...	Super. ...	M.T. Co., '53; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '72; 1st Cl., '90; Super, '93
"	Turner, E. W....	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (T.)	E.T. Co., '54; U.K.T. Co., '63; G.P.O., '70; Super. of Instruments. '72; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '87; 1st Cl., '90
"	Miss E. Potter...	S.C. & T. ...	1875
"	* " A. Knox	Clk. " (T.) ...	1897
Manchester	Cheadle, W. T...	Clk. (T.) ...	M.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '98
"	Evans, J. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1868
"	Nickson, A. ...	" ...	1870
"	Miss B. Percival	" ...	1883
Newport, Mon.	" E. M. J. Smoothey	Asst. Super. ...	Tel., '73; As t. Super., '96
Penzance...	* " E.M.Newall	S.C. & T. ...	1894
Plymouth	* " M.B. Clarke	" ...	1898
Rotherham	Nichols, R. ...	Pmr. ...	Farnham, '62; Gosport, '91; Rotherham, '98
Sandwich	Seaborne, G. W.	" ...	Shoreham, '77; Sandwich, '89
Sheffield ...	*Pexton, W. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1891
Uppingham	Leak, T. ...	Pmr. ...	1871
Wakefield	Sidwell, G. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1872
Weymouth	Stoodley, F. C...	" ...	1899
Wickham	Till, D. ...	Pmr. ...	1858
Market			
Wigton	Schofield, C. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Rochdale, '76; Clk., '91; Pmr., Wigton, '96

IRELAND.

Cork	McGrath, D. ...	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	M.T. Co., '58; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '71; Asst. Super., '91
Dublin	Murray, P. J. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1885
"	*Williams, W. H.	" ...	1898
Tullamore	Love, H. T. ...	Pmr. ...	1876

SCOTLAND.

Ayr	Muir, A. ...	Ch. Clk. ...	Clk., '68; Ch. Clk., '81
Craigellachie	Cumming, J. S.	Pmr. ...	Asst., '51; Pmr., '58
Glasgow	Miss E. McDonald	S.C. & T. ...	Tel., C.T.O., '75; Glasgow, '79
"	Watson, J. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., Hamilton, '61; Glasgow, '64; Clk., '79; Asst. Super., '87

* Awarded a Gratuity.

Postmasters Appointed.

OFFICE.	NAME.	PREVIOUS APPOINTMENTS.
London, N.W.	Gibson, J. K. ...	Temp. Clk., Cir. Dept. ; Est., S.E.D.O. ; S.W.D.O. ; Ch. Clk., Paddn. ; Pmr., Batts.
Acklington (Morpeth)	Miss G. M. Beauchamp	Tel., Counterwoman and Retr., Liverpool ; S.C. & T., North Shields ; Alnwick
Bridport	Hooper, T. E. ...	M.T. Co. ; Tel., G.P.O., Bristol ; Taunton ; Pmr., Cengleton.
Colchester	James, W. J. ...	S.C. & T., Kingston-on-Thames ; S.C. & T., Clk., Super., Plymouth ; Pmr., Devonport
Coventry	Bostock, W....	Clk., Ch. Clk., Wolverhampton ; Pmr., Loughborough ; Colchester
Kingsbridge	Snelling, W. G. ...	S.C. & T., Plymouth
Knaresborough	Miss C. Blenkhorn	S.C. & T.
Milford Haven	Portch, R. J. ...	Sr., Wtg. Asst., Over., L.P.S.
Richmond, Yorks	Morton, A. ...	Pmr. Bawtry.
Worthing	Stacey, G. ...	Clk., Ch. Clk., Bournemouth
Belfast... ..	Sheridan, P....	M.T. Co. ; Tel., Cork ; Clk., Super. (Stg. Off.), Dublin ; Pmr., Cork
Moate	Mrs. E. A. Glanville	Asst.
Ayton	Gordon, F. ...	S.C. & T., Edinburgh

Deaths.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
A.G.D.	Potter, C. W. ...	Cashier	Extra Clk., '54; Est., '54; 1st Cl., '75; Princ. Clk., '85; Acct., '92; Cashier, '96
"	Chandler, A. S.	Clk., 2nd Div. (Hr. Gr.)	E. T. Co., '62; G. P. O., '70; Clk., 2nd Cl., '75; 2nd Div., Hr. Gr., '90
"	Kennedy, C. S. .	Clk., 2nd Div. (Hr. Gr.)	Tracing Clk., '72; 3rd Cl., '75; 2nd Div., '90; Hr. Gr., '93
C.T.O.	Chichester, E. W.	Asst. Super.	E. T. Co., '65; G. P. O., '70; Senr. Tel., '84; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '90; Asst. Super., '95
"	Edwards, W. ...	" 2nd Cl.	Tel., '71; Senr. Tel., '90; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '97
"	Cosier, J.	Tel.	1884
"	Cowling, W. B. C.	"	1899
"	Hench, J.	"	1870
"	Lankstead, H. ...	"	1878
"	Miss E. E. Skeen	"	1891
L.P.S.D., E.C.	Barry, W. J. ...	Sr.	1878; Sr., '85
" "	Franklin, A. ...	"	1881; Sr., '83
" "	Grice, H.	"	Sr., N.W., '92; Cir. Off., '95
" "	Harris, V. N. ...	"	1873
" "	*Manktelow, H. T.	"	1894
" "	Skinner, A. H. ...	"	1880; Sr., '83
" "	Williams, C. ...	"	1878; Sr., '82
" "	W. Stockbridge, S. E.	"	1882; Sr., '93
" S.W. †	Bruns, F. W. ...	"	1888
" "	Gifford, E. A. ...	"	1887; Sr., '93
" N.W.	Leader, H. W. ...	C.C. & T.	C. C. & T., E., '90; N.W., '98
S.B.D.	Kearns, W. E. ...	Princ. Clk.	Extra Clk., '62; Prob., '63; 1st Cl., '71; Princ. Clk., '83
"	French, T. ...	Clk., 2nd Div. ...	Boy Clk., '72; Est., '73; 2nd Cl., '85; 2nd Div., Hr. Gr., '90
"	Miss M. F. L. Steuart	Princ. Clk.	Clk., 2nd Cl., '81; 1st Cl., '90; Princ. Clk., '05
Birkenhead ...	Freeman, W. B.	Clk.	S.C. & T., '77; Clk., '90
Cheltenham ...	Miss C. A. Clinch	S.C. & T.	L.P.T. Co., '64; G. P. O., '70
Liverpool ...	" J. McW. Fleming	"	1895
Lydney	Herbert, C. H. ...	"	1897

*Mr. Manktelow was killed in action at Magersfontein.

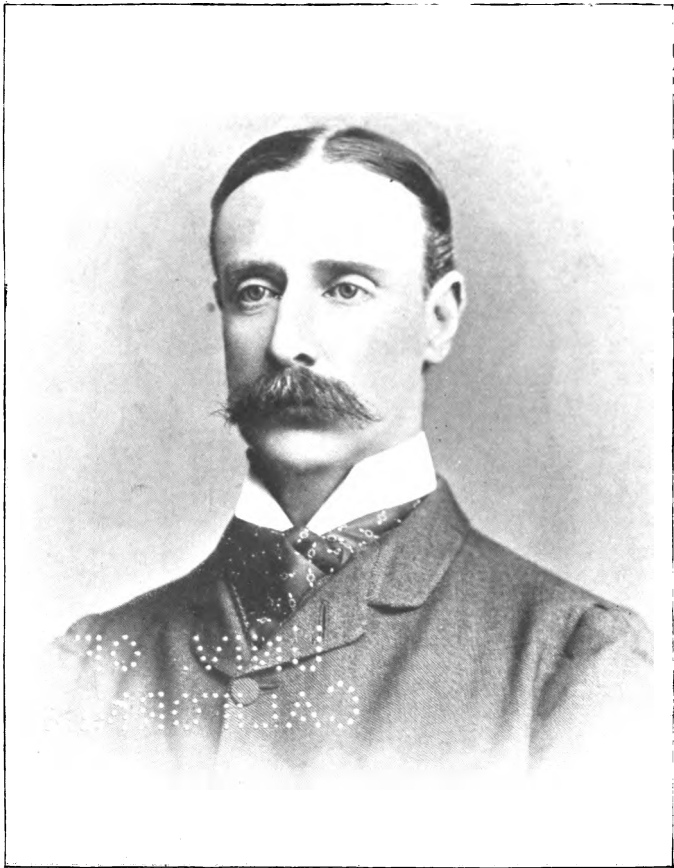
†Mr. Bruns died of enteric fever at Pietermaritzburg while serving with the colours.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Manchester ...	Dickinson, J. B.	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (T.)	E.T. Co., '56; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '90; 1st Cl., '96
" ...	Ready, D. V. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1880
Newmarket ...	Pond, H....	Ch. Clk. ...	S.C. & T., '85; Clk., '91; Ch. Clk., '98
Preston ...	Gaskell, A. J. ...	S.C. & T. ...	S.C. & T., Preston, '78; Burnley, '81; Preston, '82
Southampton ...	Feltham, W. ...	" ...	1893
" ...	Fry, G. C. ...	" ...	1890
Twickenham ...	Miss K. J. Tappenden	" ...	S.C. & T., Woking, '92; Twickenham, '98
Worcester ...	Lee, R. G. ...	Ch. Clk. ...	S.C. & T., '74; Clk., '83; Asst. Super., '91; Ch. Clk., '94
Belfast ...	Miss C. S. Craig	S.C. & T. ...	1899
Dublin ...	Kelly, J. T. ...	Clk., 2nd Div. (Sec.'s Off.)	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '82; Acct.'s Off., Dublin, '91; Sec.'s Off., '93
Dundee ...	Duffus, G. ...	S.C. & T. ...	S.C. & T., Edinburgh, '89; Dundee, '91
" ...	Gordon, J. ...	" ...	1882
Glasgow ...	Russell, R. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl.	S.C. & T., '70; Clk., '87; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '90

ABBREVIATIONS.

Asst., Assistant; C.C. & T., Counter Clerk and Telegraphist; Ch., Chief; Cl., Class; Clk., Clerk; Cont., Controller; Div., Division; Engr., Engineer; Exr., Examiner; Gr., Grade; Hd., Head; Hr., Higher; Insp., Inspector; Jr., Junior; Lr., Lower; Offr., Officer; Over., Overseer; P., Postal; Pmr., Postmaster; Pms., Postmistress; Pr.-Kr., Paper-Keeper; Princ., Principal; Prob., Probationary; Prov., Provinces; Retr., Returner; Sec.'s, Secretary's; Senr., Senior; S.C. & T., Sorting Clerk and Telegraphist; Sr., Sorter; Stg., Sorting; Sta., Stationary; Supply., Supplementary; Sur., Surveyor; Super., Superintendent or Supervisor; Tech., Technical; Tel., Telegraphist; Temp., Temporary; Tr., Tracer; Wtg., Writing.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA




THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, K.G.

[Frontispiece.]

ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND

JULY, 1900.

The Army Post Office.

F anyone expects in this article to read of thrilling adventures in South Africa, of mail bags whirling through space in fumes of lyddite, and of militant postmen in a hail of Mauser bullets, he will be disappointed, and had better pass on to the next. Exciting narratives will doubtless be forthcoming from those who have had the good fortune to serve the Department at the front ; but a certain amount of interest may perhaps also attach to a more or less prosaic account of the Army Post Office as surveyed from this end of the Ocean.

Of the many documents on the subject which I have had an opportunity of perusing I see that the earliest is marked "confidential," and I believe that that is the first official intimation we had at St. Martin's-le-Grand that war was really in the air. I must not mention the date because that might be an indiscretion ; but it may safely be said that directly the warning arrived the Post Office, metaphorically speaking, girded up its loins and began to prepare for the fray.

At that time, of course, no one had any idea of the magnitude of the scale on which operations would have to be conducted, and of the lucky men who were selected for duty with the Army Post Office some possibly left England prepared to find, on arrival in Africa, that the fighting was over and that they would have to return home, after an all too brief and enjoyable outing. That any such dreams were illusory we all know now. The "enjoyment" has been long and arduous ; for some of the men it very soon took the form of being under fire and assisting the wounded in the trenches at Modder River, while quite recently two were themselves wounded near Roodeval.

Not long after the campaign opened, news came that on account of the large area over which military operations were extending, it

had been necessary to establish in addition to two base offices in the Cape Colony and Natal no less than 43 field post offices.

A large increase of force became imperative, with the result that at the present time the staff consists of as many as ten officers, and about 400 non-commissioned officers and men. This is not taking into account 326 Post Office telegraphists and linemen, who are serving with the Royal Engineers. The majority of these were selected from the Post Office Rifle Volunteers.

It is interesting to compare these numbers with those we find on previous occasions when the Post Office has been represented in the field. At the time of the Crimea, to ensure the prompt delivery of correspondence at headquarters and a regular despatch of return mails to this country, an experienced officer of the department was selected to proceed to Turkey as Postmaster of Her Majesty's forces, and three Assistant-Postmasters, together with seven letter sorters, were afterwards despatched from England to aid him in his duties. When the Expeditionary Force was sent to Egypt in the summer of 1882, an Army Post Office Corps was, for the first time, regularly organised for service abroad, and on that occasion 100 non-commissioned officers of the Post Office Rifle Volunteer Regiment were enlisted as soldiers in the regular Army, and sent out under the charge of two officers.

In the matter of transport we find that at the time of the Crimea measures were taken to supply eighteen horses and mules for the exclusive use of the Post Office. I presume that in Egypt they availed themselves of the useful but obnoxious camel, and what they do in Africa I do not exactly know. Perhaps Mr. Greer, the Postmaster of the Northern District, who is in command of the Army Post Office, or one of the other officers who are so zealously assisting him, will some day furnish the readers of this magazine with some interesting particulars on the point; but for the present we must suppose that it is Lord Kitchener who has again come to the rescue, and that the Army Post Office avails itself to a large extent, if not entirely, of the military transport arrangements.

There are some people to whom the question of transport in time of war would present no difficulty, and who expect letters to be delivered on the field of battle with the same regularity as on a breakfast table in London. Those people, of course, it is impossible for any Post Office to satisfy; but there are good grounds for thinking that, taking things all round, the public in this country, as well as the troops in the field, have really appreciated the efforts

made to render postal communication as efficient as possible. At both ends difficulties abound, many of which cannot be foreseen and can only be dealt with as they arise.

Irregularities, moreover, and delays in particular, are to a certain extent unavoidable when operations are being carried on over so vast an area by troops perpetually on the move. But it is probable that many people who think their letters are a long time going to or coming from the seat of war are in reality ignorant of the time required for transit, and would blame the Post Office because they do not receive a letter from the front before the soldier from whom they expect it has had time even to reach the Cape.

It is quite within the bounds of possibility, too, that if one private Tom Smith has the misfortune to be killed and another remains alive, the mother of the latter may through some mischance receive back a letter marked "deceased." If she does, you may be quite sure the Post Office will hear of it, probably through the local member or the village curate. It does not matter that long before the letter reached her the casualty lists had been published, and she knew her particular Tom Smith did not figure among them. It is iniquitous of the Post Office to administer such cruel shocks, and it must be made to suffer for its sins. So the curate covers four pages of notepaper. The only real remedy in such cases is for the Smiths to change their name.

Nevertheless, as compared with the large number of troops employed, and the enormous amount of correspondence sent to them, complaints of delay or non-delivery have been very few; and, as the public are not usually chary of airing their complaints against the Department, it is justifiable to infer in this instance not only that they are satisfied, but that the postal service in the field works well.

The Army Post Office at the base must, one would think, often have great difficulty in maintaining touch with troops far up country at the front, and brigades, divisions, and even units are frequently separated and re-formed before correspondence despatched from them to the base has had time to arrive.

In arranging the postal duties to be performed by men in the field it was the aim of the authorities to simplify them as much as possible without impairing the efficiency and completeness of the service.

The duties comprise the distribution of the whole of the correspondence passing between the army and the mother country,

the sale of postage stamps, stamped envelopes and note-paper, and the sale and payment of British postal orders. The latter, of course, afford a much simpler means of sending remittances to soldiers than would have been afforded by a system of money orders. There is no occasion to give details here of other arrangements made, but it should be mentioned that, whenever the Department has found it practicable to introduce exemptions and privileges in favour of those fighting in South Africa, it has done so with the utmost promptitude.

Our Army Post Office is not the only one in the field, as the Indian Government has made a similar arrangement in Natal for the benefit of the troops sent from India. The Canadian Government also has equipped and furnished a postal contingent, which is attached to our own Post Office, thereby furnishing one more proof of the sympathy existing between Great Britain and her colonial possessions.

A glance at the returns of the correspondence sent from this country to South Africa during the war is sufficient to show that our men can have no light task to perform, notwithstanding the efforts made in London to relieve them of all unnecessary labour in the sorting and distribution of correspondence. On the 31st of March the number of letters sent from London in the weekly mail for the Army Post Office was 258,355, on the 19th of May it was 313,416, and on the 9th of June 265,860. The newspaper packets sent in the same mails were 98,960, 131,508, and 170,670 in number.

The letters sent on the last occasion represented a weight of 5,908 lbs., and the newspapers 34,134 lbs.; and 723 bags were required to contain them, as against 605 which sufficed for the whole of the ordinary mail for South Africa.

Of course the strain cast on the staff at St. Martin's-le-Grand in having to deal with this enormous amount of additional correspondence has been very great, particularly as the bulk of it is posted on Friday evenings, when there is always extreme pressure in connection with the despatch of the weekly mail for India and the East. It is all very well to exhort the public to post early, but, like the congregation in church, each one is inclined to apply the sermon to everyone but himself; and, if he does by any chance post his letter early in the week, he is just as likely as not to take advantage of the opportunity to post another later on. And so I am of opinion that the Controller of the London Postal Service and his staff will have to make the best of the situation, and look for

salvation to their new home in Mount Pleasant, which is, from all accounts, a veritable palace of postal delight. They are not the only officials in the Department by whom the stress of war has been felt, for the negotiation of all the arrangements connected with the transmission of correspondence to the troops has necessitated a great amount of labour, while ingenuity has often been sorely taxed to find answers to numberless enquiries partaking more or less of the nature of conundrums.

The mail from the Army Post Office, which reached London on the 8th of June, contained 108,150 letters and registered articles. It is an interesting fact that these inward mails have sometimes included no less than 3,000 boxes of the chocolate which had been sent out by H.M. the Queen. Tommy Atkins prizes his gift so much that he goes to the expense of sending it home again as a fully paid registered letter, and one of the ladies who had been left behind emphasised her gratitude to the Department for the safe delivery of her packet by asking it to refund the three shillings and sixpence which had been paid for postage at the other end !

We all know what a wave of patriotic sentiment has rolled over this country during the past winter. It is usually so in time of war. In 1870 all the ladies in Europe were employed in shredding mountains of "charpie" for the dressing of wounds, which was an easy and conversational means of combining charity with a satisfactory disposal of cast house-linen. In the present instance the epidemic has taken the form of a tropical shower of Tam o' Shanter night-caps and Cardigan jackets, which, though they sound strange, are, we are told on good authority, a most useful means of testifying feminine sympathy with our valiant soldiers in these discredited days of "charpie." In the conveyance of these and other kindred articles, the Post Office, I am glad to say, has taken its full part, and it is satisfactory to note that, as the war progressed, the number of parcels for the troops sent by post to South Africa increased by leaps and bounds, so that, whereas on the 31st of March there were 10,881, the number had almost doubled itself by the 19th of May, when it amounted to 19,019. It is clear, therefore, that, notwithstanding their habit of carping at the Post Office, the public have had a growing appreciation of the facilities afforded by it for sending out comforts to the troops.

As it would be a trial to deliver luxuries to others when one had none for oneself, we must hope that a full and fair proportion of the results of philanthropy have fallen to the lot of the Army P.O.

There was a rumour of a special present of tobacco in one quarter, and I have heard of an official who, with more zeal than discretion, was instrumental in procuring large bales of goods for the Army P.O. which became a sort of white elephant. It is highly probable that, having once entered its portals, they would never have got beyond St. Martin's-le-Grand, had not someone made the happy suggestion that in the circumstances the best thing would be "chercher la femme." Luckily on this occasion she was not hard to find, for on hearing of the difficulty the ladies of the Postal Order Branch gallantly came to the rescue, and in an incredibly short



A SIEGE POSTCARD FROM LADYSMITH.

space of time had the articles sorted, sealed, and across the road, well on the way to South Africa. All honour and thanks be theirs!

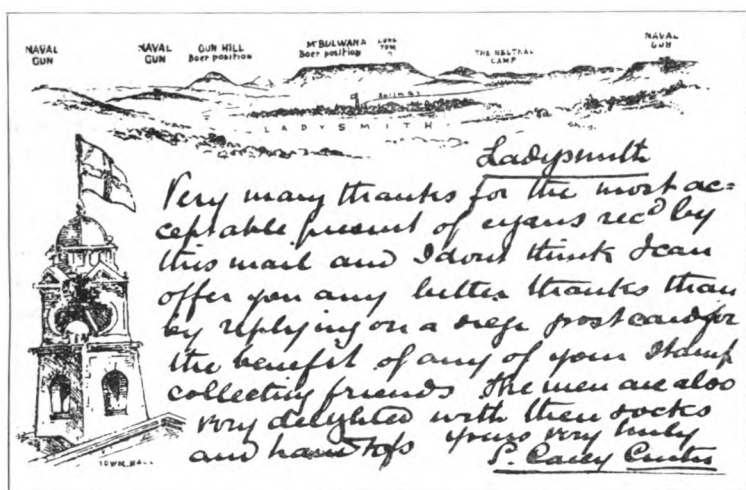
I know, moreover, that some of the telegraphists came in for a share of a large consignment of useful articles despatched to the Highland Brigade from Paisley, for one of them received in his packet a piece of poetry, which I here ask his permission to quote :

"To Tommy Atkins.

Dear Tommie, now accept of these
A pair of sox, and you will please
A Paisley lass who thinks of thee
So far away across the sea.
Should you get on to Oom Paul's track,
Then, when to Paisley you came back,
Fetch Kruger's whiskers for these sox
And bring them in your chocolate box."

The muse of poetry always inspires with greater effect in stirring times; and war gives birth to its little jokes as well as its great disasters. Even during the siege of Ladysmith, while the beleaguered garrison were awaiting relief and with it the delivery of a ton or so of correspondence accumulated at the Army Post Office in Natal, they had their diversions, and, though they had little to eat, contrived to satisfy the popular craving for illustrated post-cards, as shown by the accompanying reproduction.

Possibly the Boers, too, may have their amusements in the field, and, for all I know, even a fully-equipped Army Post Office.



POSTCARD, REVERSE SIDE.

They undoubtedly have a special postage stamp, because I myself have a specimen which has been sent home by a gallant officer who has recently won his V.C. It is a label, 1 in. by $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. in size, marked "Commando brief, O.V.S. Franko," and bears the postmark "Stormberg." Unfortunately President Kruger, or may be ex-President Steyn, thoughtlessly, if not with malicious intent, had the stamp printed on yellow paper, so that it cannot be reproduced by photography in this magazine.

ARTHUR G. FERARD.

With the "Telegraph Squad" in Besieged Kimberley.—II.



SHALL not mention many more of the ordinary occurrences, such as the bombardment of the town, sorties, and such like, which are of almost daily occurrence, but shall confine myself to incidents out of the common run. You have been given, I hope, a very fair idea of what we are doing in Kimberley, of our little troubles and worries, and of most of the events incidental to a besieged town.

Monday, 11th December.—We were awakened early by the booming of distant guns to the South. This was no doubt the relief column engaging the Boers. I hastened to the conning tower, but could see little and that little only smoke. To judge from the continuous dull roar the cannonading must have been terrific. As the morning wore on we could plainly distinguish a balloon floating close to the scene of battle, which was near Spytfontein, about 12 or 13 miles away. The firing was first heard at 4 a.m.; it continued without a moment's cessation until 9 a.m., when it slackened off gradually and at 10 o'clock ceased altogether. We saw the balloon travel along slowly from our right to left and then disappear. I noticed many a blanched face as I made my way through the streets that morning. We knew that the positions had not been taken, for if they had, the relieving force would have established heliographic communication with us from the kopjes which are plainly visible from Kimberley. (Note.—We learned later on that this was the battle of Magersfontein, in which 831 of our men were killed and wounded.)

During the afternoon the Boers turned their heliograph on to us and informed us in Dutch that our Relief Column had been cut up. We signallers—Loyal Lancashires and Telegraphists—want to get hold of the man who sent that message. He has, on many occasions, bid us "Good morning," and asked "Have you any whiskey there?" "Have you any food in Kimberley?" and such like questions, which we do not answer. We want to have a personal interview with him badly.

Tuesday, 19th December.—The monotony is very trying. Not

a bottle of whiskey to be bought. The whiskey does not affect the monotony exactly; I merely mention the fact of our being unable to purchase any as one of the incidents of the siege.

Christmas Day.—People are wishing each other "The compliments of the Season,"—"A Merry Christmas" would be too ironical. Our friend the enemy has wished us "A happy Christmas" by heliograph.

Wednesday, 27th December.—Proclamation issued limiting the supply of provisions and compelling us to obtain a permit for same. We have to get a week's supply at a time and make a declaration as to the number of persons composing the household.

Sunday, 31st December.—A large number of natives from the compounds were allowed to leave Kimberley during the latter part of last week. They were anxious to go, and the authorities raised no objection. To-day most of them returned, having been stopped by the Boers.

New Year's Day 1900.—Not a very happy dawning for the New Year; but we hope that the latter days will prove more happy and peaceful. A proclamation in this morning's paper limits the supply of meat to $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. for adults and 2 oz. for children under 12 years of age. The military authorities are managing the supply now. Some vegetables will also be supplied after the meat has been issued on Wednesdays and Saturdays. I had to fetch my own bread this morning as the baker states that he cannot deliver it, owing to lack of fodder for the horses. All the bakers will follow suit in a day or two. From to-morrow and forward I shall have to rise about 5 a.m. or before, wait my turn for meat, obtain my small supply of vegetables, and then go on for the daily bread. Later on in the morning I must make my way up town for other necessities. This will be the usual routine for the married man. To send servants for anything now-a-days means the total disorganization of domestic routine, as they are kept waiting for hours at each shop. The siege is becoming distinctly interesting—from a siege point of view.

Wednesday, 3rd January.—The military authorities have arranged to serve out the meat from the Market buildings instead of from the shops. As the people arrive on the Market Square they fall in in couples, in which order they enter the building. People are not allowed out before 5.30 a.m., so I thought I would gain a premier position by arriving at the Town Hall at five minutes before that time. But so large a number of people had ignored the proclamation that I did not get served until 8.5 a.m., standing the whole time.

This standing is very wearying, and a morning seldom passes without some casualties in the shape of fainting women. I went, later on, to No. 10, De Beer's Road, to get some vegetables, but there was a "block" on, and the street in front of the building was a surging mass of humanity. I went on to the Military Headquarters, Lennox Street, to get a provision supply ticket, and found a crowd there; the Supply Committee's office had been removed to the Town Hall, however, and we had to move away. On arrival at the Town Hall I found a large crowd of refugees besieging one side of the building. Other crowds at other doors were waiting for provision permits for different wards and for permits to purchase bread. I went on to the grocers (only one man in Kimberley has a fair stock left, the others being sold out), but gave up the idea of waiting for groceries, as the crowd was too big and I could not get near the door. I retired and posted my order.

The Queen sent the following messages, which were received per flashlight. "Queen to Kekewich, Kimberley, for communication to Mayor and Councillors, December 30th. Am deeply touched by your kind and New Year's greetings, and I watch with admiration your determined and gallant defence, though I regret the unavoidable loss of life incurred."

From "Methuen to Kekewich. Queen to all troops in South Africa, including Kimberley and Ladysmith, and if possible Mafeking. Wish you a bright and happy New Year. God bless you, V.R.I."

Thursday, 4th January.—One of the Lancashire Signallers, J. Chambers, fell from the conning tower last night and was killed on the spot. He was undoubtedly dozing and slipped through the bars. Our local newspaper is reduced from 8 pages to 4 to-day. Shortness of paper and shortness of news, especially the latter!

It is interesting to see the leading citizens of Kimberley turn up with their little baskets for meat each morning. I noticed among others, Colonel Harris, V.D., M.L.A., Mr. Pickering, secretary of De Beer's Company, and many of our local doctors. This is as it should be. These are times of trouble and privation, and each one of us must take his or her share of the burdens and thus prevent too heavy a load falling upon the poor people who are the first to suffer. Good old Kimberley! I must confess that I do not like the place; but the people in it are splendid.

Monday, 8th January.—Horse flesh is being dealt out to-day.

Tuesday, 9th January.—I got $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. horse flesh and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of beef this morning. Everyone was treated alike. I tried to get all beef,

but could not. Some people went away without any meat, as they declined the horse flesh. We are very low in cattle, and fodder for the horses is extremely scarce. It has been deemed advisable to kill some horses while they are in good condition and can afford succulent steaks. The following notice appears in front of a local Auctioneer's Mart:—

"FOR SALE.

Wednesday next at 11 o'clock, 4 Prime Slaughter Horses.

NO RESERVE."

We have got rid of over 6000 natives during the past week. The Boers allow them to pass now, but I feel sure that they allow them to go only to a certain point, where they are commandeered for the Rand and for the Government Mines.

Wednesday, 10th January.—My first feed of "horse" to-day. The horse was not bad, but the idea was; and I had to persuade myself very persistently that it was "quite as good as beef" before I made a hearty meal. My later experience of horse flesh is, that it is all right stewed, curried, minced, or highly seasoned. Horse soup, too, is palatable. One gets used to it after a time; but—beef is better!

There are a great number of scurvy cases about, chiefly confined to natives. Nearly 800 cases were dealt with to-day.

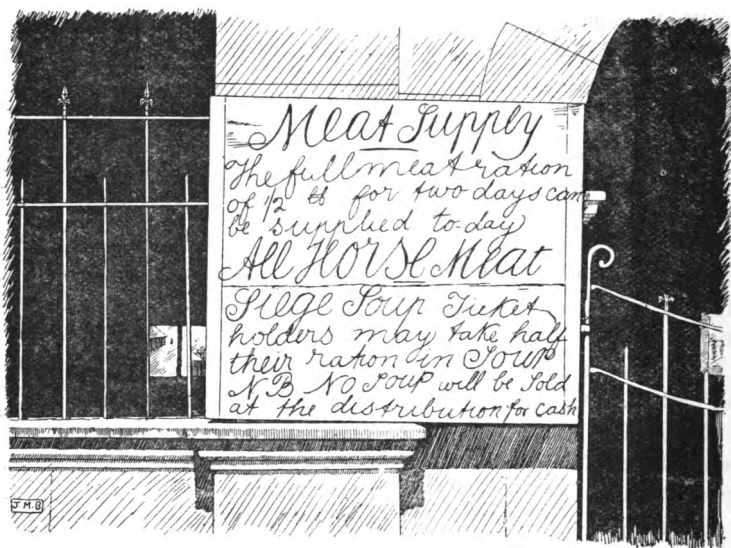
Saturday, 13th January.—Heliographic communication established with Relief Column this afternoon. Eggs have been selling at 2 1/- per dozen.

Monday, 15th January.—Telegraph Signallers are now manning the conning tower, and the Lancashires have been posted in other positions.

Wednesday, 17th January.—An exceedingly lively morning. Our men went out towards Oliphant's Kop and took the enemy by surprise. Shells were thrown well into their positions. As the Boers rushed to man their rifle pits one of our maxims was unmasked on their flank, and made them beat a hasty retreat. There were no casualties on our side, which was marvellous, as the Boer shells dropped right in among our men and horses as they retired. Subsequently the Boers opened fire from Wimbleton Ridge, throwing shells close to Bultfontein and into Kimberley. Shells from this position and from the old spot—Lazaretto Ridge—fell well into the town. Kampfersdam joined in and banged away at No. 1 searchlight and the houses this side of it. Our guns joined in the chorus, and for several hours life was distinctly

interesting. I went down to Bultfontein and took a short turn at signalling to the Gordon Highlanders at Enslin, 41 miles from here. The light from their heliograph just cleared the ridges which intervene between them and us; and, in spite of the distance, I had no difficulty in reading.

Thursday, 18th January.—We struck a Boer heliograph which said: "We are the Royal Artillery at Modder Rivier"—note the *Rivier*. We didn't swallow that!



MEAT AND SOUP NOTICE, KIMBERLEY.

Friday, 19th January.—A big gun—a 28-pounder—manufactured by the De Beer's Company was finished this morning, and opened fire on the "Intermediate Station" at 10 a.m. It is called "Long Cecil," and, after a few preliminary trial shots, several shells were sent right into the Intermediate Station, which is about 8,000 yards away. I saw them dropping among the trees.

Saturday, 20th January.—I drove down to the Premier Mine this evening with Lieutenant de Putron—one of the signalling officers of the North Lancashire Regiment—as I wanted to gain practical knowledge of the working of the Electric Searchlight and thus complete my knowledge of the signalling methods in vogue here. The searchlight is situated within the the fort; it is large and throws

out a very strong light. A flattened circular shutter, hinged at the bottom, keeps the light within the apparatus. Fixed to this shutter is a handle. In order to signal it is necessary to grasp the handle, swing the shutter down and allow the light to escape, then close the shutter with a bang. I watched the energetic Lancashires banging away at this shutter; two of them taking turns, while another called out "Answer," as the distant signallers flashed acknowledgments. The Signalling Officer read out the messages in a monotonous tone, "tok ak pip" (T A P), &c., &c. Presently I raised my right arm in a sneaking sort of way, and slowly worked my biceps up and down preparatory to a turn at sending. I took hold of the handle, brought the shutter down and shut it up again with a bang that almost threw me off my feet. Then I opened for a dot, and could hardly get the shutter back quickly enough for the necessary length of exposure. I thought perhaps I could send more quickly than I did, but after a tremendous lot of exertion concluded that, although a quick sender on a D C Key, I could not hold a candle to the Lancashire Signallers at this kind of sending. The column flashed "G G." So after sending a short message I retired gracefully, rubbing the muscles of my right arm and saying, "That sort of thing requires a little practice." The officer smiled, and I imagined a grin on the faces of the amused privates.

I remained at the light until they got "G N" at midnight, reading the light from the column and listening to the reader as he read out the messages. It was interesting to see the long stream of light shot out into the darkness, and to catch the faint answering flash away in the far distance where the troops lay, and where, too, was hoarded up for us a store of provisions, of delicacies, milk, butter, and frozen mutton. Oh! to think of it. Mutton! Instead of sinewy old horse, or siege soup, which we gulp down with a gusto that is appalling. I yearned for the relief column as I watched the flashes making their way thitherward, whilst the moths played and danced in the long streams of light.

One could not help admiring the Lancashire Signallers, who slaved away at their task hour after hour uncomplainingly. They may not be able to beat us at ordinary telegraph signalling, but I must accord them the warmest praise for the work they do. With the heliograph at Bultfontein, they are posted on the top of a rickety head-gear, exposed to all the winds of Heaven and to the broiling Kimberley sun, while the shells from Wimbledon Ridge coquet about the base of the trailing heap, and the occasional whiz

of a Maxim-Nordenfeldt shell from Alexandersfontein disturbs, in a small degree, the serenity of the "reader." Here at the Premier Searchlight they work throughout the entire night. The rain pours down, but they cease not; the wind howls around them and whistles through the loopholes of the fort, but they go on with their "S G" and "X B." Now and again (fortunately not very often) a shell whistles past them from Susanna Kop and imbeds itself in the walls of the fort, or splashes into the reservoir of water which is encircled by the rounded fort. Lieutenants Woodward and de Putron are the signalling officers, and have received very warm praise for the creditable manner in which the work has been carried out.

After "G N," Lieutenant de Putron and I turned in. We got behind some sand bags, and after spreading out our blankets and composing ourselves for slumber, began listening to the tread of the sentry, the buzzing of mosquitoes, and the croaking of multitudinous frogs which were gathered together in solemn conclave a few yards from us. Presently mosquitoes and other energetic insects began to chaw pieces out of us; but nature asserted itself. The noises grew fainter, the "all's well" of the sentry seemed to come out of the far distance; the harmony of the frog-mosquito serenade mingled with the light summer-night breeze in the bushes and died away as the sleep of the weary came over us.

I awoke with the sound of the Reveillé in my ears and partook of a pannikin of coffee, sans milk, sans biscuit. I got up and walked round with the mine manager, who showed me over the fort, the splinter-proof shelters, the kitchen, the store of three months' provisions, and pointed out the electric circuits leading to the deadly "mines," which have been prepared as a warm "welcome" for the Boers when they come.

Wednesday, 24th January.—Awakened about 4 a.m. by heavy firing which continued during the day. Shells are dropping all over the town; no place is safe. During the day shells fell near the hospital, drill hall, sanatorium, conning tower, De Beer's workshops, and railway station. One shell entered the bedroom of Mr. Duggan (a member of the Telegraph Staff), and he, his wife, and little ones had a narrow escape. I "ducked" for one shell which whizzed angrily over my head and lodged about 50 or 60 yards away. It is not necessary to "duck," but you can't help it sometimes. Several went over, or close to my house; but very few people in Kimberley heard less of the whizzing of shells than I did, because my house is

centrally situated and the majority of shells landed some distance from us in all directions. The bombardment proceeded very vigorously all day, and it must have been terribly trying for the women. Total casualties: one young girl under 20 years of age killed; one child 5 years old killed, another badly wounded, and the mother of these two sadly mutilated; two or three other people slightly wounded. The enemy knows that very few men are within the town itself; *they* man the redoubts and defence works on the outskirts. It is the women and the children that the Boers are trying to kill, and it is marvellous that so little damage has been done.

Thursday, 25th January.—The bombardment continued without much intermission. I had a little daughter born to me to-day—a little siege daughter! My readers will understand the terrible anxiety of that day, and will imagine with what feelings I listened to the booming of the guns and the loud terrible cracking of the shells as they burst here and there.

Monday, 29th January.—Many people have been building bomb-proof shelters lately, a very wise precaution. Some shelters were built during the early stages of the siege; but the majority of the people rather scoffed at the idea. Now, however, every second or third house has its shelter. Some people have the one side of a verandah fortified with sand-bags, &c., while others have holes, three or four feet deep, dug in the ground on the safest side of the house. These holes are square; sand-bags are built up on each of the four sides to a height of three or four feet; telegraph poles, rails or railway sleepers are placed across the uppermost bags and more sand-bags are put on the top. A little hole admits the air; and an aperture, sufficiently large to admit a person, is arranged on the safest side. When the bombardment begins, the members of the household ensconce themselves in these shelters and laugh at the hissing of the shells. My next-door neighbour—a great scoffer—started his shelter to-day. I have obtained picks and shovels and am going to indulge in the luxury of good honest toil to-morrow, in fitting up a little place of safety.

Our rations have been further reduced and we are only allowed 10½ ounces of bread each per diem, and 1 ounce of samp. Matches are running short and I am using a magnifying glass for lighting my pipe during the day. This glass has become quite a necessity on the conning tower and saves many matches.

It may interest some of the dwellers in lands of plenty to know what we eat here nowadays. Here is our daily menu :—

BREAKFAST.

Porridge.—(Mealie meal, *i.e.*, maize, without milk, but a slight sprinkling of sugar. Not quite enough to allay hunger's pangs).

Bread.—(About 5 ounces each, every third slice carrying the merest suggestion of jam on the surface).

Coffee—2 cups.—(Without milk).

DINNER (midday).

Siege Soup (1 pint)

or

Horse-Flesh ($\frac{1}{4}$ lb.),

Samp (crushed maize), 1 oz.,

And a small slice or two of bread.

N.B.—We have a little dried fruit, and now and again have stewed fruit for dessert.

TEA OR SUPPER.

Bread.—(Same as for breakfast).

Tea—2 cups.—(Sans milk).

I discontinued horse-flesh some time ago, but had to resume again as I found myself hungering for meat.

Tuesday, 30th January.—News received of the arrival of a siege train at Modder River. Several persons went to the railway station and wanted to book passages to the sea coast. They were informed that only Boers were dispatched by the train referred to.

Monday, 5th February.—A fair amount of "sniping" goes on almost every day at impossible ranges between the Boers with their Mausers, and our cattle-guard and videttes with their Lee-Metfords.

The Boers, with their big guns, have been devoting most of their attention to our forts and redoubts during the past few days. Heavy gun fire is heard in the direction of Modder River almost every morning early.

Wednesday, 7th February.—To-day the Boers opened fire with a 100-pounder gun from Kampfersdam. Watching from the conning tower I saw a shell strike about one hundred yards from my house, and I grew sick with anxiety for my wife and little one. On arriving home I found that three distinct splinters struck round my house ; and they *are* splinters ! Great big chunks of metal, pounds in weight. I felt positively nervous that afternoon as I listened to the loud boom of this terrible gun, and wondered where the shell would fall. Imagine

the terror of the women and children as they listen to the loud whizzing of the great shell hurtling through the air, and then exploding with a terrific bang in the town, sending up great clouds of dust and spreading splinters here, there, and everywhere. The gun is a breech-loader, and we timed an interval of three minutes between the shots. Two shells struck near Newton Home, about *seven miles* from the gun; two in the vicinity of George Street, just over the Kimberley Club; two not far from the Market Square; one in the corner of the Market Square, which did some damage to an ironmonger's store. One shot fell in a dead line for the conning tower, but about three quarters of a mile off. I saw they were aiming at us. The following shot struck close to the railway station, still in the same line, but about 400 yards short. The third shot, which we were waiting for, whizzed pass us and landed in a debris heap about 200 yards behind. A splinter, weighing $8\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., dropped within ten paces of the conning tower.

Thursday, 8th February.—A bad day. Shells falling all over the town. A big splinter struck the conning tower and we distinctly felt the structure quiver; several whizzed close by and were picked up a short distance off. This 100-pounder is a terror. I have a splinter-proof shelter good enough against the 9-pounder pop guns, but of very little use against "Oom Paul"—as we have named the Boer big gun,—so to-night I marked out a place for another shelter underground which shall be completed to-morrow if possible. Casualties to-day, one man killed.

Friday, 9th February.—A most awful day. Seventy-four great shells were hurled into Kimberley to-day. A red flag is held out from the conning tower immediately the smoke of the gun is seen on the Kampfersdam heap. The bugler, also on the conning tower, then blows a warning blast; two whistles, one at the town hall, the other at the railway station, spread the alarm and people rush for cover. My brother-in-law and I, with the aid of three niggers, are slaving away at our shelter, while my wife, nurse and little one are in a neighbour's shelter, a poor place that would crush down and smother them if one of the huge shells struck it. I have told them that they are safe. What else could one do? The shells are whizzing all about and around us. We hear the notes of the bugle and lie down, and I pray to the good God to protect my wife and little one; then comes the deep boom of the gun followed immediately afterwards by the shrieking of the great shell as it cleaves its way through the air on its errand of

destruction; then sickening suspense until a terrific bang tells that the shell has struck; a rush for the gate to see the spot and then back to work with feverish energy to complete the shelter, and so on through the long day, until we are worn out with the unusual toil. But it is finished at last, and a very decent place it is, four and a half feet below the surface of the ground, covered with steel railway sleepers, on the top of which have been placed sand-bags and earth to a height of about four feet, the whole protected by the house. But even now it is not safe against the big shells.

The women of the town are terrified and growing haggard and worn looking, and start at the slightest sound. It is pitiful to think of those who are weak and sickly. My house is in a line with the conning tower and only about 500 yards away. The Boers are trying to strike the tower, and all the shells so aimed whiz close to the house. A house twenty yards in front of mine was struck to-day; a child was killed and the mother badly mutilated (she succumbed later). One shell which struck behind splashed my house with splinters and particles of earth. The nurse picked up a small piece of the brass band of the shell which fell at her feet on the stoep.

I am giving you my own experiences, but they are those of most of the people of Kimberley, excepting perhaps the happy bachelor who has only himself to worry about. We still have to go for our meat, bread, and other provisions during the day, and have to dodge behind walls, &c., when the warning notes tell of a shell on the way. People who do *not* take cover are foolish, and those who *do*, look foolish! But nearly everyone now drops down when the whiz of the shell is heard. Mr. Labram, chief engineer of De Beer's Company, who designed "Long Cecil" and had much to do with its manufacture, was killed in his room to-day by a shell.

Saturday, 10th February.—We are living in our "splinter-proof" to-day; or rather the other members of the family are, and when I am at home I have to dive within its sheltering cover. I fitted it up with electric bell connections to-day. We are having funerals during the night now. Mr. Labram is being buried to-night. The Boers began with their big gun immediately the funeral left the hospital and there seems little doubt that they were advised of it. Their first two shells struck close to the hospital; then when the volleys were fired over the grave they opened fire on the cemetery and seemed to follow the crowd of mourners on their way home, after which they fired promiscuously all over the town. It was a bad

night for all of us. Every few minutes the bugle sounded out its warning. That bugle sound will be remembered by the Kimberley folk for many years to come. Here it is:—



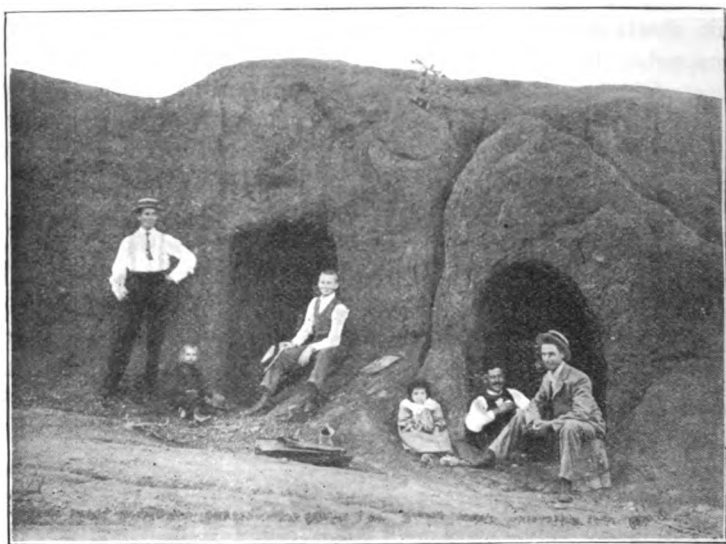
I have stood on the tower when this warning was sounded, and looking down upon the town, watched the people as they scattered hurriedly in all directions for the nearest cover. We could not help laughing although the matter was so serious; but when we heard the shell coming in our direction we also fled for our own cover—some thin sheets of steel plate which were supposed to be proof against shrapnel. The enemy tried hard for the tower, but were not successful, although many of the shots came extremely close. Our telegraph signallers there are certainly doing duty under circumstances quite as dangerous as those which beset the Lancashire regimental signallers.

Sunday, 11th February.—The religious Boer is doing no shelling to-day. A notice is posted at the town hall and a similar one in several other places notifying that women and children and one male belonging to each family can be taken down the mines for safety to-night between 8 o'clock and midnight. Wild rumours are afloat regarding a terrific bombardment which is to commence at midnight. One rumour is to the effect that another 100-pounder has been placed in position, and that the enemy is going to bombard us with the two big guns and fill in the intervals with their pop-guns (as we contemptuously describe the smaller guns now-a-days). The one big gun is bad enough, and I am not surprised at the terrifying effect the rumour has had on the people. There was a considerable movement towards the mines at 5 p.m., which continued for hours. When I got to the De Beer's Mine at about 9 o'clock a big crowd was there. This mine is close to the conning tower, and I should therefore have been able to run down to the shaft occasionally to see how my people were getting on, but circumstances prevented our obtaining refuge in the mine and we returned home, rather pleased than otherwise. I made up the "splinter-proof" as comfortably as possible with bedding, rugs, etc., for a fairly long spell of underground living.

Great praise is due to the De Beer's Company for placing so many of the Kimberley people in absolute safety. I do not think I have mentioned Mr. Rhodes before. He was in attendance to-night and

gave personal assistance to many of the weakly women and children, helping them to comfortable places where they might lie down and rest, until their turn arrived to go down below. Words cannot express adequately what he has done for Kimberley during these trying times.

Monday, 12th February.—I have ascertained to-day that the arrangements at the mines were splendid last night. Brandy and water, ready mixed, was at hand for fainting women; medical men and an ambulance staff were in attendance. To-day, food,



BOMB-PROOF SHELTERS AT BEACONSFIELD, KIMBERLEY.

soup, and milk (the milk for sickly ones and children) were ready and distributed gratuitously and promptly to the people down the mines. The members of the De Beer's company here worked indefatigably throughout last night and continue so doing. Mr. Gardiner Williams, the General Manager of De Beer's, and Mr. Nichol, the Mine Manager, were amongst those whose brows were wet with honest sweat in looking after the welfare and comfort of all who sought safety; whilst Dr. Smartt (M.L.A. for Britstown) was here, there, and everywhere, attending to people.

The road-bridge over the railway line is a scene of great animation

to-day; hundreds of people, mostly coloured, have taken shelter under the structure. There is a good splinter-proof shelter at the railway station, where trucks heavily laden with steel and wooden sleepers are drawn up under the station roof. Many people have taken cover under these trucks. Further down the station yard a similar arrangement gives shelter to a couple of hundred more people. Large shelters have been arranged in Boshof Road and other places. Debris heaps in various parts of the town are perforated with miniature tunnels, each one of which gives shelter to one, two, three or more persons according to its size.

Wednesday, 14th February.—Our men have taken Alexandersfontein and have dropped in for a considerable amount of shelling from Susanna Kop and Spitzkop; while the Mauser bullets "ping" around them. Two of our men—Diamond Field Horse—wounded, but not seriously. The Town Guard of Beaconsfield, under Major Fraser, initiated the movement. Seventeen Boer prisoners were brought in, about 60 head of cattle, some horses, and pigs, and a large quantity of vegetables. I am one of the unfortunate ones on duty who did not secure any vegetables. Great Scott! how I should have enjoyed them!

We have had a very lively time at the heliograph to-day; lots of work, and we are continually rushing for our shrapnel-proof shelter when "Oom Paul" lets fly at us. We generally finish the word upon which we are engaged before taking cover; or if "receiving," we go on reading between the spokes of the wheels of the hauling gear, as the helio light can be seen from our shelter. It was while we were thus working to-day that a 100-pounder shrapnel exploded just behind us and about half a second too late to damage the helio and the staff on duty.

Thursday, 15th February.—"Oom Paul" started rather late this morning, firing five shots in fairly rapid succession, the last one about 11.20 a.m. One of these, I discovered, exploded a short distance behind my house, and punctured a couple of holes in the roof. Several splinters and shrapnel bullets struck round about; one splinter and a bullet fell within two yards of the door of the shelter. We are keeping these as relics.

I give below a sort of summary of the number of shells fired by the enemy from the 5th to the 15th February, both days inclusive. It must be remembered that "Oom Paul" did not start firing until the 7th instant, and that the smaller guns have been comparatively quiet since the six-inch gun began.

SHOTS FIRED BY THE ENEMY.

5th to 12th February—from the 100-pounder		230
	from smaller guns	230
13th	„ from the big gun	19
	from smaller guns	11
14th	„ from the big gun	35
	from smaller guns	136
15th	„ from the big gun	5
	from smaller guns	107

Total for ten days 773

Things grew strangely quiet soon after midday. The Boers knew more than we did at this time! General French with a flying column was approaching Kimberley; at about half past two we saw a cloud of dust in the far distance; shortly afterwards a message flashed the words, "Look out for us on the next ridge." The cloud drew nearer. Again came the thrilling message to look out on the *next* ridge. We can see dust in many directions, clouds of dust rising high in the air all round us. The Boers are clearing, leaving in a hurry. Carts and horses are seen to be careering over the veldt from the enemy's positions; presently *the* cloud of dust rises on the nearest ridge. We can see lines upon lines of mounted men. On they come! See them rush over the fort to the west of Susanna Kop, so lately vacated by the Boers!

Presently I see a white line of smoke, that looks like steam, rushing through the air and into the Boer position; they tell me it is lyddite. Some shells burst over Susanna, and the flying column turns slightly to the left and makes its way hitherward. Crowds of people gather on the debris heaps and other prominent positions to watch the column as it comes in. Flags are going up already; cabs and carts are rushing down to Beaconsfield to see the men come in. We are away from the spot and cannot hear anything; but I can imagine the cheering of the crowds down at Beaconsfield, and I want to throw my hat high into the air and shout out a lonely cheer for very joy. But the officer in charge up above in the tower might object, so I restrain myself, although postively gurgling with delight.

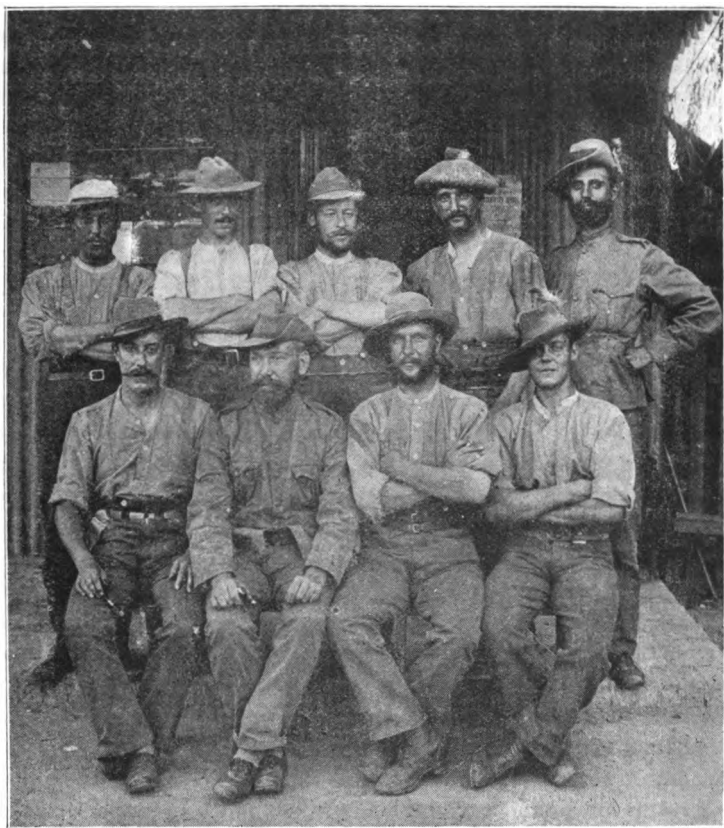
They say the mobility of the Boer forces is marvellous. It is! They say that every man is his own general. So he is! I fancy I can see every one of the generals leaving for home in a hurry. "Huis toe" is the cry, and each one spurs and sjamboks his horse to try and get there first. No attempt was made to oppose French's

advance. The Boers have gone ; the siege is raised ; and the relief, so long looked for, has come at last. We have been besieged for 124 days. We have had a rough time of it, and most of us are thinner than we were. But, now at last we are free !

Kimberley.

J. E. SYMONS.

[We observe with great pleasure that Colonel Kekewich, in his despatch on the Siege of Kimberley, published in London on the 8th May, refers in terms of praise to the services rendered by our contributor, Mr. Symons. The names of two other Post Office men, Inspector J. Gilbert and Mr. D. J. Gardiner, Assistant Postmaster, both of Kimberley, also have honourable mention in the despatch.—EDITOR.]



ROYAL ENGINEERS (TELEGRAPH DIVISION), SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD FORCE
AT ORANGE RIVER.

Mentioned in Post Office Despatches.

IN a previous article I briefly described the effect of the Transvaal War on the Cape Postal Service, and I now propose to introduce to the readers of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* a few of the many Cape postal officials who have prominently been brought to public notice during the past eight months. Mrs. Glueck and Miss Walton, acceding to my request, have very kindly furnished particulars as to what actually occurred when their respective villages were formally annexed by the Boers and their rebellious Cape allies, and these details, which are all too modestly given, I present in the form of personal narratives. It will be remembered that Mr. Harmsworth, of the *Daily Mail*, presented Mrs. Glueck with a cheque for £100, as a token of his appreciation of her plucky conduct, but although this lady endeavours to minimise the importance of her actions, and declines to appropriate the gift to her own use, there can be no doubt that she thoroughly deserves all the nice things said concerning her, and that the accounts appearing in the press have not been exaggerated.

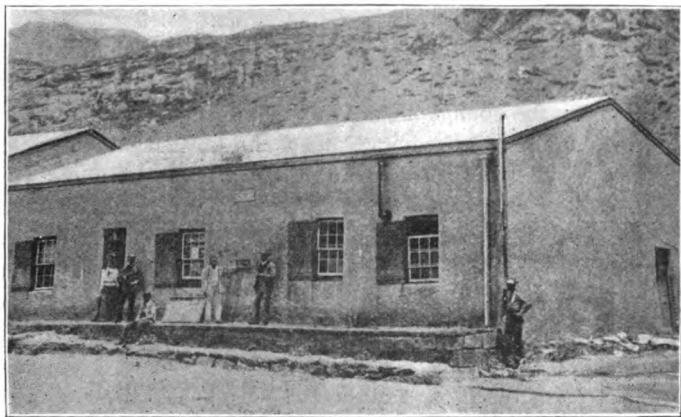
MRS. GLUECK'S NARRATIVE.

"On the 13th November, 1899, a Commando of Free State Boers under Commandant Olivier crossed the Cape Colony frontier, occupied the border town of Aliwal North, and proclaimed as Orange Free State territory the district of Aliwal in which the village of Lady Grey is situated. Simultaneously a horde of local rebels who were in league with the invaders cut the telegraph wire between Herschel and Aliwal North, on which Lady Grey is an intermediate station.

"The object of arranging an outbreak of rebellion and an invasion of the district at this juncture was to effect the capture of about 60 wagons and full spans of oxen which were then expected at Lady Grey, en route to join General Gatacre's transport column at Sterkstroom. Fortunately, however, I was enabled in my official capacity to obtain timely information as to their intentions, and as the result of prompt action being taken on a telegram which I despatched to Cape Town, the wagons were stopped in transit and sent on to their destination by a more circuitous route.

"After a long period of disquieting rumours the position was now clearly defined, so I despatched my assistant, Mr. H. Ludwig, to Barkly East in charge of the local, Basutoland and Herschel mails, the two latter having arrived that morning, in order that they should not fall into the hands of the enemy. My office cash and other valuables were also sent forward by the same opportunity, and I returned to my office to await developments.

"The following day a few Free State burghers, accompanied by a number of local rebels, arrived from Olivier's commando at Aliwal North (which, by the way, had been renamed 'Oliviersfontein') bringing with them a copy of President Steyn's proclamation; and



POST OFFICE, LADY GREY.

this they proceeded to post up on the post office notice board. My keys were then demanded, but I refused to give them up. By this time a large crowd of mixed humanity had congregated outside the office, and they appeared to enjoy seeing me in such an unpleasant predicament. I, however, removed the Free State proclamation and substituted that issued by Sir Alfred Milner, warning Her Majesty's subjects of the obligation under which they were placed as subjects of the British crown. The special references to allegiance I carefully underlined to attract the attention of the rebels, and to add a further zest to it, 'Rule Britannia' was written in large characters over the heading.

"The Boers subsequently left Lady Grey, and the whole of the local police, saving one solitary private, having retired on Herschel,

I utilised the services of the latter as a guard over the now precious Governor's proclamation, which was exhibited daily and removed at sunset. No attempts were made to 'commandeer' it on the approved Boer principle. Lady Grey was comparatively quiet thereafter until Sunday the 19th November, when a commando of Free State burghers appeared at the office and reiterated the demands of the local rebels for the keys; but I again refused to comply with the request. I then read aloud to the rebels (the leaders I was well acquainted with) a copy of a telegram from the Hon. W. P. Schreiner, the Prime Minister, which had been received at Herschel, warning all British subjects of their duty; and in reply to their pressing demands, I informed them that they were British subjects and that I refused to see them become traitors.

"The following day the local magistrate was instructed to offer no resistance, and the keys of all the public offices were, therefore, handed over to the commando. Later Commandant Olivier arrived with a large number of Free State Boers and hoisted the Free State flag. In a warlike speech, that worthy said that the burghers would not rest until their flag floated over Table Mountain, and afterwards the crowd sung the 'Volslied,' which, I may add, was ironically remarked to be their funeral hymn. A rebel upstart was appointed Landrost or Magistrate under the new government, and I was handed a pass by him allowing me 48 hours in which to quit the village. Three days later I left for Herschel, where I was most kindly received. Since my banishment I have had the satisfaction of seeing many of the rebels whom I have addressed as friends or spoken to threateningly, come to Herschel to deliver up arms, looking very crestfallen and apparently sadder and wiser men. I now look forward longingly to our Union Jack, the emblem of justice, flying in peace throughout the whole of South Africa."

MISS WALTON'S NARRATIVE.

"Early on the morning of the 13th March, 1900, about 20 Cape Colonial rebels entered and took possession of the village of Van Wyks Vlei, which is situated about 45 miles north west of the town of Carnarvon. I was in bed at the time and was awakened by the clatter of the horses' hoofs as the company raced up to the Post Office, where they dismounted and the leader called out 'cut the wire.'

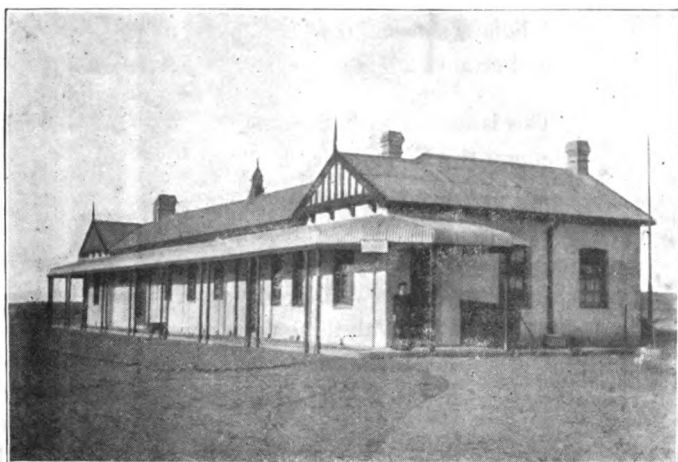
"I dressed as quickly as possible and went out and ordered them to leave the premises, at the same time snatching a spade out of the

hands of the leader, with which he was attempting to force open the door. I was told it was of no avail trying to stand against the force, and commanded to hand over the keys of the office and safe.



MISS WALTON.

I placed myself against the door to guard it, whereupon one of the party pointed his rifle at me and exclaimed 'I will shoot you dead.'



POST OFFICE, VAN WYK'S VLEI.

I replied 'Shoot, coward, and kill me, then you can have the keys, not otherwise.' The leader then seized me by the wrists and pulled me away, ordering his men to burst upon the door. This they

promptly did, cutting the wire and taking the instrument. The rebels left shortly after without further molesting me, and I succeeded in getting the office valuables removed to Carnarvon, to which point I journeyed two days later."

The following cutting from *Punch*, of the 21st March last, will be read with interest, conveying, as it does, a public appreciation of Miss Walton's plucky conduct:—

This is the song of a heroine,
Mid the heroes of the War,
The song of a maid, who was not afraid,
But stood to her trust as a man should stay,
Who scorned the threats of the rebel raid,
And looked down the rifle without dismay,
British born! true to the core!

This is the song of a heroine
With never a man to help,
At Van Wyk's Vlei with no succour nigh
She held her post, as a soldier would,
For the right of her Cause not afraid to die,
A lioness showing the lion's blood
As becomes a lion's whelp!

This is the song of a heroine,
Sing it the Empire round,
Tell it afar this tale of war
Wherever the flag that we love floats high,
Be it on land or be it on sea,
Toast her! Miss Walton of Van Wyk's Vlei!
Echo her valour with three times three,
For where could a braver heart be found?

In the middle of the month of November, the Boers took possession of Schmidtsdrift, a village about 40 miles to the west of Kimberley, and compelled Mr. Norton to hand over his office. On refusing to take service under the Republican Government, Mr. Norton was allowed 48 hours in which to leave the neighbourhood. Mr. Norton, who is an ex-military man, gave great assistance to the police authorities prior to the seizure of Schmidtsdrift, and took an



MR. J. NORTON.
Postmaster of Schmidtsdrift.



MR. W. H. PERROTT.
Postmaster of Kuruman.



MR. G. A. REES.
Clerk in Charge of the "Special" Branch.



MR. J. J. HAVENGA.
Postmaster of Douglas.



MR. C. H. OSMAN.
Postmaster of Beaconsfield.

active part in arresting several prominent local rebels on the charge of high treason.

The plucky resistance offered to the Boer forces by the little town of Kuruman is now a matter of history. Mr. Perrott took a prominent part in the defence of the town, and in one of the engagements was severely wounded in the foot.

Mr. Havenga rendered yeoman service to his department in the early stages of the war in organising despatch rider services between Hopetown and Douglas. Just before the Boers took possession of Douglas, Mr. Havenga succeeded in making good his escape, carrying his telegraph instrument and office valuables with him.

Mr. G. A. Rees, one of the Superintendents of the Circulation Branch, Cape Town General Post Office, is the officer entrusted with the charge of the Special Branch which was organised to deal with the correspondence for the Republics stopped in transit at Cape Town on the outbreak of hostilities. Mr. Rees has proved himself to be the right man in the right place.

Beaconsfield for defence purposes is to all intents and purposes an integral portion of the township of Kimberley, and during the siege Mr. Osman kept his post office open every day, notwithstanding the fact that shells were whistling overhead, and constantly bursting perilously near to his office.

Cape Town.

E. E. HARRHY.

An Old Time Intelligencer.



HARLES VINCENT BOYS, who died in April last at the age of 73, occupied a somewhat unique position in the service of the late Electric Telegraph Company. Unlike the Post Office, the Company not only transmitted but purveyed news for the press, and Boys was the Purveyor General, combining in himself, on a small scale, the functions now performed by the Press Association, the Central News, and other kindred organisations. He was the first head of the "Intelligence Department" formed by the Company soon after its incorporation, and joined the service in 1847, having previously been employed as a clerk in the British Consulate at Frankfort. Fifty years ago the newspapers contained fewer columns of telegraph news than they contain pages to-day, and the quality was on a level with the quantity. The chief daily items were: the Morning Express, the Weather Report (Z.M.'s), Funds A and B, one or two Corn and Cattle Markets, Shipping (usually called D.O.), the Evening Express, and Parliamentary. Boys used to concoct the Morning Express in bed, in his rooms over the office at West Strand (old "S.D."), the basis of the concoction being the morning newspapers, which were fetched from the various offices by "Old Jack Lewington," who doubled the parts of office messenger and *valet de chambre* to the great intelligencer. The Express, usually consisting of two or three sheets of very ordinary matter, was then signalled by the Double Needle instrument to Lothbury, where was the Central Office and Intelligence Department of the Company, whence it was distributed to the few provincial towns then entitled to receive news. I remember it used to trickle down to Edinburgh about eight o'clock in the morning, and after being written out more or less distinctly, it was delivered to the one or two clubs and newsrooms, including "The Philosophical," then, as now, the haunt of leisured professional and business men, who liked to see the news of the day. The Weather Report was sent up to London in detail from the more important towns early in the morning, and, after being put together in the Intelligence Department, it came trickling down again in the forenoon in the most leisurely fashion. I am afraid there was a

good deal of haphazard in the compiling of the individual reports. I remember at Edinburgh we used to get out on the balcony of the old office in Princes Street to "take" the wind, and gauge the degree of heat or cold in the atmosphere. The persistence of east wind in the Scottish capital is proverbial, but I fancy it was even more persistent in our reports, for not unfrequently it was found that the weathercock of St. Giles's had been "sticking" for days, or even for weeks! Boys invented a very ingenious device for showing the state of the weather at a glance. It was a sort of map stretched on a frame, with the principal towns indicated by circles about a couple of inches in diameter. In an outer ring were the usual descriptions of the weather—"fine," "cold," "stormy," and so forth; in an inner ring were the directions of the wind, and in the centre was a pair of hands exactly resembling those of a clock. Those were "set" each day, as soon as the weather report was received, and the map, or chart, was displayed in the public office to the admiring gaze of the over-credulous patrons of the Company, for not unfrequently the hands received a turn from some passing messenger boy, east wind being thus converted into west and sunshine into storm!

Parliamentary News was very scanty in those days, and we were often kept waiting for hours simply to receive the time at which the House adjourned. When the House went into Committee there was a regular formula telegraphed down, thus: "Other orders disposed of and House adjourned at —." Then there was a blessed wait of some hours for a couple of figures, which were of no sort of use to the newspapers that I could ever discover. But they had to be waited for, just as though they had been the result of a division, or even the fate of the Government itself! I seem to remember that the great speakers in those days were Lord Palmerston, Lord Ellenborough, and Lord Clarendon; and I remember, too, that the signals were frequently so bad that something was left to the imagination in correcting the sheets of "Parliamentary" as they came from the instrument. It was a kind of editing, in fact, and was a duty in which I rather prided myself. If you "corrected" correctly, you heard nothing about it; but if you made a slip, Boys would swoop down upon you in a manner which you were not likely soon to forget. So eager were the newspapers for the least scrap of "telegraph," as they called it, that they would send their own messengers to wait at the office for hours in anticipation, although they paid for delivery, as well as for collection.

and transmission. It was, in fact, a very costly luxury in those days of small circulations, a very different state of things from what obtains to-day, when the Post Office loses heavily on every press telegram carried. At a country office where I was in charge, something like 45 years ago, the weekly paper took "Parliamentary" on the eve of publication, and was only too glad to provide a clerk to write the news down as I read it off from the double needle instrument on a wire which served Perth and Aberdeen at the same time. I used to startle that youth with the exclamation of "Y.Q.," which he never understood in any other sense than that it was a sort of war cry before the battle began between the several offices engaged in the fight for repetitions, of which there were plenty in those days. He is an elderly banker now, and we sometimes laugh over the times when we were kept up till two in the morning waiting to be told that the House had adjourned some hours previously! During the Crimean War the *Times* received special telegrams from its correspondents, which were distributed to certain favoured newspapers under the title of "Times Despatch." More often than not, after waiting up till two in the morning, we would receive the announcement, "No T.D. this morning," and then, after the manner of the House of Commons, we would salute each other with the inquiry, "Who goes Home?"

In Boys' time, as now, the great telegraph events of the Parliamentary year were the Queen's Speech and the Budget. The Speech was sent through in advance of its delivery in the House, with strict instructions that it was not to be delivered to the clubs or newspapers until orders were received from the Intelligence Department. These orders came in the form of a brief but emphatic telegram from the great Panjandrum himself: "Boys to C.Q. (all stations) publish," and the messengers were despatched helter skelter, some in cabs, with the momentous but not always grammatical document, which was soon being shouted about the City in the shape of a special edition of the *Scotsman*, and other Edinburgh papers of the day. On Queen's Speech days, the telegraph clerks were not allowed to go to dinner, but were regaled with coffee and buns instead, at the expense of the company. The manager of the Edinburgh Office was always greatly exercised at the number of buns consumed, as the expenditure had to be "duly vouched," and was sometimes questioned by the Auditor, who was just as great at small things as is the Auditor General of to-day! "Budget Night," especially in the days when Gladstone and Disraeli

were Chancellors of the Exchequer, was a great event telegraphically. Those who have only had experience of telegraphing the Budget by means of the Wheatstone instrument can have no conception of the labour and strain involved in dealing with such a mass of figures on the Double Needle, or even on the more recent Morse Embosser. But there were giants in those days—men who realised de Chesnel's ideal of imagining rather what was *sent* than being sure of what was *received*; for, truth to tell, the wires were none of the best, and "leaked" terribly between London and the North. Lest there should be any mistake with figures, "hundred" was always signalled as "hoondred" and "thirty" as "dirty"; and other devices were resorted to, in order to secure accuracy as far as possible. But the saving clause was in the men, who were really splendid fellows, and slogged away at the Budget sometimes until "daylight did appear," and the newspapers were being shouted in the streets, with "left sitting" at the end of the parliamentary column!

In Boys' time the "Intelligence Department" consisted of *four* persons—Boys himself; a Mr. Parry, who was not affected by the "age limit," as he was over 70; a Mr. Mills, and Mr. W. G. Faunch, who has recently retired from the post of Superintendent of the Intelligence Department of the Telegraph Branch, after a long and honourable service of 46 years. So leisurely were the operations of Messrs. Boys and company, that they did not commence business until 8 a.m., and usually left off at 8 p.m., unless in the Parliamentary season, when the office was kept open until the adjournment of the House. On Saturdays they closed early, and did not re-open until Monday morning; albeit, Sunday night is, at the present day, one of the busiest of the week in ever busy Fleet Street. True, Mr. Boys would, on occasion, send any very important item of news which came under his notice from his rooms in the Strand, the telegraph office being immediately underneath. But this did not amount to much, as most of the provincial offices closed early in the non-parliamentary season, and were only open for a short time on Sundays. The Parliamentary reports were supplied to the company by Messrs. Bussey and Butler—the former, Mr. George Bussey, being a member of a well-known parliamentary reporting family, of whom, I believe, one or two members still survive. Boys was a tremendous autocrat and drove very hard bargains with the newspapers, who could take the news, or want it, as they pleased, and who, having put their hands to the contract, were kept up to it with a vengeance. The threat to cut off the supply in cases of default was a sovereign remedy in

more senses than one, and there was one luckless newspaper, long since defunct, which was usually under this ban. The Post Office knows nothing of all this, it being a mere carrier of news, and in no sense a collector. One of the objects of Mr. Scudamore's great programme for re-organising the telegraphs was to create "free-trade in the collection of news," and hence the calling into existence, at the time of the transfer, of the Press Association and Central News, which took the place of the old Intelligence Department of the company. But although the Post Office only transmits news on behalf of these Associations it employs *ten times* as many persons in the work of distribution as did the company in all its operations, and this is probably the measure of the increase which has taken place in the news service, as compared with thirty years ago. Hundreds of thousands of words are now transmitted nightly, although it is doubtful, Mr. Gladstone's eloquence being, alas! a thing of the past, whether the record of the great Home Rule debate will be broken in our time. That performance must have astounded Mr. Boys as a mere feat of reporting and telegraphing, although I daresay, having regard to the cost of transmission, he esteemed it both cheap and nasty!

Boys was a Bohemian of the Bohemians, and probably had other than mere official reasons for planting himself in such an advantageous position for enjoying life as the neighbourhood of West Strand. I daresay he could say with Charles Lamb, "I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life." He would explode occasionally, and hence the name by which he was known amongst his more intimate associates—"Vesuvius"—Charles Vesuvius, never Charles Vincent. A friend of his, writing to me, puts it rather mildly when he says: "Being a bachelor, he was somewhat fond of society." There is a touch of humour in the word "somewhat" which I would not destroy for worlds. He was a member of the Savage Club when it met in its wigwam in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, and this and kindred rendezvous claimed an occasional visit from him almost till the last. Having been deprived of his office by the acquisition of the telegraphs by the Government, he received a handsome pension on retirement in 1870, and since then he had devoted himself to literary and artistic pursuits, and, I dare venture to say, to good living. There are still a few in the service who will remember that he attended the great function at Willis's Rooms soon after the transfer, and convulsed the company by singing a kind of topical song of which the refrain was

"Scudamorini, Oh! Scudamorini." He was full of good stories, although he sometimes forgot—and what *raconteur* does not?—that he had told them before. He was both genial and jolly, and with W. T. Ansell—"Old Bill Ansell," as he was affectionately called—for a brother officer, the service could not have been dull in the old pre-transfer days. I may be *laudator temporis acti*, but it seems to me that there is a halo of romance about those days which is not likely to invest the prosaic times in which we now live. True to his Bohemian instincts, Boys died at an hotel in the Adelphi, not many yards distant from the spot whence he looked out upon the world in the late "forties," and concocted the "Morning Express" ere yet he had quite completed his "first sleep."

R. W. J.



J. H. S.

FROM THE TRANSVAAL.

"Opened for inspection under Martial Law."

Archibald Forbes.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

FORBES was exactly my own age, and that is perhaps one reason why we took to each other. Another reason was that we were both Scotsmen. He was the son of Dr. Forbes, of Boharm, Aberdeenshire, at one time Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and was born in 1838. He was educated at the University of Aberdeen, which about that time turned out many distinguished men, notably Professor Robertson Smith, of whom it was said at the time of his death, that, so wide and varied were his attainments, there was hardly a chair in the University of Cambridge that he could not have filled. I have an impression, almost amounting to a recollection, that Forbes spent some time in Edinburgh in a lawyer's office, and that he sowed his wild oats there. Be that as it may, he had not long left the University before he joined the Royal Dragoons, in which he served for several years, thereby gaining a knowledge of military affairs which stood him in splendid stead in after life. After leaving the Army he drifted into journalism, and almost his first essay in this direction was in connection with the *London Scotsman*, a paper which he started and largely owned. It was about this time (1867) that I first met him, and I had the happiness to be associated with him in a humble way for two or three years in the production of his paper. It was published at the office in Whitefriars Street of the *Railway News*, whose veteran proprietor and editor, Mr. Frederick McDermott, one of the most kindly and genial of men, helped it on not a little. I remember that one had to pass through Mr. McDermott's room in order to reach the little "back parlour" in which Forbes wrote, edited, and sub-edited his paper. Almost the only furniture of the room was a chair, a table, and a nest of pigeon-holes, the latter stuffed full of paragraphs relating to almost every town and county in Scotland, all arranged in the most perfect order. The paper was originally of about the size of the *Spectator*, and was published at fourpence. But within about a year it had assumed the form of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and was reduced to twopence. Looking into some of the earlier volumes,

I am struck with the admirable manner in which the paper was got up, and the excellent quality of much of the writing. Amongst Forbes's earliest contributions was a series of articles entitled "The Light Brigade; or, Leaves from the Diary of John Aberdeen"; which was followed by a further series entitled "Hector MacDonald: A Tale of Military Life." In addition to his own experiences, these articles contained the experiences of a Sergeant of Highlanders, who had seen much service abroad, and whom Forbes used as a kind of "tap" when his own fountain of inspiration had run dry for the moment. But Forbes's skill as a writer was by no means confined to military subjects. He was *facile princeps* in the field of descriptive writing, if, indeed, he was not the inventor of the art in the London press. I think I can trace his hand in "Eppie Ingram at the Derby," and "Rambles in Search of Scotsmen," which appeared in early issues of the paper; and I almost fancy that a long series of papers entitled "The Count of El Dorado" must have come from his tireless pen. I remember his telling me once, with pardonable pride, that a distinguished critic of that time had complimented him by saying that some of his descriptive work was equal to the best things in Dickens. The *Saturday Review* of that time took a savage delight in throwing contempt on Scotland and everything Scottish. But Forbes was equal to the occasion, for he extracted all the paragraphs into his paper, under the heading "Rubbish may be shot here." The *London Scotsman* became the recognised organ of all the great Scottish societies in the Metropolis, and had Forbes remained at its head, it would, in all probability, have been a flourishing property to-day. But the outbreak of the Franco-German War in 1870 was too tempting an opportunity to be ignored by a born war correspondent; and, although the paper went on for some time after Forbes relinquished the editorship, it came to an end as soon as it became evident that he was not likely to resume his connection with it.

There is a very general—indeed, an almost universal—impression that Forbes went to the War in the first instance on behalf of the *Daily News*; but that was not so. He went out originally for the *Morning Advertiser*, the reason probably being that, when he came to London, he was the bearer of a letter of introduction to James Grant, the then editor of that paper. All good young Scotchmen coming to London at that time were the bearers of such letters. I had one myself, and I never was more shocked than when I found out that the *Advertiser* was the organ

of the Licensed Victuallers. But Mr. Grant was a kindly, philanthropic gentleman for all that, and the "harmless, necessary '*Tiser*,'" as his paper has been called, did not suffer for being in his hands. Forbes did some excellent work for the '*Tiser*, but, as good or evil fortune would have it, his description of the battle of Sedan sent to that paper was lost in the post, while that sent to the *London Scotsman* turned up in due course. Forbes returned to England after Sedan, but his fame as a correspondent preceded him, and he was speedily sought out by Mr. (now Sir) J. R. Robinson, of the *Daily News*, who engaged him there and then, and he was soon on his way back to the seat of war. I remember meeting him on the day when he was engaged, and hearing from his own lips the account of his highly satisfactory interview with Mr. Robinson. He soon afterwards left for Metz, but, as ill-luck would have it, he received a wound in the leg and returned to England, where he remained until the fortress had fallen. Returning once more, he joined the headquarters of the Crown Prince of Saxony, north of Paris, and he witnessed the close of the Commune in 1871. I believe he was one of the first, if not *the* first, to enter the city, and, asking him how it was done, I remember he replied that he just rode in as though he had a perfect right to do so, and looked straight between his horse's ears. That was Forbes all over; he had a splendid gift of stolidity, which was not the least of his qualifications for a war correspondent.

His other warlike adventures included three campaigns in Spain, the Servian War, the Russo-Turkish War, and the campaigns in Afghanistan and Zululand. His description of the terrible battle of Plevna is, perhaps, the finest thing he ever did, if not the finest thing of the kind on record. He also distinguished himself in the Schipka Pass, and had the honour of being presented to the Russian Emperor, on his famous journey to Bucharest, where was the nearest telegraph office. He describes how, after riding all night without food or drink, he arrived at the Russian Imperial headquarters, where he met Ignatieff. "Where from now?" asked the General. "From the Schipka," was the reply, "I left there late last night." "The devil, you did!" exclaimed Ignatieff; "You have beaten all our messengers by hours. Yours must be the last news; you must see the Emperor and tell him." Forbes then describes his interview with the Emperor, who was lodged in a "squalid Bulgarian hovel," and who looked "gaunt, worn, and haggard, his voice broken by nervousness, and by the asthma that

afflicted him." His Majesty congratulated Forbes on his hard riding, as well he might; and this reminds me of that other hard ride he had after the battle of Ulundi to Landsmanns Drift, on the Natal frontier, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles through a trackless country. This was his last great ride, poor fellow, and the results of it abode with him to the day of his death, if, indeed, they did not hasten that sad event.

I had some experience of his hard riding during the Dartmoor Manœuvres. It was a wet, misty day, and the correspondents hadn't left their headquarters at Tavistock. But Forbes must needs ride up to the moor to see if there was anything going on, and I volunteered to accompany him. I had only a Dartmoor pony at hand, which wasn't a very desirable "mount" for a long ride, but George Henty came to the rescue with a great creature of some sixteen or seventeen hands, on the top of which I was hoisted. Forbes led the way in true rough-rider fashion, and never looked behind him till the "veldt" was reached. By that time I had had nearly enough, but there was the return journey, when Forbes put on the pace still more, and it is a wonder to me to this day that I ever reached Tavistock alive.

Forbes's skill as a war correspondent rendered him peculiarly fitted for the work of describing and criticising the peaceful operations of the Autumn manœuvres. I went through two sets of manœuvres with him, those on Salisbury Plain and on Dartmoor, and I have the liveliest recollection of both events, and of the interest and enjoyment they provoked. We lived together on both occasions, and in addition there were in the same house at Tavistock George Henty, the well known war correspondent of the *Standard*; Richard Whiteing, who has since risen to fame as the author of *No. 5, John Street*, and Harry Pearse, who has recently been doing yeoman service for the *Daily News* in South Africa. If there are four better fellows to be found anywhere, in England or out of it, I don't know them.

Talking of good fellows, it was at Forbes's house that I first met William Senior, one of the gentlest of the disciples of the "gentle art," well known as "Red Spinner" of the *Field*, and long a special correspondent of the *Daily News*. Senior was a bit of a wag, and seeing my anxiety at having long overstayed my time and at the "lang Scots miles" that lay between me and my home, he whispered in my ear, "Never mind, old fellow, once on board the lugger all will be well." But it was *not* well. However,

that's nigh thirty year ago, and "Darby and Joan" are now looking forward to their Golden Wedding!

During our stay at Salisbury Mr. Scudamore came down to inspect the elaborate telegraph operations in connection with the manœuvres, and was greatly interested to make Forbes's acquaintance. He was present with me at the famous battle of the Wyley, which Forbes quite excelled himself in describing, and he took the keenest interest in the mass of work poured in each evening at the Salisbury Post Office by the numerous correspondents who followed the manœuvres, of whom Forbes, if he was not the *doyen*, was at least the leader. Here is an extract from an article he wrote on the subject at the time:—

"In a shed at the back of the Postmaster's house, twenty operators are silently pegging away. It is midnight, and they began six hours ago, but still the 'copy' is rolling in. 'Five thousand words still to come in from Wyley for the *Times*.' 'Is the *Scotsman* copy begun on yet?' 'Boy, run up and see whether Mr. Forbes has any more ready.' 'The Blind Clerk himself couldn't make it out; you'll have to go and ask Mr. Henty to go over it with you himself.' 'Warn Glasgow for a long message.' 'No, you can't knock off; be ill to-morrow morning if you like.' Such are a few of the short sharp orders and instructions I overhear, as I stand smoking in the Postmaster's back yard."

These manœuvres were the grandest which have ever been held, ranging from Pewsey in Wiltshire, to Blandford in Dorset, and they evoked an immense amount of interest, which was largely stimulated by Forbes's graphic descriptions in the *Daily News*. The battle of the Wyley was the most realistic thing I have ever seen, and the march past on Amesbury Down was the grandest military spectacle it is possible to imagine. Inferior in point of numbers, the march past on Roborough Down, after the Dartmoor manœuvres, was hardly inferior in picturesqueness; and I shall always remember how the gallant Forty-Second, the "Black Watch," went past as one man, their white "spats" glittering in the sunshine over their well-blackened boots.

The Scott Centenary at Edinburgh was another of the special occasions on which Forbes and I came together. Here is what he wrote about that:—

"I found the special staff wiring furiously in a pen partitioned off the banqueting-room. They stood to their work in two inches of water, for it was the ice room, and ice masons were hacking and

hewing away the melting blocks as the operators moved their swift fingers. The indomitable chief swayed his energetic rule from a coign of vantage which he had assumed on the top of a miniature ice-berg, but the temperature of his pedestal seemed to have no influence whatever on the *perfidum ingenium*."

At Inveraray, too, when Lord Lorne (now the Duke of Argyll) brought home the Princess Louise, we had an interesting time. A great many correspondents converged upon the little Highland village-town, whose telegraphic facilities consisted of "an A B C. instrument and the 'Dougal Cratur,' a Celtic youth of engaging manners, and strong disinclination to have his hair cut." This Celtic youth betrayed "mental prostration of a suicidal tendency" when the serried array of special correspondents descended upon the post office. But Forbes described how he "rallied perceptibly" when three members of the special staff came to his aid, who "bivouacked with their instruments in a wash-house at the back of the post office, with one bed between the three." When the festivities were over Forbes and I had the honour of being invited up to the Castle and shown over the grounds by the great Duke who was laid to rest only a few weeks ago. I wonder if there is anyone in the service to-day who remembers when His Grace was Postmaster-General?

Another important occasion when we stayed together was the visit of Mr. Disraeli to Glasgow, when he delivered his great address as Lord Rector of the University, as well as an important political speech. The scene of the delivery of the Rectorial address was a most striking and impressive one, and was well calculated to draw out Forbes's descriptive powers to their fullest extent. Of a totally different character was our visit to Stirling in connection with the laying of the foundation stone of the Wallace Monument; and of a wholly pleasing kind was a brief visit to Oban, when I remember we sat out on the terrace in front of the hotel most of the night, looking over Kerrera, and watching Professor Blackie's light peering through the trees on the lovely hillside, and the masthead lights of the yachts dotted about the bay. If people who rave about the Bay of Naples could only have seen the Bay of Oban thirty years ago, when the place was unspoiled by the *harmful* necessary railway, they might change their tune somewhat. But the railway drove poor Blackie away, for he had all Ruskin's horror of such diabolical inventions.

Forbes could write on any subject from a coronation to a

christening or a cricket match ; from a Durbar in India to a tallyman's dinner at Ipswich ; from a race meeting to a revival mission. I remember I tempted him down to Newmarket once, with the result that he broke out into a couple of columns of "descriptive," in which he spoke of Baron Rothschild as careering about the heath on his "pocket elephant," and of Sir Robert Peel—the racing and racy Sir Robert—as the "jaunty baronet." Not only could he write upon any subject, but he could write anywhere—in the saddle, on the top of a powder barrel, sitting on a dead horse, or stretched out on the ground. And he could write on any substance, from a paper bag to a sheet of cream laid note, or the insides of old envelopes. He wrote a small, but very plain hand, which was the delight of the telegraphists ; while that of some of the correspondents was their despair. He was the first to use the telegraph extensively for special correspondence both at home and abroad, and he has written regretfully of the time when "telegraphic facilities rudely broke in upon the pleasant dilettanteism of the 'Specials,' for whom there is no longer dalliance over a late dinner, or a nap to refresh themselves before commencing to write." When he ceased to write for the press, he took to writing books on military subjects, and has left a goodly array of volumes behind him, including the *Life of Napoleon III.*, which was his last work of any note. I think I like best his *Colin Campbell: Lord Clyde*, which he wrote for Macmillan and Co.'s "English Men of Action" Series. Having met the great General when he was plain "Sir Colin," I can well understand how Forbes could write with enthusiasm about his character and career. The men had a good deal in common, and especially in regard to their readiness to go anywhere, at any time, and to do anything. The story told of Sir Colin that he went to India at a day's notice, and only had time to pack up his tooth-brush, might very well be told of Forbes, the dominant note of whose character was decision and determination. He always knew what he wanted to do, and he always did it, in spite of friend or foe, or of any consideration whatever, either personal or pecuniary.

Forbes was not perfect by any means ; he was too human for that, and he had, as he had a right to have, the defects of his qualities. He had a somewhat rough exterior, and his manner was often gruff and unceremonious to a degree. The fountain of his affections lay deep, and it was only given to a few to plumb it to its depths. But when you once had him you had him for ever, and that was something, for he was even a better lover than he was a hater. The

Daily News acknowledging the "chivalry" of his services to the paper, said: "The character of the man was revealed in his literary style—the strong, terse, pithy style, glowing, vivid, and picturesque, with the frequent touch of tenderness in it, long too well-known to need any further notice here." His outward appearance was never better delineated than by Professor Herkomer in his well-known academy portrait—a likeness so striking and so life-like that I was on the point of going up to speak to it when I first saw the picture. It looked as though Forbes would step out of the frame, and salute one in his old cheery style!

The great correspondent sleeps among his "ain folk" in far away Aberdeen, and it is well that it should be so, although the circumstance must have deprived many of his old friends, as it deprived me, from paying their last respects to his memory. The funeral took place from the residence of his sister, whom I had the pleasure of meeting in the far-off time, when Forbes was young, and just entering on his great career. I was pleased to notice that his countryman—an old colleague of ours at St. Martin's-le-Grand—Sir James Sivewright, K.C.M.G., attended the funeral. He and Forbes were "Moray Loons," and I fancy they were college companions; and Sir James always spoke of our friend with the true Scottish pronunciation as "For—bis." It seems strange to speak of our hero as "Dr." Forbes, but it seems to have been very generally overlooked that he was honoured with the LL.D. of his University a year or two ago. Had he been dubbed "Sir Archibald," it would have surprised no one, and pleased a great many.

R. W. J.



W. LOUTH.
(*Midland District, Ireland.*)



D. M. STEWART.
(*Western District, Scotland.*)



H. HASKAYNE.
(*North Western District.*)



E. ASHTON.
(*North Wales District.*)

SOME SUPERINTENDING ENGINEERS.

[*To face page 285.*]

Under the South Downs.

THOSE who know Scotland or Wales, much more those who have seen the Alps, may smile at Gilbert White's description of the South Downs as "a chain of majestic mountains," yet these smooth rounded hills, often clad at their base and half-way up their sides with great beeches which nowhere else grow so luxuriantly, have a charm of their own, and the views from their summits, extending over a wide expanse of land and sea, are not less fair than the prospect of the Welsh mountains from Snowdon and Cader Idris, or than the scene disclosed from the Righi and Pilatus. John Ray, the naturalist, who had travelled in the finest parts of Europe, said that the view from Plumpton Plain, near Lewes, was equal to anything he had ever seen, and Gilbert White, who travelled the Sussex Downs upwards of thirty years, "investigated them with fresh admiration year by year," and saw new beauties every time he traversed the range.

Last summer it was my good fortune to spend a pleasant month under these hills. I had explored some of them before, but I had never previously spent so much time in their immediate neighbourhood, with liberty to gaze upon them as the Wordsworth household gazed upon Wansfell. I do not seek to persuade my readers to desist from foreign travel, from visiting Scotch Highlands, or from frequenting their favourite watering place, but I can honestly declare that I never spent a more restful or pleasanter holiday than I did last year in a shopless, churchless village not much more than fifty miles from London and amid some of the most charming scenery and surroundings to be found in the South of England.

We were two miles from a railway station, and about as far from a shop, but we had a post office of our own and two daily deliveries of letters, so we were not quite cut off from the outer world. I went one day to the post office to register a letter, and as the giving of a receipt was a little beyond the powers of the postmaster's wife, I suggested that I should make out the document myself, and as my proposal seemed acceptable I entered the necessary particulars on the receipt form and the counterfoil. But when I took up the official stamp and was on the point of using it, I was informed in appropriately severe language that I must not touch the sacred utensil, and although in such a case deafness is a protection against censure,

there was a dignity of manner in the good lady that I could not escape ; and a friend, who was present and heard what was said, told me the homily was well worded and eloquent. I felt at the time as if I had been convicted of an attempt to misuse the great seal, and I do not think I entered the post office a second time.

A month in a quiet village, however pleasantly situate, would be a severe and perhaps an unendurable trial to many. We all have heard of Charles Fox's famous saying that nothing is so delightful on a summer's day as to lie under a tree with a book, except lying under a tree without a book. Many are capable of attaining the first



A SUSSEX COTTAGE.

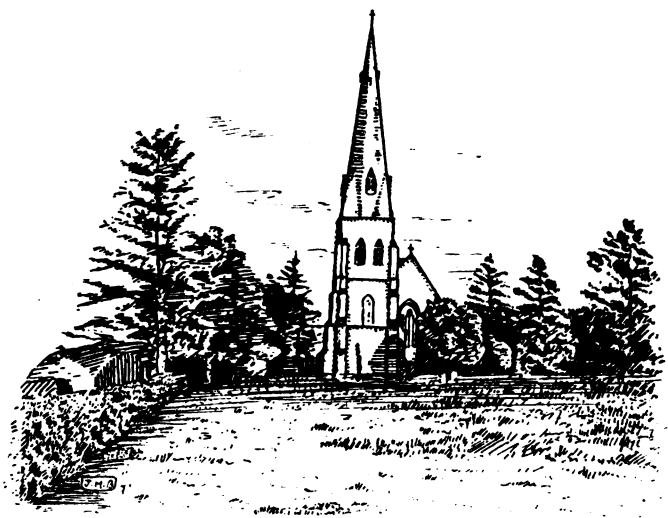
degree of happiness, but very few can rise to the supreme height. We are too eager, active and restless even in our holidays, and must be doing instead of resting. "Study to be quiet," said St. Paul, knowing the difficulty of following such a counsel of perfection. Our environment at our farmhouse was admirably suited to an endeavour after quiet. Thick stone walls kept out the heat, a shady garden and lawn enabled us to sit out of doors even at midday. The sunken road in front of the house did not obstruct the view across the green fields to the downs, and the most exciting incidents in our daily life were listening in the morning for the postman's horn, and watching the cows come home to be milked early in the afternoon.

Until one actually lives in a country district one does not realise how many charms it possesses; the beauties of its scenery and the variety of interesting objects and associations it contains. I do not suppose our farmhouse and its neighbourhood were better off in this respect than other places, but we were certainly fortunate in our surroundings. Just in front of us was Beacon Hill, one of the stations of the old semaphore telegraph between London and Portsmouth, and from our upper windows we saw a long stretch of the Downs extending as far as Graffham, under which are the Sussex home and last resting place of the versatile Bishop Wilberforce and the birthplace and grave of Richard Cobden. In the other direction the view was terminated by the woods of Up Park and the ruins of the old mansion there. Crossing a field, or mounting to the shady churchyard and the half-ruined church, a vast panorama of hill and dale met the eye. In the distance were the Hanger above Selborne, Hindhead, and Blackdown above Aldworth, the country home of Tennyson. Closer at hand was the house to which Anthony Trollope retired after leaving the service of the Post Office. I am told his novels are in process of being forgotten, but his memory is still green hereabout, and people who have probably never read a line he wrote tell you that Mr. Trollope *the* novelist lived at Harting.

A greater writer than Trollope, Edward Gibbon, is associated with Buriton, which is out of sight indeed but not far off. There after his return from Switzerland in 1758 he spent the greater part of two years, and passed many light and some heavy hours, as he tells us in the Memoirs of his Life and Writings, so skilfully pieced together by that most charming young woman Maria Holroyd, who lived just long enough to see her eldest son, the second Lord Stanley of Alderley, appointed Postmaster-General. The house at Buriton had been a decayed old mansion, but "was converted into the fashion and convenience of a modern house," and Gibbon, after paying a morning visit to his step-mother in her dressing room, was able, with the exception of a long interval for midday dinner, to devote the day to study until tea time, when his father "claimed his conversation and the perusal of the newspaper." Gibbon was no country gentleman; he never handled a gun, or rode to hounds. His father farmed the estate and lost money; and when the historian succeeded to the property he began to form a plan of an independent life. To quote his own grandiose account, "Yet so intricate was the net, my efforts were so awkward and feeble, that nearly two years were suffered

to elapse before I could disentangle myself from the management of the farm and transfer my residence from Buriton to a house in London. Thenceforth Buriton knew Gibbon no more, but when he desired to breathe country air he "possessed a hospitable retreat at Sheffield Place in Sussex, in the family of my valuable friend Mr. Holroyd." The house at Buriton is now a farmhouse.

Our parish church was no longer available for service, but this circumstance has escaped the notice of compilers of recent guide books and directories. We were, however, within easy reach of Treyford church, a beautiful modern Gothic building with a tall



TREYFORD CHURCH.

well proportioned spire and standing amidst some noble timber; and the church of South Harting, which contains some interesting monuments of the Cowper and Coles families, ancestors of captain Cowper Coles, who designed and perished in the turret ship "Captain" in 1870, was not too far for a walk. Gilbert White complained in his day of the scarcity of churches in Sussex, and though the complaint may still be well founded as regards some parts of the county, there was no lack of churches in our neighbourhood. But it seems easier to build churches than to fill them, and the modern rustic is, I am afraid, little inclined to attend divine service.

I could not be within sight of Selborne Hanger without making

a pilgrimage to the scenes so lovingly and carefully described by the native historian, Gilbert White. Selborne is far from any important town, but can be reached without difficulty from Liss Station on the South Western Railway. The roads of the district have greatly improved since White wrote that they were "more like water courses than roads," and save for a long and in one or two places steep hill it is very good travelling between Liss and Selborne. As one reaches the top of the hill Selborne Hanger comes in sight, covering the side of "a vast hill of chalk rising three hundred feet above the village. The covert of this eminence is altogether beech, the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage or graceful pendulous boughs." A mile further on we enter the village street and pass the "fine perennial spring little influenced by drought or wet seasons, called Well Head," from which last summer water was taken long distances, so many wells having failed owing to the drought. The street extends nearly three quarters of a mile, and most of the houses are as old as White's day. A little way after entering the street a path across the fields, in one of which hops are grown as they were grown a hundred and twenty years ago, leads to the foot of the Hanger, and the hill can be ascended by a zig-zag path up to the "down or sheep walk, a pleasing park-like spot of about one mile by half that space." Some of this land is now under cultivation, but the prospect—bounded by the Sussex Downs, by Guild Down near Guildford, by the downs round Dorking and Reigate, and by the country beyond Alton and Farnham—still forms the "noble and extensive outline" described in the first letter to Mr. Pennant.

Descending the zig-zag path and returning to the street, which is long and unlovely, we soon reach, at the centre of the village, the Plestor, where formerly stood "a vast oak with a short squat body and huge horizontal arms extending almost to the extremity of the area." Overturned by the great storm of 1703, it was restored as far as possible to its former position by the vicar, Gilbert White, grandfather of the historian, though it never recovered its original vigour. At a corner of the Plestor there was a pollard ash, "which for ages had been looked on with no small veneration as a shrew ash." The branches or limbs of the tree, when gently applied to the limbs of cattle, were held to be a sovereign remedy for the pains suffered from the running of a shrew mouse over the part affected. But a vicar of Selborne in White's day, having no sympathy with

•

the prevalent belief, ruthlessly stubbed and burnt the tree in spite of the remonstrances of the bystanders, and apparently to the regret of the historian of the parish.

We have lingered too long on the Plestor, and an open door invites us to enter the church. Here White sometimes officiated as curate, though he was never, as is sometimes stated, vicar of Selborne. The church is neatly kept, has escaped the restorer, and the description of the building itself and of the churchyard, which has, however, been enlarged, in the *Antiquities of Selborne*, still holds good. Gilbert White's grave, a plain grass-covered mound with a low stone simply inscribed G. W.—26th June, 1793—is the fifth from the north wall of the chancel. The tablet to his memory was originally fixed to the outer wall of the church, but has been removed to the inside, and is now at the east end, a position which falsifies the inscription, "In the fifth grave from this wall are buried the remains of the Rev. Gilbert White, M.A., fifty years Fellow of Oriel College, in Oxford, and historian of this his native parish." The Wakes, White's house, is almost opposite the church, and the front, which has been altered since his death, abuts upon the street. The back of the house, irregular, old fashioned, and charming, has, however, been little changed. The late tenant, Professor Thomas Bell, formerly of King's College, London, took great pride in maintaining the house and garden as nearly as possible as it was in White's day, and his edition of the *History of Selborne* deserves the gratitude of White's readers, for Bell was himself a keen observer of nature, well qualified to discuss and continue the work of his predecessor. Bell died in 1880, and after his death many relics which he had collected, including White's malacca cane, a pair of his spectacles, a silver punch ladle with a spade guinea at the bottom, and Elmer's picture of the hybrid pheasant, described in the *History*, were sold. The original manuscript of the *History* was bought in 1895 for £294.

Another famous and later resident at Selborne was Sir Roundell Palmer, who, on becoming Lord Chancellor and being raised to the peerage, took his title from the parish. A few years later, when advanced to an earldom, he retained Selborne as his higher title, and faithful to the genius of the place, took the name of his Viscounty from Wolmer, the forest so often mentioned by White, and partly in Selborne parish. White describes it as "consisting entirely of sand covered with heath and fern," without having one standing tree in the whole extent. But, thanks to Lord Selborne and other

occupiers, trees have been planted abundantly and the aspect of the forest has been changed for the better, though this and other modern improvements have involved the destruction of many animals commonly found there in White's day. Early in the last century herds of red deer roamed the forest, but so many of them were killed by gangs of poachers that the Black Act, as it was called, was passed to deal with them. In spite, however, of "that severe and sanguinary act" poaching continued until the Duke of Cumberland



TROTTON BRIDGE.

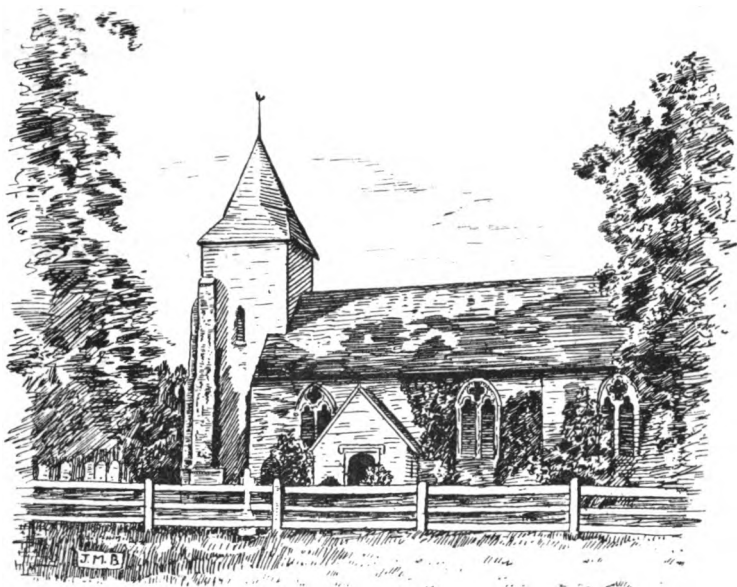
ordered all the deer to be caught and taken to Windsor. The deer were also removed from Waltham Chase, and when it was proposed to the liberal minded Bishop Hoadley of Winchester to restock it, he refused, saying the deer had done harm enough already.

To reach Selborne involved a somewhat tedious journey, but Trotton, where, according to a local tradition, Charles II. went to school, is an adjoining parish, and one of several pleasant quiet villages on the banks of the Rother, from whose stream it extends northward to Hampshire. The church standing close to the beautiful old bridge over the river, though without any notable

architectural features, possesses three monuments of great interest to the antiquarian, the student of history, and to the man of letters respectively. A small brass on the floor of the nave commemorates a lady of the Camoys family, and is one of the oldest brasses in England. In front of the holy table is a low altar tomb covered by a magnificent brass containing life-size figures of the first Baron Camoys and Elizabeth his wife. The figures and the details of the border are very finely chased, and considering that it is more than four hundred years old the brass is in an excellent state of preservation. Camoys commanded the left wing of the English army at Agincourt, and was made a Knight of the Garter; his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Mortimer, grandson of Edward III., was the widow of Henry Percy (Hotspur), who killed Douglas at Otterburn and was slain himself at the Battle of Shrewsbury by Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V., although another redoubtable hero, Sir John Falstaff, as Shakespeare tells us, claimed to have killed Percy after a fight which lasted an hour by the Shrewsbury clock. On the south wall of Trotton church is a plain brass to the memory of Thomas Otway, who was born at the rectory house in 1651 and died in London in 1685. Otway's plays are now almost forgotten, but his "Orphan" and "Venice Preserved," his last and greatest dramatic work, were for nearly two centuries favourites of the public. It is no longer true, as it was in Dr. Johnson's day, that the striking passages of "Venice Preserved" are in every mouth, but the tragedy contains three fine acting characters, which have been played by a long succession of famous actors. Otway was a favourite companion of the dissolute wits who frequented the court of Charles II., and he led a wild irregular life. Neglected by those whom he had amused he is said to have died of want and starvation in a tavern on Tower Hill; but he has not been quite forgotten, for the tablet in Trotton church was only put up a few years ago. So, like the lawyers of old, we build the sepulchres of the prophets whom our fathers killed.

Our neighbourhood was too much given up to the preservation of game and coops for a hen and her pheasant step-children were in evidence everywhere. Walking with a dog down a quiet lane I encountered a civil spoken boy, who instead of being at school was set to watch the birds. He told me I must not come there with a dog, and when I asked why, he answered, because his father the gamekeeper had put some young pheasants there. I explained to him that it was not wise to put the birds in a public road, that I and the dog had as much right to use the lane as he, and he had

better tell his father what I said. I do not know whether my message was delivered, but I think it must have been, for the keeper always gave a most respectful salute whenever we chanced to meet. I have another grievance against the game preservers. Almost every evening at dusk one heard the keeper's gun, and I saw three or four handsome owls he had destroyed. There is I believe a close time for these birds, which are among the best friends of the farmer, but I presume the close time had expired in August. It is a pity



TROTTON CHURCH.

sportsmen cannot rear and kill half-tame pheasants without directing their underlings to destroy handsome and useful birds.

We had plenty of fields paths, but they are sadly neglected and in winter must be impassable in many places, and this neglect may be due to the wish of sporting owners to keep the public away from the sacred game. When parish councils were established it was believed that the village Hampdens would look after field paths, but village Hampdens are either far to seek or, like the Treasury, are too frugal. I read in a local paper an account of a discussion at a parish council meeting whether a much-needed new plank should be put down to carry a path across a ditch. The debate was long and

apparently eloquent ; I need not recapitulate the arguments advanced for and against the proposed expenditure, but in the end the economists prevailed and the wayfaring man cannot use the field path in winter.

Our neighbourhood was a happy hunting ground for the botanist, and one of our party collected considerably more than a hundred specimens of wild flowers, which were duly pressed, dried, and with some difficulty named. I am fond enough of wild flowers, though my friend F. S. Cobb used to say I only knew the name of one, which was a very unjust representation of my plant lore. I plead guilty, however, to ignorance of the botanical names of flowers. I do not call the dandelion *taraxacum dens leonis*, or the buttercup *ranunculus bulbosus*, and like Peter Bell :

“ A primrose by a river’s brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.”

J. A. J. HOUSDEN.

The Liverpool Post Office—Past and Present.—V.

THE Postmaster of Liverpool became his own Surveyor in March, 1870. In June, 1886, he was also made Surveyor of the Isle of Man, and in June, 1891, of Birkenhead. On the 1st October, 1893, the following additional post towns were transferred to the Liverpool District :— Newton-le-Willows, Ormskirk, Prescott, Runcorn, St. Helens, Warrington, Widnes, and Wigan.

The most characteristic feature of the Liverpool Office is its foreign work, of which it has had a large share from very early times. About 60,000 sacks of mails for the United States alone are now placed on board the mail steamers at Liverpool every year, in addition to an immense number for Canada, the West Coast of Africa, Central and South America, New Zealand, China and Japan, the Canaries, and Madeira, and many less important places. Parcel mails are exchanged with Constantinople and Smyrna, Canada and Japan, the Bahamas, Bermuda, and the West Coast of Africa. But one thing is wanted to render this service complete, and that is a Parcel Post with the United States, which there is now some reason to hope may before long become an accomplished fact.

Liverpool exchanges mails with about 150 foreign and colonial offices, and to know the names and location of these is in itself an education in Geography. That much neglected science is distinctly useful to the young sorter in Liverpool, who should know at any rate the country to which to send bags for Coronel, Opobo, Fredericton, Kobe, Nuevo Laredo, Sherbro, Talcahuano, Bata, Noqui, Ambrizette, and many other places unfamiliar to the average schoolboy.

The numerous lists and exact particulars that have to be furnished of all outward foreign and colonial mails, the Customs examination of all parcels from across the sea, the various methods of counting and weighing foreign correspondence according to the conditions of the contracts with the shipowners, and the tying up of the missives in paper parcels, or in waterproof bags if they have to take their chance in boats or barrels through the surf of the West African Coast, are all

refinements requiring a special training, and familiar to but few officers of the Department out of the London Office. The two companies carrying the largest number of mails to and from Liverpool are the "Cunard" and the "White Star," which take almost the whole of the American mails from England to the United States, and a very large part of those in the opposite direction. The former company was formed in 1840 by Mr. Samuel Cunard of Halifax, Mr. George Burns of Glasgow, and Mr. David MacIver of Liverpool (whose nephew and namesake now represents the Kirkdale Division in Parliament), specially to take the first contract for a mail service by steam packet across the Atlantic. At that time foreign mail contracts were made by the Admiralty, and the mails had up to that time been carried in small sailing ships known as "coffin brigs." The first Cunard steamer was the "Britannia," and she left the Mersey on her maiden voyage on the 4th July, 1840, the American Independence Day. She was 207 feet long, of 740 horse power, and the average speed was $8\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour; the "Campania" and "Lucania," the latest and finest vessels of this line, are 620 feet long, of 30,000 horse power, and can steam over 21 knots per hour.

The White Star Company was only formed about the year 1870, but has been brought by the genius of its founder, the late Mr. Thomas H. Ismay, a man in whom great business capacity, kindness and consideration for others, and culture, were combined in a most rare degree, to a position equal to that of any shipping company in the world. Their latest steamer, the "Oceanic," rather over 700 feet long, is the largest and most magnificent ship ever built.

Among many orders relating to the foreign mails, too numerous to mention in detail, I find one of some interest at the present time. It is dated November, 1869, and directs that letters addressed "Natal" only must be treated as for Natal in the Brazils, and not for Natal in South Africa; our sorely tried colony must indeed have grown with rapid strides if, only 31 years ago, it was of less importance than its namesake in South America.

Many of my readers will remember the injury to potatoes caused some years ago by the "Colorado Beetle," and in October, 1877, much excitement was caused by the discovery of one of the insects in the Liverpool office. It was supposed to have arrived in an American mail, and for a considerable time afterwards all United States and Canadian mails were diligently searched for further specimens. Another disagreeable foreign visitor of late years was

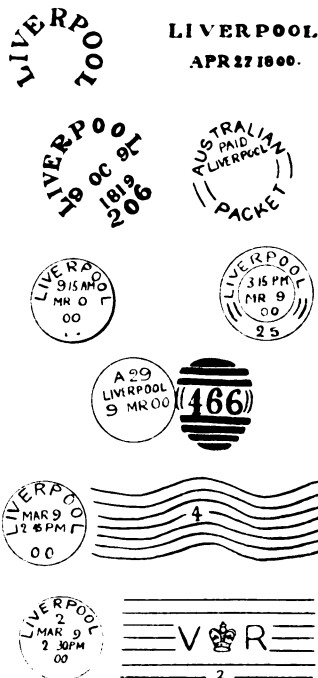
a voracious beetle, supposed to accompany African parcel mails, which at the late head office ate through the wooden backs of the clerks' lockers, to the great discomfort of the officers using them.

The Inman Company's steamers commenced to carry the United States mails on the 29th March, 1877. This company has since removed its English headquarters from Liverpool to Southampton, and as the "American Line"—owned and registered in America—it is now heavily subsidised by the American Government for carrying the mid-week mail from New York. On the ships of this line sorters are employed by the American Government. In June, 1859, a similar arrangement was made by the English Government, and there are officers still in the service who regularly travelled to New York and back, but after some years it was given up. It would be costly to recommence, as space on the Atlantic liners is now very valuable; but as it would save the time occupied in sorting many thousands of letters after the ships arrive in port in each direction, and so, in many cases at any rate, would accelerate their delivery, it is to be hoped that an Ocean Sorting Post Office may again become an institution on the English ships.

At the end of November, 1886, the mail contracts with the Cunard, Inman, and White Star Steamship Companies terminated, and on the 1st December new contracts commenced with the new Inman and International Company for a ship leaving Liverpool on Tuesday, and Queenstown on Wednesday, and with the Union Company for a sailing from Liverpool on Saturday, and Queenstown on Sunday. An arrangement was also made for a Thursday despatch from Southampton by the ships of the North German Lloyd Company, which proceeded direct to New York without calling at Queenstown.

In connection with this change an incident occurred which recalls the "Ship Letter" controversy of 1827, and the raid made in that year upon the "New England" and "New York" coffee houses in London. The Cunard Steam Ship Company, having lost the contract for conveying the mails, announced that they would themselves collect consignees' letters in Bradford, Liverpool, and Manchester, and that no other letters would be conveyed by their steamer "Umbria," which was to sail for New York early in December. The Post Office maintained that the company were bound to accept a "Ship Letter" mail for conveyance by the steamer in question, and such a mail was actually made up and tendered at the ship, but refused by the company's officers. Happily the incident only cast

a temporary cloud over the relations between the Post Office and this great company, which, with the White Star Company, very shortly resumed the mail service. For years these two lines have carried on that service with splendid efficiency, and the most pleasant and cordial relations exist between the companies and all officials whose duties bring them into contact with them.



IMPRESSIONS OF DATE STAMPS, LIVERPOOL.

- a. The first is a facsimile of the impression of official stamp on a letter posted at Liverpool on the 11th January, 1796.
- b. The stamp "Australian Packet" was discontinued in 1867.
- c. The stamps dated March 9th, 1900, are facsimiles of single date-stamps now in use, of obsolete double date-stamps, and of American and Canadian Electrical Stamping machines now in use.

The Parcel Post, established in August, 1883, has been as successful in Liverpool as elsewhere. The work was at first carried on in a building in Lime Street, formerly the County Court, but it was too small and very inconvenient, as all baskets had to be conveyed to and from the first floor by means of a lift. The yard was small and dangerous, as it was entered through a low archway, against which the driver of a mail van one day struck his head and

was killed. This office was deserted in 1886, and is now rented by a Glasgow showman for a Variety entertainment. The parcel business was removed to the Canning Place building, and carried on in the large room under the dome, originally the Customs Long Room. This also was on the first floor, but a good yard and ample space for lifts did much to lessen the inconvenience inseparable from such an arrangement.

Any notice of the Liverpool office would be incomplete without a reference to the many good men who have left it to render useful service elsewhere. The value of a varied, thorough, and practical official training has long been recognised by my predecessors, and it was, no doubt, largely due to the fact that they had received and benefited by such a training that my old friend John Manson, the Controller of the Money Order Office, the Surveyors and Postmasters of Leeds and Newcastle, the late or present Postmasters of Hull, Southampton, Birkenhead, Cardiff, Crewe, Wolverhampton, Salisbury, Rhyl, Bury, and many other towns, have been able to do good work for the Department with credit to themselves. Some have gone abroad, and the Inspector-General in the New Zealand service, and the Postmasters of Kimberley, in Cape Colony, and Dundee, in Natal, towns of which the world has lately heard so much, commenced life and learnt their business in the Liverpool Post Office.

Since the late head office was occupied in 1839 it has been frequently enlarged and altered. The most extensive and costly alterations were commenced in 1883, and were designed to postpone the necessity—which even then seemed urgent—of buying a site and erecting an entirely new building. The course taken is for some reasons to be regretted, for it is believed that an ideal site could then have been obtained between London Road and Islington, almost opposite St. George's Hall, close to the Walker Art Gallery and the Picton Free Library and Museum, and facing one of the few open spaces to be found in the City, and at a cost infinitely less than that of the valuable site between Victoria Street and Whitechapel, finally purchased on the recommendation of a Departmental Committee, which sat at the end of 1890, under the chairmanship of Mr. G. W. Smyth.

The foundation stone of the new office was laid on the 10th September, 1894, by the Duke of York, who also opened the public office on the 19th of July last; the transfer of the entire postal and telegraph business was completed on Sunday, the 15th October, 1899. The building covers nearly two acres of ground and has a frontage of

226 feet to Victoria Street. The beauty of the exterior may be seen from the excellent photograph by Mr. H. W. Cooper, a member of the staff, facing page 288 in the July (1899) number of this magazine, but the effect is unfortunately marred by the fact that it is surrounded by high buildings in comparatively narrow streets. It is well built and handsomely fitted, and the principal rooms are large and convenient, their dimensions being as follows :—

				Length.	Breadth.
Public Office	66 ft.	by 69 ft.
Sorting „	244 „	64 „
Packet „	74 „	61 „
Parcel „	220 „	64 „
Instrument Room	202 „	68 „
Trunk Telephone Room	108 „	63 „

The total accommodation is nearly double that afforded by the old office. Only those who have had to carry out the removal of a large office can have any idea of the immense labour involved and the multitude of details to be thought out and arranged beforehand. The move was, however, completed without a hitch, and we had the gratification of reading in one of the Liverpool papers that “not a householder in Liverpool would have known that any such gigantic movement had been effected but for the newspaper reports. . . . The art of organisation has not been lost when such huge migrations can be achieved in a night without a single letter going astray or a telegram being overdue.” The arrangements made and carried out by all responsible members of the staff and by the Superintending Engineer worked admirably, and this praise was deserved.

I trust that the future of the Liverpool Post Office in the new building may be as honourable and useful as its past, and that its historian may have in consequence as gratifying a task as mine has been. A statement is appended showing the growth of business from 1839 to 1899.

F. SALISBURY.

Statement showing the development of Business transacted in the LIVERPOOL Post Office since 1839 when the Custom House was first occupied by the Department.

	1839	1844	1865	1885	1895	Present Time	Remarks
Weekly number of Letters, Newspapers, &c. Foreign Letters despatched and received in direct steamers	103,201	705,663	1,062,749	3,037,281	4,360,139	4,823,694	
" " Parcels	11,900	—	—	—	—	321,650	{ Parcel Post commenced 1st August, 1883
" " Money Order Transactions	275	5,002	6,748	20,962	49,521	56,558	
" " Postal Order	—	—	—	7,597	5,452	5,866	
" " Savings Bank	—	—	574	11,377	22,334	33,022	{ Postal Orders first issued January, 1881
" " Daily number of Sealed Bags despatched and received	—	365	617	951	1,218	1,492	{ Savings Bank business commenced 1861
Value of Stamps sold in a year	—	£25,560	—	1,850	2,096	2,173	
Number of Sub-Offices	—	43	51	£232,807	—	£444,148	
" " Pillar and Wall-Boxes	—	30	138	82	119	129	
" " Collections daily	—	—	7	306	382	410	
" " Deliveries by Postmen daily	4	4	6	7	9	9	
Yearly number of Telegrams	—	—	—	4,386,229	8,168,259	8,473,044	{ In 1870, during the first year after the Telegraphs were taken over by the Post Office, the number of telegrams dealt with was 1,482,424
FORCE.				(prior to introduction of 6d. rate)			
Number of Clerical Force	29	55	128	583	953	1,102	
" " Postmen	50	88	121	528	749	773	
" " Telegraph Messengers	—	—	—	321	458	587	
Total	79	143	249	1,432	2,160	2,462	
Cost of Establishment	£5,000	—	£8,500	—	—	£173,980	
Population { Liverpool	220,000	286,487	462,749	611,075	631,384	668,645	
Bootle	—	—	—	—	—	53,544	

The Sad Story of Bawtry.

"On and from the 15th March, Bawtry will be reduced to the rank of a Railway Sub-Office under Doncaster." (*Post Office Circular*, dated 13th March, 1900.)

BOOOR old Bawtry! Such is the remark in nearly every congratulatory letter I receive, in consequence of an official announcement that I have been appointed to the Postmastership of Richmond, Yorks. Is the remark justified? I think it is, and if I may relate what little Post Office history of the place I have been able to gather together, there is a great possibility of the reader finishing this article with a similar exclamation.

First of all I must answer the common enquiry "Where is it?" Bawtry is "the first town in Yorkshire." I mean as regards its situation on the world-renowned Great North Road on the journey from London to York. It was here that, in olden times, the high sheriff of the county was accustomed to meet kings and queens on their journeys to the north, welcome them to Yorkshire, and escort them through the county. The old directories tell us that it is "a small, handsome, well-built market town on the banks of the Idle, nine miles south of Doncaster." As it was fifty years ago, so it is now. Not a house has been added to its number during that period. True, many dilapidated houses have been rebuilt, and ancient small-square shop windows replaced by modern ones; but the names of many tradesmen who flourished in the coaching days are still to be seen over the windows, the trades having been handed down from father to son or from generation to generation. Situated on the Great North Road at the junction of the turnpikes from Sheffield, Gainsborough, Thorne and Worksop, busy coaching scenes were daily presented to view in its extensive market place; but with the supplanting of the coach by the great iron horse, the glory of the town departed.

For fifty years, apparently, have its inhabitants mourned this irreparable loss, and it is only within the past twelve months that the second generation has emerged from a fatal apathy and lack of enterprise, and ventured to build two new houses. As if it were sacrilege to build on the ground their fathers trod, they have erected the houses well beyond the old town boundary, at least half a mile distant from the place where their ancestors were laid to rest. Now

that the old spell has been broken, who can tell what the future may be? But alas! the state of apathy has been too protracted. Bawtry no longer exists as a head office! How great is the contrast to the rapid strides of postal business in other parts of the country. Enlarged post offices, new post offices, new post office sites, have been constantly alluded to in the pages of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, but now it may not be inappropriate to introduce an exception to the rule.

With the foregoing general remarks, the following detached details of local post office history will perhaps be better understood. I



THE GREAT NORTH ROAD LOOKING SOUTH, SHOWING BAWTRY MARKET PLACE.

learn from the July issue of *St. Martin's*, 1898, page 293, that Bawtry in 1677 was a head office, Mr. Johnson occupying the Postmastership with a salary of £20 per annum. Also that bags from London for Howden, Hull, and Bridlington left the Great North Road here. It would be well to recall the duties and liabilities of a Postmaster at this period. It was his duty to have horses ready in his stable to convey the mails to the next town. He was—within six months of his appointment—to obtain a certificate from the Bishop of the diocese, to the effect that he was conformable to the discipline of the Church of England, and he was liable to have soldiers quartered upon him. On the other hand, he enjoyed the exclusive right of letting post horses, and this appears to have made it possible for the Postmaster to make both ends meet,

by exacting a sufficient sum from travellers to compensate for any deficiency brought about by the disadvantages of his official position. I, for one, am thankful that the duties of a Postmaster have so radically changed, since my predecessor, Mr. Johnson, held the Postmastership of Bawtry. It is interesting to note that there were less than 200 head offices in England in his day.

Nearly a century passes before I am able to relate any further local information ; but in 1761 I find that Bawtry, in common with other towns on the Great North Road, had the conveyance of letters from London increased from three to six days a week. Here a few words may be said respecting a great misconception which exists in the minds of people generally. Ask anyone for how long a period mail coaches ran, and in all probability you will get a reply to the effect that they must have been in use for hundreds and hundreds of years. The fact that, on the Great North Road for instance, they first commenced to run in the year 1786 is quite startling to the unenlightened mind, and frequently gives rise to expressions of astonishment, if not to open incredulity. The next local record I have been able to trace is a very sad one, and brings to light the extremely severe punishment meted out to erring Post Office employes in those days. Robert Dyson, who is described as having been Deputy Postmaster of Bawtry, in 1797 so far forgot his duties as to steal a letter containing a cheque, for which transgression he was promptly hanged at York.

Although I have tried by various means to ascertain the name of his successor my efforts have proved futile, and I am compelled to come to the comparatively recent year of 1830, when I find it recorded that David Adams filled the position of Postmaster, the office being situated in the Crown Hotel Yard.

In 1833 his brother William held the office, and there are several residents in Bawtry now who recollect his dog "Ned" meeting the mail coach and conveying the letter bag to the office in its mouth. He continued in office until 1857, when my immediate predecessor, Mr. William Lawrence Baines, succeeded him. Mr. Baines was one of the links with the past, and his life may be taken as an example of the lives of many people around here, in that he was born at Bawtry, lived there all his life, and died there in his eightieth year.

It was in the year 1847, however, that the first blow was struck at the prestige of the office, for in that year mail coaches ceased to run to Bawtry, the bag from London being conveyed to Rotherham by train, and thence to Bawtry by mail cart. Ten years later the

demolition of the Bawtry postal area commenced, and it has continued intermittently, but persistently, ever since. The sub-offices at Oldcotes, Tickhill, and Blyth were taken off. A few years later Althorpe, Burringham, Keadby, Amcotts, and Crowle were transferred to the Doncaster district. Bawtry survived this mutilation until 1881, but in that year Belton, Burnham, Epworth, and West Butterwick went by the board at one sweep.

Gamely struggling on, with its sadly crippled district, it enjoyed a period of rest until 1896, when Finningley, Haxey, Owston Ferry, Westwoodside, and Wroot were (without consideration of the



THE OLD CROWN INN, BAWTRY.

The shop was the old ticket office where seats on the coaches were booked. Behind it, with the entrance up the Hotel Yard, was the Post Office.

consequences) torn rudely from its sheltering wing. The loss of Clayworth in 1899 appears to have been the straw that broke the camel's back, for a period of unrest and uncertainty has existed ever since. Occupying a position too weak to withstand the assaults of its powerful neighbours, its Postmasters in recent years have endeavoured with might and main to stave off the bitter end to the latest possible moment. And now its hour has come. Village after village severed from the main body, north, east, south, west, its area restricted, it is decapitated at last, and sinks to rest, unaccompanied by any hope, any thought of resurrection or restoration to its former glory. And so my story ends.

ALBT. MORTON.

[An interesting description of Bawtry and its associations will be found in Mr. A. H. Norway's *Highways and Byways of Yorkshire*. —EDITOR.]



On the Conduct of Business.

SOME time ago in these pages I wrote an article entitled "How to succeed in Business," and after relating the various receipts which had been offered to the world by business men, I expressed a wish that we might have a "Guide to Promotion" in the Civil Service. I used these words, "I can conceive of nothing more useful to the young Civil Servant than a collection of explanations, by the various K.C.B.s, C.B.s, Heads of Departments and others, of their own advancement, with a few hints from them as to how we can follow their example." I confess I had little confidence that any practical result would follow from my remarks, although I was fully aware that I had given expression to a very wide-spread want. The article in question has apparently been brought under the notice of Sir Courtenay Boyle, K.C.B., the Secretary to the Board of Trade, and he has done his best to comply with my wishes. He has recently published a little volume entitled *Hints on the Conduct of Business, Public and Private*, and the very title seems to indicate that we are to be let into the secret of the manufacture of at least K.C.B.s. But official etiquette cannot be disregarded even when Civil Servants take to literature, and Sir Courtenay Boyle does not dedicate the book to me but "to the statesman who first gave me official employment and to whose example and precept I am largely indebted." I am not complaining of this particular action of Sir Courtenay's because, although he has taken my title, he does not, if I may say so, live up to it. Moreover I venture to assert that the title as applied to the literary matter is altogether misleading. The book is simply a manual for the guidance of private secretaries, and might have been better described as "Strokes and pot hooks for private secretaries by one who has suffered much from these gentlemen." If the author's long official experience has brought him to the conviction that advice of the kind he offers is needed for men who have passed the Civil Service Commissioners, then we have here the severest condemnation

of the tests supplied by the examiners. The explanation of the obvious seems to be indeed Sir Courtenay Boyle's special mission, and the only "public and private business" he thinks worth talking about is the work of the private secretary. We gather from the volume that so far in his career Sir Courtenay has found the type of private secretary supplied by the Civil Service Commission simply unspeakable.

The intending baker, grocer, or candlestick maker will find little instruction or inspiration from this book, unless he also intends to keep a private secretary, and even then we infer that his business training would compel him to regard Sir Courtenay's hints as superfluous. To criticise these same hints at any length would be to add another chapter to Charles Lamb's *Popular Fallacies*. The very solemnity of Sir Courtenay's style makes us feel inclined to join issue with him over his choicest commonplaces. For instance in his opening chapter on "Training" he lays down the principle that "a student should in the first place and above everything else be taught truth and straightforwardness." This sounds sufficiently trite, but I submit that these qualities are rarely taught at all, and certainly not by any Civil Service system of training the mind. They grow naturally in an atmosphere where the same qualities prevail, and to write the sentence "Honesty is the best policy" one hundred times in a copy book is not likely to convince the youth who has been brought up luxuriously in a home where the father is a guinea pig or a mining engineer. In the same chapter Sir Courtenay tells us that "simplicity is more useful than astuteness, and words should be used to express accurately, not to conceal, thoughts." And the writer of this sentence has actually been over thirty years in the public service! One can imagine the state of mind of the youth who comes to his new duties of private secretary with this truth firmly rooted in his mind, and who proceeds to take down in shorthand the letters of his chief written to the public on matters connected with the Department. How his pure and classic taste in matters literary will cause him to writhe and groan over the constant "it would seem," "it does not appear," "I am directed by——to inform you that in the circumstances, and subject to——your request for——cannot at present be complied with. If however, &c., &c." I am bold to say that he will not be in his office more than a week before he discovers that ability to write a letter which will not commit his chief to any action in particular is his most useful accomplishment.

I am quite sure, however, that the British public would welcome any change in Civil Service methods which followed on the lines laid down by our author. I remember the case of a Savings Bank depositor who had written to the Department on some matter connected with his account, and he had incidentally mentioned in his letter that he was uneasy about the safety of his deposits. The case was treated by a new man who had perhaps been brought up on the precepts of Sir Courtenay, and he found a printed form which exactly fitted the case, with the exception of the expressed

uneasiness as to safety of deposits. So to supply the omission, this fresh-minded clerk put at the end of the printed form the simple words, "P.S. Your cash is safe." The man's breach of official regulations was not discovered until months afterwards, when the book was forwarded for examination, and the printed form was found pasted inside. This printed form, with its plain comforting statement, had been treasured up by the depositor all this time, and had evidently consoled him, when the old misgivings crept over him again. The thought of the comfort his statement had been for so long a time to this depositor must have been some compensation to the offending officer when duly carpeted for his misdeed, and when he was removed to another Branch out of the reach of printed forms. But just fancy for a moment how the bold statement "Your cash is safe" would make the hair of the trained Civil Servant stand on end! And yet, is not simplicity better than astuteness?

Sir Courtenay seems to suggest, in his opening chapter, that his little book may be more useful to those who have had a University training, than to those who have had a commercial education. These poor University men! What are they really fitted for? With the matters that are A B C to the business man they are entirely unacquainted, and so Sir Courtenay proceeds to tell them that if they learn all his little rules they may get over the disadvantages of their early training, and become perhaps even better clerks than their brethren of the Second Division. But first of all they must be able to open a letter properly. "The envelope or cover should be so opened as to avoid tearing more than is necessary, and to avoid tearing the enclosure at all, when many letters have to be opened, a pointed bone or metal opener is useful." I do not doubt it, but they are not supplied in my economical department, and I get along as best I can with an old clasp knife. Then you are told not to throw the cover away until you have carefully examined it to see if you have extracted all the contents. When this is not done, Sir Courtenay says, evidently without fear of contradiction, "some important document may be left inside, the search for which will cause intolerable worry and delay." I can't deny it, but I should like to add that if the search for the missing papers should prove at first fruitless, the private secretary should wait until his chief goes out to lunch, and then he might examine the chief's desk, room, under his blotting pad, and in his waste paper basket. He will no doubt find what he is looking for. Papers frequently get mislaid at a later stage than that sacred to the pointed bone or metal opener. So little is said in Sir Courtenay's book about any later stages that I feel bound to ask him for some hints thereupon in a second edition.

A private secretary once complained to me that a great portion of his time was devoted to readdressing the undelivered letters which had been incorrectly addressed by his chief, who could never be trusted to do the simplest clerical function accurately.

But the chief had a fine presence, could make a good speech, and was well connected by birth and marriage. He could therefore afford to smile at any hints offered to him "on the conduct of business."

Sir Courtenay is very eloquent in his denunciation of the practice of putting in one envelope the communication which is meant for another, and *vice versa*. It seems scarcely necessary to point out at any length the inconvenience arising from such a habit, and I, for one, never thought anybody but a practical joker would do such a thing intentionally. I can speak at any rate for the Post Office, but not of course for the Board of Trade.

I have in my mind the case of a man who wrote two letters consecutively, one to a depositor who had complained of the amount of interest which had been allowed him, and the other to a man who had informed the Department that his mother, who was a depositor, was of unsound mind. The letters my friend wrote were transposed when they were put into covers. The poor man who had merely complained about his interest was asked in what lunatic asylum his mother was confined, while the man in distress about his mother's mental condition was told that on re-examination his book had been found correct, and a table showing how interest was computed at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was enclosed for his inspection. Strange to say, this man seemed to regard the communication as a reasonable reply to his letter, but the other applicant indignantly wrote that he considered it beneath the dignity of a big Department to play practical jokes on depositors. True, as Sir Courtenay wisely says, "opportunities for error are many," but when they are inadvertently taken advantage of, they surely add to the gaiety of nations. Chapter II. is summarised in this way:—

Empty envelopes.

Verify addresses.

Complete enclosures and see that they are complete.

See to signatures and dates.

When the Higher Grade clerk has mastered this branch of the subject, he can be led on gently to Chapter III., which deals with the Keeping and Registering of Letters. Then Chapter IV. contains the following rules:—

Adopt a signature and stick to it.

Make it clear and intelligible to a reader.

Take pains to address a correspondent correctly.

Date letters fully.

Set out the name of the intended recipient.

And so on throughout the 167 pages of this quite blameless, but somewhat superfluous little book, even down to the last chapter entitled "Adroitness and Cunning," in which one might, at least, have expected revelations. But "my administrative experience has confirmed me strongly in the opinion that cunning is not greatly

conducive to success in negotiation." Note the guardedness of the statement; note the allowance that is made for the cases where cunning is moderately conducive to success. One is reminded of the reply of the child who had been asked to quote a text in which falsehood was condemned. And she replied "A lie is an abomination unto the Lord, but a very present help in time of trouble." Sir Courtenay quotes Bacon's saying, that "there be many wise men that have secret hearts and transparent countenances," and he recommends that the whole countenance of the man should be watched if any hanky-panky is suspected. The phrase "hanky-panky" I hasten to add is mine, not Sir Courtenay's. But surely this is very unsatisfactory advice, and more people have been taken in by strictly sanctimonious countenances than by those which carry along with them a suggestion of artfulness. The Disraelian countenance was that of an ideal diplomatist, just as the Gladstone type represented that of the man who too frequently gives the show away. "Success in negotiation" is the subject we are discussing, of course, not which is the nobler gift, revelation or concealment. Sir Courtenay says that "cunning is not wisdom," and this is probably true. But cunning carries a man a long way to success, even in the Civil Service, and one is inclined to make a present of this admission to Sir Courtenay Boyle, while still retaining the conviction that it is better to be a doorkeeper in the House of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. These hints as to how to be successful by means of honesty and straightforwardness leave, at any rate, in my mouth a nasty taste. Would Sir Courtenay recommend me to be honest and straightforward, even though I thereby come to grief? I know he would do so, of course, but the impression his little book gives is that in his opinion, "after more than thirty years experience," you can be quite as successful as the wicked man if you act straight and above-board. Therefore, he seems to say, "Be straight and above-board." Personally I prefer the ringing cry of Job, "Though He slay me yet will I trust Him." So I have no doubt does Sir Courtenay, but the secretary to the Board of Trade naturally wants to put the pursuit of goodness on a business foundation.

But do not let us omit to give Sir Courtenay Boyle credit for the little good that leavens his book. In the chapter on "Responsibility and Agents," he says things which will be endorsed by all civil servants. For instance, "I have known an office where no individual dared take any step, however trivial, without the authority of a superior, and where, consequently, so enormous a mass of comparatively unimportant work came up to the supreme head as to occupy a wholly unreasonable amount of time which might with advantage have been devoted to more weighty matters. It is sometimes even better in cases not of supreme importance to accept from a subordinate a recommendation not absolutely perfect than to discourage him by too minute supervision."

In other words, Sir Courtenay seems to suggest that autocracy in

a chief is not conducive to the good government of his office. Where everybody under him is afraid to act on his own responsibility even in small matters, ultimate demoralisation must necessarily ensue.

Then again listen to Sir Courtenay, "It is one of the difficulties of the Civil Service that the power of extending the sphere of usefulness of a good officer is to some extent hampered by the general rules which must apply to the service as a whole. A head often hesitates to put work of increased difficulty and responsibility on an officer whose pay he has no immediate opportunity for augmenting." And then he contrasts the habits of the Service with those of private establishments. He also tells a few good stories, one or two of which we have not heard before. "I once submitted a draft to a minister of high grammatical skill in classical as well as modern languages. He noted one passage with the query, 'is not this an anacoluthon?' which it was. The error was altered, but I subsequently learned that the clerk who had drafted the letter had asked a colleague, 'Do tell me what is an anacoluthon. I thought it was a kind of serpent.' It devolved upon me to promise the minister to be more careful in avoiding anacondas." This is distinctly good, and one feels that if Sir Courtenay had freed himself from the destroying influence of copy-book maxims, and had let himself go on matters affecting the Civil Service as a body, he would have written an entertaining book. As it is, the book he has written mostly tells us what every commonsense man finds out for himself after a few days experience in an office. If he does not find it out no precepts will ever teach him. There are hundreds of such men who never learn Sir Courtenay's lessons. And very good fellows some of them are too. But they are quite hopeless as Civil Service or commercial clerks. Better had they gone on the stage, or entered the church, or gone into literature, for in all these professions you can apparently shine, minus the accomplishments of Sir Courtenay. They will go on until sixty years of age opening envelopes with their thumbs, leaving cheques and notes in covers thrown into the waste paper basket, sending the right letter to the wrong man, and generally making things hum in whatever branch they are employed.

Sometimes they even get promoted. We had thought to find the reason for this in our author's chapter on "Adroitness and Cunning," but he is always silent where most we want speech. But nothing alters them—that is my point, and what I want to know is, how it is that the Civil Service Commissioners don't find out their characters early in their career, and so save much trouble to the men themselves, and to the Service. Surely there is a need among Civil Service Examiners for the professional physiognomist. A very clever physiognomist whom I consulted, some years ago, said among many other things to me, "You will grow more honest and straightforward as you get older." That professional opinion determined me to remain in the Service, and to give Her Majesty the benefit of my improving character. Angelina says that the physiognomist was

correct, and that he foresaw in those far away years the influence that was coming into my life, and was to make an honest man of me.

Now if instead of giving them hints on the conduct of business, we compelled all Civil Service candidates to submit to an examination of their characters by capable physiognomists, we could rely on a constant supply of commonsense business men who don't require to be told that if you want a letter to reach its destination you should address it correctly. But as long as things remain as they are no harm can be done, and perhaps some good may be achieved, if we all, chiefs, principal clerks, and private secretaries, begin over again, with Sir Courtenay Boyle's guidance, to learn how to make strokes and pothooks. We shall certainly get no wide views or inspirations from Sir Courtenay. For the advancement of a K.C.B. appears indeed to be along a road beset with thorns and small irritating particles which distract the attention and render it blind to the glorious landscape around.

An Old Servant of the Civil Service.

One of "the old familiar faces" at nearly every Civil Service gathering has been taken away from us. Mr. Thomas Evans, the reporter of our contemporary *The Civilian*, died on the 24th March last, after a very brief illness, and he leaves two young children (aged 5 and 3 years respectively) totally unprovided for. His friends are raising a fund for the benefit of the children, and subscriptions for this purpose may be sent to Mr. J. Redfern, *Civilian* Office, 76 & 78, Clerkenwell Road, E.C. I gladly join in the appeal which is being made. I have known Evans for many years, and I always found him a most accurate and intelligent reporter, and a man who could be relied upon to seize the salient points in a speech or the most important features at a meeting or a dinner. And he was always cheerful, good-humoured, attentive, while no entreaties on your part would make him report your poor jokes, if he thought the interests of his proprietors would suffer thereby. If I went to a meeting of the Civil Service Supply Association, of a Post Office Building Society, of a Share Purchase Society, to a Civil Service or a *St. Martin's-le-Grand* Dinner, or to a Cricket Club Smoking Concert, I was sure of meeting at least one friend, who would hail me as a brother of the pen. I have even seen him in old days at agitation meetings, taking down our fiery words, and I have felt confidence in his discretion to delete as well as to report on these occasions. We shall all miss him much. He was a good fellow, and he did excellent work for the Service. I hope many of my readers, who remember him, will send something to the fund. If they prefer to send their donations to me they shall be promptly forwarded on to the proper quarter. They will be acknowledged in the *Civilian*. Any sum from a shilling upwards will be gratefully accepted.

E. B.

St. Martin's Letter-Bag.

The Postmaster-General.

THE retirement of the Duke of Norfolk from the position he has held for nearly five years with credit to himself and with good results to the country, led to much speculation as to his successor. That the new man ought to have a seat in the House of Commons was a condition generally agreed upon, except by those responsible for the appointment. Reasons of State rather than the convenience of the public prevailed and the Marquis of Londonderry, known chiefly for his unsparing criticisms of the administration he now joins, obtained the appointment. His record as a critic is a possible guarantee of his success as Chief of a big Department. At any rate he is a man of action and has the courage to act on his convictions. We wish him success and a pleasant time while at the Post Office. He is the sixth Marquis of Londonderry, he was born in 1852, was married in 1875, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, was M.P. for Down 1878—84, was Viceroy of Ireland 1886—89, and was elected Chairman of London School Board in 1895. He has therefore had plenty of experience of public life. His first public action as Postmaster-General has been to open the new Post Office at West Hartlepool, and his speeches on that occasion attracted much attention. Already he seems to have found out that Treasury control stands in the way of the most well-intentioned Postmaster-General, and that his chief duty will be to bring matters under the notice of the Treasury and to await the result. Let us wish him courage and plenty of skill in "the wheedling arts" to attain the ends he has in view.

The Duke of Norfolk.

THERE has been much regret expressed throughout the Post Office at the unfortunate accident which happened to our late Chief when acting with Lord Roberts's staff, and we hope he will speedily be restored to active service. He evidently went out to the front in good spirits. A fellow passenger has been relating to the *Westminster Gazette* the good time that the Duke had on the "Carisbrooke Castle" on his way to the Cape. He fought steerage passengers with pillows, rode on a rail, ran obstacle races with youngsters, and crept through windsails and undersails. We heartily sympathise with him. Many of us have had the inclination, if not the ability, to do the same thing on even a temporary release from the atmosphere of officialdom.

Of course good stories about the Duke in South Africa have already come to hand. The latest is that soon after arriving at the Cape he got into conversation with a member of the Army Post Office Corps, and asked the man some questions about his duties. The postal official, quite unconscious whom he was talking to, asked the Duke what had induced him to volunteer. The Duke replied that he had come out to assist his fellow Britons to obtain full electoral privileges, liberty of public meeting, and freedom from official tyranny, &c., &c. Then the Post Office man said confidentially "Between you and me, Sir, that's all bunkum; we Post Office chaps in England have been fighting to obtain these things for years, and nobody seems inclined to pull out his rag over *us*." As is usual in these stories, the ex-Postmaster-General's answer is not recorded.

The Transfer to Mount Pleasant.

ON the 18th June, the provincial sorting sections of the Circulation Office were transferred from St. Martin's-le-Grand to the new premises at Mount Pleasant, on the site of the old Coldbath Fields Prison. The transfer does not, of course, affect the three buildings in St. Martin's-le-Grand (generally known as G.P.O. North, G.P.O. East, and G.P.O. West), which are fully occupied for other purposes. Unfortunately the removal has rendered necessary some minor alterations in the time of posting of country letters,—alterations which, from the point of view of the general public, can hardly be described as "further concessions." Considerable outcry has been raised at the curtailment of privileges hitherto enjoyed; but *Truth* is wrong in stating that "all letters from London for the provincial night mails must be posted half-an-hour earlier than hitherto, unless a pilgrimage is made to Mount Pleasant." As a matter of fact, there is no alteration in the latest time (6 p.m.) for posting letters in the City for the general night mails.

The public will speedily begin to feel the benefits arising from the transfer. Through lack of space the work in the G.P.O. East has for years past been carried on with ever-increasing difficulty; and the mails can now be sorted and despatched with a promptitude and certainty impossible under the old conditions.

* * * * *

The new building has no pretensions to beauty. Internally, no doubt, it is "all that can be desired—a *maximum* of floor space and a *minimum* of walls, plenty of windows, solid warm floors, a lining of glazed tiles and every arrangement to counteract the dark and smoke of London." But—to continue our quotation from a recent article in the *Times*—"is it necessary that a building, in order to be suitable for the sorting of letters, should be appallingly ugly? Plain red walls of great height pierced with a number of large holes—that is briefly a description of the exterior of the new General Post Office. The design certainly has the merit of simplicity, but its simplicity is not of the kind which gives pleasure to the eye.

Perhaps the genius of the place has been too strong for the architect. The frowning walls and bare cells of Coldbath Fields Prison may have entered into his soul and prevented the conception of any beauty of line or dignity of form. As it is, the new General Post Office must be considered architecturally as a commodious shed—an annexe to the cluster of buildings in the City which will bear their old name."

Hysteria and the "Daily Mail."

WITH all who have the credit of the Department at heart, we regret that delays to correspondence and consequent public inconvenience have been occasioned by the flitting from the G.P.O. East to Mount Pleasant. At the same time we feel bound to assert that some temporary dislocation of the ordinary services was inevitable in carrying out an operation of such magnitude; and also that, through influences which it is not necessary to particularise here, but which are recognised by those acquainted with all the facts, the evil, such as it was, has been grossly exaggerated.

On the 21st June, the *Daily Mail* expended a column of frenzied eloquence on the "extraordinary confusion at the Post Office," with vivid word pictures of the "mountains of mail matter" and "stacks of unsorted letters and papers" with which the new office was said to be choked. The "facts" of this article were mainly attributed to an "Employé" and "a Post Office Expert." The "Expert" was quoted as saying that the fault lay "with the Post Office authorities themselves," and in the "false economy" which required "four men to do ten men's work!" We understand that a few hours after this article appeared a representative of the *Daily Mail* was convinced, by means of a personal inspection of the Mount Pleasant premises, that the "tons of stuff" were less apparent there than in the columns of his paper; that the force on duty presented no appearance of being over-worked; and that the "Expert" had earned his title in a sense other than complimentary. It was hardly to be expected, however, that a modern newspaper with a reputation for omniscience and infallibility to maintain should eat its own words or disown its informant.

An Australian Agitation.

WE learn from a recent number of the *Melbourne Argus* that the good folk of Victoria are agitating for the re-introduction of Penny Postage within the Colony. The present 2d. rate is felt to be a heavy burden; and a deputation from the Melbourne Chamber of Commerce which, on the 24th of April last, waited on Mr. Watt, the Postmaster-General, did not fail to emphasize that fact. Mr. Watt's reply was not encouraging. He pointed out that the 2d. rate was introduced some years ago for financial reasons and that its abandonment would involve an annual loss of £50,000. The Colony at the present time had to meet exceptional expenses in connection with the war and other matters, and could not afford to make the alteration.

It is to be feared that at present the hard logic of facts is against the Chamber of Commerce, and that the Melbourne poet, whose verses we print below, must wait awhile before his appeal meets with a favourable response.

- "We are ordinary people, simple, unpretentious folk,
 And our interest in politics is small,
 But in one respect we feel that we are groaning 'neath a yoke,
 A heavy yoke that lies upon us all.
 The subjects that appeal to some and make them raise a fuss,
 The fads that others fight about the most
 Are empty, vague abstractions that have naught to do with us—
 But give, oh give us back our Penny Post.
- "The strife about the liquor laws we never understood,
 Enthusiasts for prohibition moan ;
 But as for us, we take a drop—perhaps it does us good—
 If *you* don't like it leave the stuff alone.
 But still we'll ask the wearers of the bit of ribbon blue
 To drink with us—in lemonade—a toast.
 It doesn't matter tuppence what you drink if you'll be true
 To everybody's cause—the Penny Post.
- "We'll meet the woman suffragist, by lofty dreams possessed,
 Who finds existing systems all amiss,
 And if she's young and pretty we will take her to our chest,
 And we'll try to stop her speeches with a kiss.
 The influence on simple man that lovely woman brings
 Is still, for all her views, her proudest boast,
 And if she turns her eloquence on those who pull the strings,
 They'll quickly give us back our Penny Post.
- "On every other question an immense divergence rules ;
 With angry passions men will argue still
 On the duty upon bagging, or religion in the schools,
 Or on altering the federation bill ;
 But in this single matter there's agreement full and free,
 Of opposition there's not e'en a ghost,
 So bow, O Watt, submissive to the popular decree,
 And give, oh give us back our Penny Post."

Field Postal Work with Lord Methuen's Column.

IT was the ambition of every member of the Army Post Office Corps on arrival at Cape Town to get to the front, so I was the object of much envy when, a few days after our reaching South Africa, I was sent with three others to form the postal party of the 9th Brigade. This brigade, under General Featherstonhaugh, was assembled at Orange River, and, with the brigade of Guards, was intended for the relief of Kimberley.

My stock-in-trade consisted of a large wooden box containing stores, weighing about 4 cwt., and a strong box for cash and the

valuable portion of my stock. On reporting myself upon arrival to the Brigade Major, he informed me that as the means of transport were limited, I should not be able to bring my stores with the column, but must wait and follow when railway communication was established. I expostulated and pointed out that the stores could follow by train, but that my orders were to stick to the headquarters' staff, and my men and I would prefer to go forward with the advancing column. To this he agreed, and the following day we started on the forward march to Kimberley.

Our first bit of actual postal work was made the day after the battle of Belmont. On hearing from a Rimington scout that the armoured train had been able to draw up near Belmont station, I went with two men, got the mail bags, selected the bundles of letters and registered articles (leaving the newspaper and bulky matter to follow), and returned to camp. En route we hailed a wagon of the Northumberland Fusiliers for a friendly lift. Said wagon had been around the battle-field collecting the dead, and bore unmistakeable signs of its gruesome errand. But we were no longer fastidious, for we had seen the previous day's fight and its attendant horrors. On arrival in camp we distributed the mail, and immediately afterwards the column moved off.

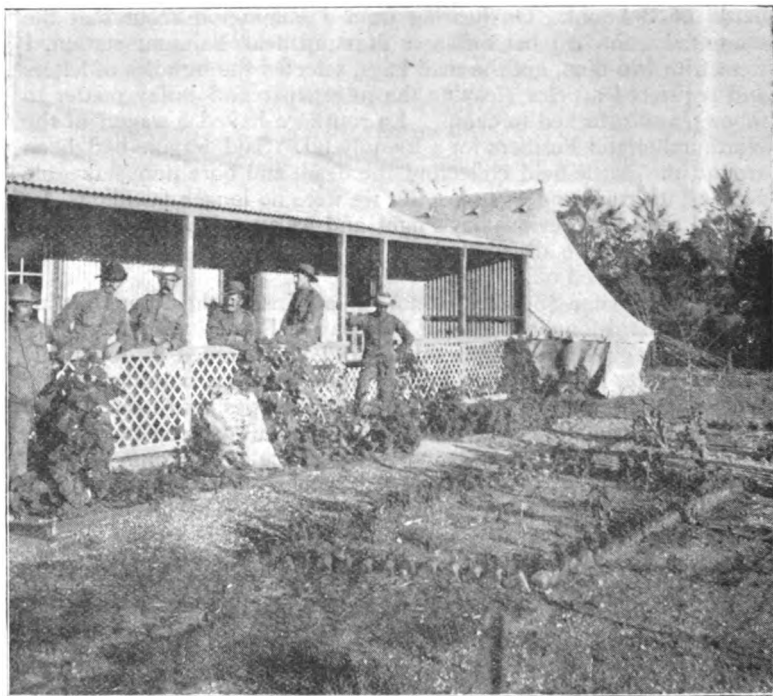
Two days later (Sunday) found us at Enslin, the troops resting after the hard-fought battle of Graspan. The pioneer train had managed to get up to Enslin siding, so I was enabled to obtain my stock. Here, from an open railway truck, under a burning sun, we sold 1,600 letter cards, 1,300 embossed envelopes, and nearly 2,000 penny stamps within three hours. I shall always remember that scene. Absent-minded beggars (what a libel!) swarming around the truck, hustling, pushing, in their anxiety to get material to write home. We suffered fearfully from thirst the while, for water was scarcer at this point than at any on the whole march, and we had to wait until five o'clock in the evening, when we received a dole of a pint of khaki-coloured fluid.

At Modder River, on the night of the battle, we slept by the river's ford amid the dying and dead. We crossed the river in the morning, and, with the sanction of the Brigade Major, occupied the civil post office at the railway station. This place had been ransacked by the Boers, and letters for callers torn open and the contents littered on the floor; cash boxes had been wrenched open, their contents taken, and all the telegraph instruments forcibly removed. In spite of the chaos, this was, indeed, a haven of rest for us, for now we had the luxury of a roof, and were enabled to wash and change our clothing. During the preceding ten days we had not taken off a single article of raiment, and were unshaven and unwashed.

The orders now were for the 9th Brigade to rest for a while, their casualties had been so great. Rest for the brigade meant work for us. Our stay in the premises we had occupied was all too short; the building was required for telegraph work, and we had to take up our

quarters in a bell tent. Postal work for a brigade in a bell tent requires a man to be a contortionist and to have the patience of a Job. Our stock box-cover, three feet by one, had to be counter, stamping table, and sorting rack. We were now in for a prolonged stay at Modder, for although our advance was expected daily, Lord Methuen's severe check at Magersfontein kept things in abeyance.

Our daily routine was as follows. Up at daybreak, for the big gun "Joe Chamberlain," assisted by its satellites, used to start thus early



SOME MEMBERS OF THE FIELD POST OFFICE AT DE AAR JUNCTION.

banging at the enemy's position, and rendered sleep impossible. To station for the mail. In addition to the regular English mail, I had a lot of local work, receiving and despatching mails to Orange River, De Aar, and Cape Town daily. After disposal of these came breakfast—bread and coffee without milk. The rest of the morning would be comparatively easy for us, but as we had to be our own washerwomen we used to take advantage of every lull to keep clean.

Dinner, oh, the sumptuous dinners! Stew, stew, change from stewed beef to stewed mutton, on rare occasions potatoes or onions. Stew à la Tommy Atkins means this: given a lump of meat, throw it

in a kettle, add water, let a few flies and locusts add themselves. The daily Modder sand-storm will sure to be raging while the lid of the kettle is off. Boil the whole mixture over a green wood fire, then serve. After dinner the counter work began in earnest and lasted until eve. Then tea—bread and tea. Then a luxurious couple of hours (no twilight in these parts) in which to sit and watch the flash-light of Kimberley and wonder when we are ever going to get there.

Such was our daily life at Modder for three months, with the heat a hundred and anything in the shade, and our daily storm of fine sand, that fills eyes, ears, throat, everything. One had to scrape the obliterating pad a hundred times a day, and pick the date stamp clear of grit with a pin.

At last came a welcome change—the relief of Kimberley. Our team was the first Field Post Office to get there. We went through with the infantry battalions of the relief column, and participated in the lusty welcome which the beleaguered citizens prepared for the troops.

J. S. MARTIN,
Sergeant in Charge, 9th Brigade, F.P.O.

Telegraphing Extraordinary.

MY old lieutenant, Thomas Mason, has sent me some figures relating to the telegraph work of the recent Epsom race meeting, which are calculated to take the breath away of even an old campaigner like me. When Mason and I were “boys together,” thirty years ago, we used to think that 10,000 messages was a very fair tale of work for a first-class four-day race meeting. But on the Derby day alone this year that number was exceeded, the total number disposed of being 10,475, of which about 3,000 were dealt with at the Post Office, and 7,500 at the Grand Stand. Over 2,000 messages were dealt with in a single hour, viz., between 3 and 4 p.m., at the Grand Stand, and these would, no doubt, include the Derby “results,” which would appear to have been numerous in proportion to the popularity of the Royal owner of the winning horse. Between 1 and 2 p.m. 1,800 messages were dealt with, and between noon and 1 p.m., nearly 1,500; while upwards of 1,000 were disposed of between 11 a.m. and noon and between 2 and 3 p.m. These figures would not disgrace one of our largest provincial telegraph offices, and yet they refer to operations carried on in a wooden shed by a mere handful of operators, comparatively speaking. I remember tempting Mr. Scudamore down to Epsom shortly after the transfer, and this is what he wrote about the telegraph work at the Grand Stand in his great report on the re-organisation of the telegraphs :—

“If any student of human nature be desirous of knowing what varieties of form and colour the human hand can assume, he should station himself inside the Telegraph Office on Epsom Downs just as the Derby is run. There are twelve windows for the public, and for many minutes after the conclusion of the race the windows are completely blocked by hands which thrust in messages. From

within nothing can be seen but hands and messages; inside, the efforts of the owners of the hands to regain possession of them are worthy of a better cause."

The number of windows and hands has, no doubt, greatly increased in thirty years, and the "taking in" of over 2,000 messages in a single hour is an achievement which is probably not equalled anywhere except on one of the busiest days of the London Stock Exchange. This racing work is not only very profitable, but it helps to maintain a high standard of working and to demonstrate what can be done with the highest organisation and a specially selected staff.

R. W. J.

The "Moglai" Post Office.

BEING in Secunderabad on leave during the close of last year I determined on taking a run into Hyderabad, the headquarters of H.H. the Nizam, to ascertain what I could of the *dak ghur** in the first native state in India, as I thought that a few words on the "Moglai" Post Office would not be unacceptable to the readers of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*. The term "Moglai" is derived from the word Mogul, and is applied to all things pertaining to the State of Hyderabad. Accordingly the first convenient morning saw me mounted on the ubiquitous bike, and I was soon well on my six mile spin to the Postmaster-General's office, enjoying to the full extent the exhilarating pedalling of long undulating roads.

The pleasurable feeling, however, did not last. Qualms which had seized me at the inception of the idea arose again when I was within a mile or two of my goal. The contemplation of the probable mortifying consequences of a postal subordinate's temerity in attempting to interview such a *Burra Sahib*† as the Postmaster-General of His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad's dominions was unnerving. In India our *Burra Sahibs* and even our *Chota Sahibs*‡ are all autocrats. This, I am told, is the effect of climate, but I cannot vouch for the correctness of the cause assigned.

My uncomfortable speculations were so engrossing that for a time I was oblivious to my actions and surroundings. I realised this when in coasting down a long but gentle incline, I ran over a pariah dog which was basking in the sun, and nearly upset an itinerant vendor of native refreshments the next moment. The accident stopped a train of thoughts which was demoralising me. Should I turn back? I certainly preferred doing so, but remembering what has been said about the man who took hold of the plough, I mentally sounded the advance (I am a volunteer), and went forward.

Perhaps, after all, I was unnecessarily fearing the reception I would receive. The desire of a fellow-worker in the same service to learn something of the postal system of a native state was, I thought, somewhat laudable, and one that could be easily granted. My juniority might be ignored or overlooked when the unkindness of

* Post Office; literally, post house.

† Big gentleman.

‡ Small.

sending me back disappointed to my office 1,371 miles away, was considered.

Having thus reassured myself, I was able to pay undivided attention to my mount and indulge without fear of catastrophes in a little scorching to which I was tempted by a stretch of level road comparatively clear. Adopting this mode of progress where practicable my destination was soon reached ; but as I was about to hand in my card the relieving intelligence that the "*Burra Sahib*" was out on tour made me pause and consider. For my simple purpose the deputy, who I subsequently learnt was designated "Special Assistant," would do as well as the chief himself, or even better. So having expressed a wish to see the Special Assistant, I was ushered into that official's private room and was there courteously received by a Mohammedan gentleman dressed in English tweeds, who willingly answered my questions.

I was disappointed to find that I could learn nothing new: the "Moglai" Post Office is worked on exactly the same lines as the Imperial Post. The Postmaster-General is a European Postal Superintendent whose services have been lent by the Government of India for a limited time, and one or two of the senior native officers have had a training in the India Post Office. Hindustani is the language in which work in the "Moglai" Post Office is entirely conducted ; but some English is, of course, seen in the Postmaster-General's office itself. The present Postmaster-General, though unable to read or write in the vernacular, can converse colloquially to a certain extent. With the aid of a munshi, therefore, he is able to understand and pass his orders on the cases put before him, and in this manner disposes of matters of routine and ordinary importance. More important affairs, however, are personally dealt with by the Special Assistant and placed before the Postmaster-General in the Queen's English.

The State of Hyderabad consists of a tract of country measuring 89,000 square miles with a population of 11,332,828. Dotted over this extensive area there are about 250 "Moglai" post offices only, which for administrative purposes are divided among four Superintendents, each of whom is in charge of a postal division. These divisions are sub-divided into districts and placed under the control of Inspectors in units of two districts, each Inspector having charge of one unit. It is interesting to institute here a comparison with the British Post Office in India. We see that each Superintendent in Hyderabad has, in round numbers, 63 post offices to supervise, but this reads extremely small in juxtaposition to the figures of the Cuddalore Division. The Cuddalore Division, which is in the Madras Presidency, has 258 post offices, and is controlled by one Superintendent with the assistance of two or three Inspectors.

It would be quite clear that the postal facilities afforded by 250 offices are thoroughly inadequate to meet the requirements of the millions inhabiting Hyderabad, were it not that there are also Imperial post offices in the State. At a railway station it is by no means an

uncommon sight to see the red pillar letter box of the Imperial Post standing within a few yards of its yellow counterpart belonging to the "Moglai" Service, or to see similarly coloured mail carts waiting to receive their loads from their respective travelling post offices. In India the T.P.O. is styled Railway Mail Service.

Why the Imperial and "Moglai" post offices thus work side by side I have been much puzzled to understand, and the only reason apparent to me why His Highness does not remove the yellow and be satisfied with the efficient red is that the state coffers would probably thereby be depleted to an appreciable extent. It is flattering to note, however, that in addition to adopting our system of work, such articles as postmen's wallets, belts and badges, letter boxes, mail bags, etc., are obtained from the postal workshops at Aligarh, instead of being manufactured locally. But having taken so many leaves out of the Imperial book it is a pity the Yellow Service overlooked the chapter on furniture. Their ideas in this respect appear to be primitive, the few offices I visited being all equipped with some nondescript furniture, innocent of polish, which might be apologies for tables and stools; and in the Postmaster-General's office itself the clerks squat on the floor and work at miniature legless desks.

The postage stamps issued by the Hyderabad State are somewhat coarse in design, but as they can be seen in any stamp album I shall not annoy philatelists with an unnecessary description.

A. C. V.

To the G. P. O.

I LOVE a girl with ardour fond,
 And she returns my passion,
 So we intend to correspond
 In sentimental fashion;
 But though we're both in town, yet we,
 Kind G. P. O., must trouble you,
My postal district is S.E.,
 Whilst hers is the N.W.
 I'll write her notes, each day I hope,
 Imprint some kisses damp on,
 Enclose them in an envelope
 And stick a penny stamp on;
 Although my sentiments may be
 As airy as a bubble, you
 Will please convey them from S.E.
 To far away N.W.
 I trust we both may get distinct
 Enjoyment from our letters,
 Until the day when we are linked
 In matrimonial fetters;
 And then you'll very quickly see
 No more a loving hub 'll u-
 -tilise the post to bind S.E.
 So closely to N.W.

From *Punch*.

Dat Schwindle Post Office.

WE take the following from a recent number of the *Referee*:—

AT A SOHO POST OFFICE.

A Fact.

FOREIGNER (*handing in Post Office order*): Fife bounds, please.

LADY CLERK (*taking the order*): Who sends it?

FOREIGNER: Vat's dat to do mit you?

LADY CLERK: I must know.

FOREIGNER: You joost pay me de money and leaf my brivate pizness alone.

LADY CLERK: But I can't pay you until you tell me. It is to prevent fraud.

FOREIGNER (*angrily*): Vat—you tink I am a tief?

LADY CLERK: No; but it is the rule. Please tell me who sends the money. I'm busy.

FOREIGNER: If you vas pizzy you wouldn't waste time asking me dose questions.

LADY CLERK: Very well. Unless you tell me I can't cash it.

FOREIGNER (*furiously*): Gif me de money. If you must know, it vas my fader vot sent me de order.

LADY CLERK: What's your father's name?

FOREIGNER: Vot vas dat to do mit you?

LADY CLERK (*out of patience*): I *must* know his name. I've got to compare it with the letter of advice.

FOREIGNER: Vat! Mine fader send you to say I was come here for de money? Den you must know his name—it's on de letter.

LADY CLERK: I can't waste any more time. (*Offering order back*): Get somebody to explain to you and come again.

FOREIGNER (*furiously*): Vot—you von't pay—do Post Office von't pay—and my fader send you a letter? He take all dat trouble, and you not pay?

LADY CLERK (*last desperate effort*): Once, and for the last time, what is your father's name?

FOREIGNER: Vell, if you von't pay mitout, Jacob Mosenstein.

LADY CLERK (*looking at letter of advice*): That's not the name—it's a female name.

FOREIGNER: Ah! de old man vas blind; he cannot write. B'rhaps it was von of my sisters sent it for him.

LADY CLERK: You *must* give the name.

FOREIGNER: Vell, dere's six at home; how can I tell vich send it for de old man?

LADY CLERK (*flinging the order across the counter*): You must pay it in through a bank.

FOREIGNER: Vat! You von't pay me! I shall fetch a boliceman. (*Exit in a towering rage brandishing his order in the air, and calling on the Boers to come to London and smash up everything in general, and de schwindle tief Post Office in particular.*)

Ask a Postmaster.

THE Americans are at all times the most eager of enquirers at our post offices, which they seem to regard as General Information Agencies. The Postmaster of Blackburn recently received the following letter from an American lady :—

“ East Liverpool, Ohio, U.S.A.

“ To the Postmaster of Blackburn, England.

“ Kind sir,

“ Can you give me the name of the Blackburn that originated the town of Blackburn in Lancashire, England. I mean his christian name ; was it not William and was he not Lord Chancellor of the King's bench. If you are not in possession of these facts will you please make a little inquiry ; it would date back almost a century perhaps more and oblige a distant friend.”

The Postmaster, Mr. Oldfield, informs us he was able to disabuse the lady's mind of the idea that the name of Blackburn had anything to do with a Lord Chancellor, seeing that there is a beautiful inky stream running through the town rejoicing in the name of Blakewater.

THE following letter received by the Postmistress of Stratford-on-Avon from a Professor at Clark's University, Worcester, Massachusetts, must arouse the sympathy of many of our readers. We confess, however, that to us it comes with somewhat of a shock that the great name of Stratford-on-Avon seems to be associated in an American professor's mind with the memory only of a sparrow club. Perhaps the professor is thinking of Hamlet's saying : “ There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.” And he deduces from this that the more that fall the more completely we are fulfilling the designs of Providence.

“ To the Postmaster,

“ Stratford-on-Avon,

“ England.

“ Dear Sir,

“ Will you kindly inform me as to the work of keeping sparrows in check? Some years ago I learned that there was a flourishing Sparrow Club in your ancient town as though it were a settled thing. Different cities here are considering some means of reducing the number of sparrows, and certain humanitarians are making the claim that Sparrow Clubs and the fighting of sparrows have been given up in England. Can you give me some authentic information on the matter?

“ Yours very truly,

“ C. H. F.”

Insult a Postmaster.

IT seems that not only do postmasters have to answer questions on every imaginable subject put to them by their own countrymen and countrywomen, but that they are exposed, as public officials, to such pleasant criticisms from foreigners as are contained, for instance, in an anonymous post card recently received by Mr. Irish, the Postmaster of Exeter :—

“ Mr. General Postmaster,
“ Post Office,
“ Exeter.

“ England.

“ Paris, January 31st.

“ Sir,

“ Why don't you apply to Dreyfus, your good friend the traitor ; he would manage your business better than all your generals who fought in India savage tribes but must go to school to be victorious with the heroic Boers who defend their own soil, richness, mines. You should like the country to get to the mines, hang Cecil Rhodes and Chamberlain, and save the remainder of your few good English soldiers : be human.”

We have puzzled over the problem why this post card should have been sent to Exeter, and we have come to the conclusion that the writer is aware that it is the practice of English Civil Servants to address each other with an abundance of *etceteras* after the name, and that this card was meant for the Duke of Norfolk. He is appropriately recognized as being entitled to an *etcetera*, but the writer's indignation, or his education, was unequal to a correct reproduction of the Latin.

Hanged for Stealing a Letter.

WE are indebted to Mr. J. Parker Elkins, Postmaster of Dartford, for allowing us to inspect the notice of which the following is a copy. Mr. Elkins' grandfather was Postmaster of Deal, and the notice was exhibited in his office.

“ TO ALL POSTMASTERS.

“ I am commanded by my Lords, the Postmasters-General, to circulate the subjoined account of the Execution of Arthur Bailly, as a proof of the necessity of excluding all persons, but sworn assistants, from any access to the letters, agreeably to the spirit of the 1st Article of Instructions, No. 10, and also to No. 11 ; and further, as an awful example of the consequence of suppressing any letters.

“ I am,

“ Your assured friend,

“ FRANCIS FREELING,

“ Secretary.”

[Extract from the *Bath Herald* of Saturday, 14th September, 1811.]

“EXECUTION OF ARTHUR BAILY.

“On Wednesday morning, Arthur Baily was executed near Ilcester, pursuant to his sentence, for stealing a letter from the Bath Post Office, containing the property of Messrs. Slack, Linen-drappers, and for forging an endorsement to one of the said bills.

“He was taken out of prison a little after eight o'clock in the morning, and placed in a cart; attended by Mr. Melliar, the under sheriff, and the chaplain of the prison in a chaise. He shewed the greatest firmness on the way to the fatal tree; and when under the gallows, he joined fervently in prayer, and addressed the spectators audibly:—‘I hope you will take warning’;—and holding a prayer book in his hand,—‘I hope and beg you to look often into this book, and you will not come to shame. Be sure to be honest, and not covet money,—cursed money!—and particularly money that is not your own.’ He was then deprived of his mortal state of existence, dying without a struggle.

“Shortly after his conviction, Mr. Bridle, the keeper of the gaol, gave him a list of several letters reported to have been lost from the Bath Post Office, and which it is supposed he must have had some knowledge of. On this paper he wrote—‘I have clearly examined this list, and there is only one I really know of; must beg to be excused from saying which.—A. B.’—On another part of it, he adds,—‘it has been said I have had concerns with others in the Post Office, now I do positively declare to God, I have had concerns with no one. A. B.’

“Baily had some hopes of a reprieve till Monday, when his solicitor informed him that all applications to the Secretary of State, the Postmasters-General, and to the Judge who tried him, were in vain. As the prisoner before could only be brought to acknowledge the crime for which he had been convicted, the under sheriff, in consequence of several letters he had received to that effect, thought he might be brought to make a further confession. Consequently, on Tuesday morning, after he had taken an affectionate and distressing leave of his wife and six children, had received the sacrament, and been left to himself and own reflections for some hours, Mr. Melliar, with much humanity, again urged him on the matter, mentioning particular letters which had been lost, and to which Baily firmly replied,—‘I must request, Sir, you will not press me further on this subject; I have made a solemn engagement with Almighty God, that I will not disclose more than I have done, which I think would be a heinous and additional sin to break; if I had not made this engagement, I would readily, Sir, answer all your questions, and remove all difficulties.’ Afterwards he observed,—‘I am about to suffer for what has been truly proved against me; all the rest must die with me.’

“Baily was a native of Ashburton, in Devonshire, was 37 years

old, and came early in life to Bath, where he lived in some respectable places, from whom he was strongly recommended to Mr. Price, Postmaster of this city. In this employ he conducted himself for seven years, with great assiduity, and to the perfect satisfaction of his employer. About nine years since he married, and took a public house near the bottom of St. James's Street, and afterwards removed to the Fox Inn, at Milford, on the Frome and Warminster Road, which premises he purchased. Mr. Price always esteemed him as a faithful old servant, and as such he had the liberty to come to his house, and take his meals with the other clerks and servants, under the idea of rendering assistance during the hours of considerable bustle; in the height of the Bath season, he was sometimes admitted into the office; here the temptation of purloining valuable letters presented itself, and he was led to commit the crime for which he has justly suffered. That he had been frequently guilty of similar thefts, there is every reason to suppose, his motive for not disclosing them in his last moments can scarcely be conjectured.

"The remains of this unfortunate culprit were brought to this city last night and interred, about 12 o'clock in a walled grave, which he had made some time since in St. James's vault. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, a concourse of persons, amounting, it is supposed, to nearly 2000, attended to witness the interment of this victim to the offended Laws of his Country."

The late Captain Warren.

IN our last number we recorded with pride and pleasure the magnificent send-off the Savings Bank men gave to their old comrade Captain Warren, who had obtained a commission in the King's Royal Rifles, and who left for the front in March last. It is now our melancholy duty to record his death at Modder Spruit on the 9th May from dysentery. We all felt that, given the opportunity, he would have distinguished himself, but he never got the chance. He was seized with the complaint which proved fatal soon after arriving in South Africa, and he shared the fate of hundreds of our countrymen who have fallen victims to disease in this campaign. A special service was held at St. John's, Waterloo Road, in his memory on the 20th May: the 2nd London Rifles under command of Colonel Grene, V.D., paraded in strong force at their headquarters, and accompanied by the "B" or Savings Bank Company, Civil Service Volunteers, under Captain Brett, marched to the church, both bands of the 2nd London being in attendance. Besides the volunteer regiment, there were present contingents of the Church Lads' Brigade and the Savings Bank Messengers' Drill Corps, in both of which bodies Captain Warren held a command, and a large number of his old colleagues in the Post Office.

In Memoriam : Robert Burt.

ON the 5th March last, Mr. Robert Burt, a former Controller of the Returned Letter Office, succumbed to a severe attack of pneumonia, in the 73rd year of his age. He entered upon his official career on the 17th February, 1846, when he was appointed to a clerkship in the old Dead Letter Office, and here he remained for the greater part of his official existence, becoming Principal Clerk in 1878; and in 1892, on the retirement of Mr. G. R. Smith, he was appointed Controller of the Returned Letter Office. This position he held for one year only, when the "age clause" brought about his retirement.



MR. ROBERT BURT.

Mr. Burt was one of those bright and cheery men whom people "take to," as the old phrase runs, at first sight.

Many of his old friends will miss his bright pleasant face, his genial good nature, and the ready laugh and joke that brightened like a ray of sunshine the dull official atmosphere. Peace to his memory!

J. D.

Mr. Braid.*

ON the 31st May last Mr. Braid ceased to be Postmaster at Glasgow. He retires under the age-limit regulations, and we hope, in a subsequent number, to give some account of his career, and of the many pleasing incidents which have been associated with his retirement. In the meantime we shall only express our best wishes for him, that he may have long life and

* Portraits of Mr. Braid appear in Vol. V. (page 129) and Vol. IX. (page 1) of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*.

good health, and that his long career in the service of the Post Office will always be a pleasant recollection to him. He looks still a young man; few men of his age and record are so well preserved, and he has plenty of interests and hobbies to keep up his zest in life. He entered the service as a clerk in the Edinburgh Post Office in August, 1857; he was appointed a Principal Clerk in 1863, and he was made Postmaster of Glasgow in February, 1892. Twice during his career he has done what is rare in the postal service, and has doubled his salary. In other respects his official existence has been uneventful. He has earned the respect of everybody who knows him, and his keen intellect and sound practical common sense have been valued highly by the different Secretaries under whom he has worked. To have become the successful Postmaster of a big office like Glasgow is no slight achievement, and at the end of a reign of eight years to look ten years younger than you are is some evidence of the possession of a clear head and a healthy mind. For Mr. Braid is not a man to worry over the small matters which torture and disturb some of us into our graves, or at least into premature retirement. And he has always had plenty of resources outside his work. Readers of this magazine have been made familiar with his literary tastes, and he has always taken an interest in societies connected with the Post Office which have for their object the welfare of the staff. For many years he was a member of the committee of what is called the Northampton Benevolent Society, and he was a constant and useful speaker at the annual meetings. His friends, who are many, know him to be as staunch and sincere in his social relations as he is in business matters, and for them, at any rate, the fact that he is leaving the Postal Service has little concern; for the friendship of a good Scotchman, when once it is completely gained, is not lightly broken, and we all look forward, especially his southern friends, to many opportunities of meeting him now that he is relieved from official cares.

It would be ingratitude on the part of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* if, even in this short and imperfect notice, we said nothing about Mr. Braid's services to us as a magazine. We believe that in proportion to its numbers Glasgow supports us more largely than any other office or department in the service, and we know that we have to thank Mr. Braid in some degree for this fact. We are glad to think that we are not called upon to say good-bye to him either as a subscriber or a contributor.

Sierra Leone.

WE have to record, with great regret, the death of Mr. Cleugh, the Postmaster-General of Sierra Leone, which occurred on Saturday, the 9th June. Mr. Cleugh had complained of ill-health a good deal since his return to the West Coast after his visit to this country last summer, but his fine physique and good constitution were relied upon by his friends to carry him through his troubles. But the dreadful West Coast has done its deadly work

with him as it has done with thousands of other white men, and we mourn the loss of a good fellow, an excellent officer, and a warm-hearted friend. He was very successful in Sierra Leone, where he was popular and greatly respected, and he had made for himself a position in Freetown which brought him duties other than those associated with the Post Office. And he was always so cheerful, and overflowed so with animal spirits. His is, indeed, a career cut short. He took up his share of the "White man's burden" with courage and a fearlessness as to the results which his friends admired. Our sympathy goes out to the young wife and child he leaves behind. Mr. Cleugh's portrait appears on page 91 in our 8th volume.

Mr. G. Wood.

MR. G. WOOD, who has recently retired under the age limit from the position of Postmaster of Poole, entered the Service in 1857, and was appointed Postmaster of Sheerness in 1889. Upon the death, in 1892, of Mr. Street, who had held the appointment of Postmaster at Poole for many years, Mr. Wood became his successor.



MR. G. WOOD.

Mr. Wood's name is very closely associated in Poole with the penny system of saving at the elementary schools. He initiated the movement there, and was fortunate enough to secure the hearty co-operation of the head teachers. In 1898, when the system commenced, it was adopted by the two Girls' Schools only—the British and the National. At the end of that year there were 1,854 deposits, the aggregate amount saved being £117 12s. In the following year the number of deposits were 2,104, with a total sum credited to their accounts of £134 1s. The system, which has this year been extended to the Boys' National and British Schools in the town, is proving of decided value for the encouragement of thrift. We congratulate Mr. Wood on the success of his efforts, and wish him health and happiness in his retirement.

The Post Office Insurance Society.

THE Twenty-Second Annual Meeting of the above flourishing Society was held at the Royal Hotel, College Green, Bristol, on Saturday, May 5th, 1900, and was attended by 132 delegates from all parts of the United Kingdom and Ireland, representing nearly 21,000 members, or one-eighth of the total number of Post Office employees. The Conference was opened at 10 a.m. by Mr. L. Field (Bristol), who, on behalf of the local branch of the Society, heartily welcomed the delegates to the city. He then proposed that Mr. W. G. Mantell (Central Telegraph Office, London) should take the chair, and this was unanimously agreed to.

The Annual Report showed that, since the inception of the Society in 1878, the large sum of £150,000 had been distributed in death benefits, gratuities on retirement from the Service, and bonuses in respect of ill-health, giving an average of £6,820 per annum. The sum of £22,000, or more than three times the average, was however distributed last year. The membership now stands at 20,581, being a net increase of 849 during the year 1899. The delegates were so pleased with the progress made by the Society that the secretary (Mr. S. Small) escaped with far less heckling than he has been accustomed to for years past; and he was unanimously re-elected to the position which for twenty-two years he has occupied with so much credit to himself and satisfaction to the members generally. Mr. J. Cartwright (Wigan) and Mr. W. Lovsey (Birmingham) were re-elected trustees; and Messrs. G. H. Stuart and J. Guest were again called upon to act as annual auditors.

Of the various proposals which were brought forward, the one which caused the longest discussion and greatest excitement emanated from the Central Committee, who in their report observed that "we are submitting to the forthcoming Conference proposals which we hope will conduce to greater prosperity. They relate to the extension of the principle of the Deduction Fund, so that the calls can be still further relieved, and the benefit be distributed more in consonance with the amount of contribution paid by the member claiming. The scheme now in operation we have found to be on the proper lines; but in view of the increased membership and consequent increase of subscriptions in the near future we feel that it is necessary, in the best interests of the Society, to augment the Fund." The proposal thus shadowed forth was submitted by Mr. Auvache, but was considered too drastic in its operation and amended by the Conference. The scheme finally accepted was as follows:— "Members claiming with under 3 years membership, 40 per cent. deduction; over 3 years and under 4 years, 30 per cent. deduction; over 4 years and under 5 years, 25 per cent. deduction; over 5 years and under 6 years, 20 per cent. deduction; over 6 years and under 7 years, 15 per cent. deduction; over 7 years and under 10 years, 10 per cent. deduction; over 10 or more years membership, shall receive a whole call." As this proposal vitally affects the amount of

the benefit it does not become operative until it has received the sanction of the majority of the members ; and steps are being taken to submit it to the whole body for them to ballot thereon.

Attention was called to the fact that out of 242 gratuity claims made last year no fewer than 159 (34 bonus, 54 deaths, 71 pensions) occurred amongst members of less than ten years membership, and that only 83 (17 deaths, 66 pensions) arose from members of more than ten years standing, that is to say, the former received nearly 66 per cent. of the whole. There are three classes in the Gratuity Branch, and members pay 1d., 2d., or 3d. per call, according to their age (under 25, 30, or 35 years, as the case may be) at the time of entry. A proposal was submitted under which a member having paid 3d. per call would be allowed at the expiration of five years to reduce his payment to 2d. per call ; and at the termination of a second period of five years to pay only 1d. per call ; but it met with scant ceremony and was thrown out. Other questions discussed and defeated were limitation of benefit, voting by card, and the formation of a reserve fund. London was selected as the place of meeting next year.

At the conclusion of the business the delegates were invited by their Bristol confrères to a drive over Clifton Downs to the Suspension Bridge, and on the return journey were permitted to inspect the beautiful grounds and conservatories of Mr. F. Tagart at Old Sneed Park, to whom a hearty vote of thanks was given by all present. Upon returning to Bristol the delegates were loud in their praises of the careful and successful arrangements made for their comfort by the local reception committee ; and many expressed the opinion that the Bristol Conference was one of the most pleasurable of the whole series.

C.T.O.

W. G. MANTELL.

The Scottish Postmasters' Annual Dinner.

IT is said that Scotsmen takes their pleasures sadly ; but, perhaps because there is a fair leavening of the genus Sassenach in the ranks of the Scottish Postmaster, or because Postmasters from the nature of their employment become somewhat cosmopolitan in their outlook and behaviour, it is certain that the aphorism does not hold good in connection with the above function. In fact a stray visitor at the Windsor Hotel, Glasgow, where the second annual dinner was held on the 19th May, might have been excused for thinking that one of the qualifications necessary for a Scottish Postmaster is that expressed in the well-known words "For he's a jolly good fellow," so much was bonhomie and good fellowship in evidence at their gathering.

It might naturally have been expected that a body of Scotsmen would have held their gathering in an establishment belonging to a MacTavish, a MacPherson, or a MacRory, but they proved their cosmopolitanism by patronising an hotel presided over by a gentleman from the land of the Kaiser, a gentleman who knoweth not that

tempting delicacy the haggis; to whom that strong decoction Athole brose is a mystery; and who in all likelihood looks with loathing on the halesome parritch of the northerner. The guests were met in the vestibule by one of the Committee, and were announced by name into the waiting room. The celebrated Postmaster of Drumtochty, who was the first to suggest to the Department the economic idea of substituting three-legged for four-legged sorting tables, and the no less renowned Postmaster of Glentackit, to whose inventive genius we are indebted for the curtailment of the $\frac{1}{8}$ in. stationery pin to $\frac{3}{8}$ in., with its immense annual saving to the Department, were greeted with the respect that is due to such great men; while quite a furore was caused when the Postmaster of Ferneyhirst, the author of that learned brochure, "The Utilization of the Residual Product of Bag Sealing Wax," was ushered in.

Mr. Braid, Postmaster and Surveyor, Glasgow, having taken the chair, Mr. McPherson, the Secretary, read apologies for absence from Mr. Cresswell, Secretary for Scotland, Mr. Gibb, Accountant, and Messrs. Redford and Evanson, Surveyors. Space will not permit of even a synopsis of the many excellent speeches given. Mr. E. D. Thomson, of the Secretary's office, Edinburgh, in an interesting speech proposed the Postmaster General and the Service, and the toast was acknowledged by Mr. Reeves of Inverness, and Mr. Stewart, Superintending Engineer, Glasgow. The latter gave some valuable statistics of the mileages of wires from the date of the transfer of the telegraphs to the present time. Mr. Newlands, Superintendent of Telegraphs, Edinburgh, in proposing "The Postmasters," made a happy little speech, and Mr. Bryson of Dundee, in acknowledgment gave some interesting reminiscences of Post Office work during the last 40 years.

Mr. J. B. Hegarty, the genial and energetic Postmaster of the "Granite City," proposed the health of Mr. Braid, who was retiring from the Service in the course of a week or two. He presented to Mr. Braid, on behalf of the Postmasters of Scotland, a handsome writing companion, together with a salad bowl for Mrs. Braid, and referred in eulogistic terms to the kindly feelings and respect all felt towards the gentleman who was so soon to be placed on the redundant staff. Mr. Braid in acknowledging the toast, told in an inimitable way some racy departmental stories, which he will no doubt put in more permanent form on some future date.

A special vote of thanks was given to the energetic Secretary, Mr. MacPherson of Falkirk, to whose fostering care much of the success of the gathering was due.

Next morning the majority of the company, together with their "Angelinas"—the editor's pardon is asked—journeyed by train to Balloch, and then took steamer up the "Queen of the Scottish Lakes," Loch Lomond, so rich in historic associations. It was here in 1263 that Magnus, King of Man, after dragging his squadron of ships over the narrow neck of land between Loch Long and Loch Lomond, pillaged the country on either side down the shores of the

latter loch; and here Robert the Bruce, in 1306, is said to have hid after the battle of Dalree. Here also in 1603 at Glen Fruin—the glen of wailing—was fought the great battle between the Macgregors and Colquhouns, in which the latter were almost entirely destroyed, a matter that led to the proscription of the Macgregors. After a most enjoyable day had been spent in this beautiful spot, the party separated again in Glasgow, highly satisfied with their all too brief respite from the cares and worries incidental to the life of a provincial Postmaster.

Civil Service Insurance Society.

THE annual ordinary general meeting of this society was held at the War Office on the 27th April last. Sir R. H. Knox, K.C.B., the Under-Secretary of State for War, presided.

The Committee of Management reported that satisfactory progress continues to be made in each branch of insurance business connected with the society.

During the year ending the 31st December last, 950 new life insurances were effected, assuring the sum of £255,472, as compared with 827 policies for £225,217 during 1898. The total number of life policies issued through the medium of the society since its formation in 1890 to the end of last year was 16,997, making the sum assured £4,523,388. The life insurances in force on the 31st December were:—

Number of Policies	15,694
Total sum assured (excluding Bonus additions)	£4,151,011				
Annual Premium (gross)	£154,882

The steady improvement in each of the fire, accident, and burglary branches of insurance which has been reported in previous years was fully maintained. As compared with the year 1898, the rate of increase in 1899 under each head was: fire, about 15 per cent.; accident, about 31 per cent.; burglary, about 10 per cent.

The total sum that had accrued to the Widows and Orphans Supplemental Fund up to the end of 1899 was £6,863 13s. 10d., being an increase during the year of £1,649 19s. 2d.

On the election of the Committee of Management, Messrs. V. Corry (of the Secretary's Office, G.P.O.) and C. S. Keen (Central Telegraph Office) were again re-elected. Mr. L. Incledon (of the Accountant-General's Department) and Mr. Brown (of the Secretary's Office) were elected to the vacancies caused by the retirement of Messrs. L. E. B. Halcrow (Central Telegraphs) and G. S. Edwards (Secretariat).

The following resolution was also unanimously adopted: "That the thanks of the council be given to Mr. C. E. Fagan (of the Natural History Museum) and to Mr. L. E. B. Halcrow (of the Central Telegraph Office, G.P.O., E.C.) for the services rendered by them to the Society whilst acting as members of the Committee of Management since the establishment of the Society" (1890). In

apprising Mr. Halcrow of this vote of thanks, Sir Ralph Knox said: "I should like to add my personal regret at your retirement from the Committee after so many years' service upon it."

A Country Sub-Office.

WE are indebted to Mr. Honeysett, of Henley-on-Thames, for the following:—The Greenlands Post Office is situated on the Marlow Road, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Henley-on-Thames, on the estate of the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P. To many of the readers



THE GREENLANDS POST OFFICE.

of the *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, perhaps, who know the beautifully situated residence of the hon. member for the Strand division, with the grounds sloping down to the river just above Hambleden Lock and below "Temple Island," it will probably be a surprise to know that there is no village bearing the name of Greenlands, but that the sub-office stands quite alone on the main road with only a very few houses on the estate near it. Ordinarily a Post Office would not, perhaps, be thought necessary at such a spot; but when the late Mr. W. H. Smith was a member of the Cabinet, the need of telegraphic communication with his house was apparent, and, instead of having a private wire put up for his exclusive use, he, with his usual thoughtfulness, had a sub-office opened, so that the public

might share the benefit of the arrangement. That it was a convenience to those persons living on the estate and in the neighbouring hamlets is shown from the fairly large amount of business now transacted. Let me advise those of our readers who at any time find themselves on the upper reaches of the Thames to walk up the Hambleton Vale from the lock to the most lovely situated of our many pretty villages; and, when they have reached the village from which the present owner of Greenlands will one day take the title of Viscount Hambleton, to visit the new cemetery which the late Mr. W. H. Smith gave to the village he loved so well. They will see in one corner of the ground a plain stone with an epitaph that a "First Lord of the Treasury and a Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports" lies buried there.

Mr. Forrest's Recollections.

A LITTLE book has been placed in our hands entitled "Some of my Recollections: Forty-eight and a half Years in the Civil Service," by A. R. Forrest. Mr. Forrest, as most of us remember, retired from the surveyorship of the Eastern District in February, 1892, and he tells us that he has written these recollections "that my sons may see what an active pleasant official life I have had and the success which I have achieved. My earnest hope is that they may all be as successful in life as I have been." There is a cheery optimism about this confession which is rare in a civil servant, and the story the writer tells justifies his complacency. He is quite candid, too, about many of the circumstances that brought him success. Thus, when it was debated in his family circle what profession he should adopt, the Post Office was decided on for this reason: "Fortunately at the time Lord Lowther, my mother's cousin, was appointed Postmaster-General." And Lord Lowther proved a good friend to him.

Mr. Forrest tells some good Post Office stories. Mr. Jolly was a mail contractor and wagoner, who was stated to be worth £100,000, but always dressed in a white smock frock. One winter there was a great deal of snow, and Mr. Jolly thought he ought to be paid extra for the additional work, but the Department would not hear of it. So he memorialised the Postmaster-General in the following manner:

"My Lord,—I, John Jolly, of Eustone, have conveyed Her Majesty's mails over hedges, ditches, and stone walls, and I, John Jolly, have never been properly paid for the same." [Here it is thought he lost his temper for he finished up with] "and I, John Jolly, will see the Postmaster-General damned before I, John Jolly, ever do it again."

We fancy most modern memorialists mean this when they approach the Postmaster-General on paper, and we can all shake hands in spirit with old Jolly. Mr. Forrest's admitted method of getting on in the world was "the letter of introduction," and we hope his sons have laid this fact well to heart. When he went to Gloucester he had letters of introduction to all the leading families, and he "enjoyed the many dinner parties, balls, and archery parties, etc." In 1853

Day of
Columbus



the Militia was called up, so his cousin, the Hon. Edward Byng, who "was a man of importance," wrote to Lord Fitzhardinge to obtain him a commission. And so on. His big relations helped him on to a high post in the Service, and the opportunity provided in this way, he proved an excellent chief. Illuminated addresses, gold watches, fine cut glass and silver claret jugs, gold drawing-room clocks, black marble dining-room clocks "with ornaments," cut glass and silver biscuit boxes, brass inkstands, and finally a tray were laid at his feet at various times by admiring and grateful subordinates. We are not saying this in a scoffing spirit; on the contrary, we envy the state of mind of the man who can thus commend sincerely his own career as an example to be followed by his friends and relations. Long may Mr. Forrest continue "resting on my laurels and living in Brighton."

"The Sub-Postmaster."

ANOTHER Post Office publication has recently come into existence. It is called the *Sub-Postmaster*, and this title sufficiently describes the objects of the new journal. We understand that the sub-postmasters have recently organised themselves into a federation, and of course a journal to look after their interests is a *sine quâ non* of such a movement. We are only concerned with the literary merits of the publication, and the numbers which have been sent to us are full of promise, while the letterpress, we are glad to see, is not entirely given over to the ventilation of grievances. Illustrations, some of them extremely well done, are features of the little paper, which has a poet's corner and a column entitled "Peculiarities." We congratulate the sub-postmasters on their enterprise, and in order to show our appreciation in a practical way we are publishing a page of portraits of prominent sub-postmasters in the present number. The *Sub Postmaster* is published at the *Sub-Postmaster* Office, High Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, and the price of each number is 2d., or 2s. a year. We understand that Mr. J. W. Cussons the Postmaster of Ossett, Mr. J. Ranns of Wakefield, and Mr. J. W. Dawson of Bramley, are the persons mainly responsible for the publication and for the work that has been undertaken on behalf of the Sub-Postmasters. A complimentary dinner was given to these gentlemen at Manchester on the 30th May last, when a marble time-piece was given to Mr. Cussons as a token of the respect of the sub-postmasters and sub-postmistresses of the United Kingdom.

"The Bristol Royal Mail."

IN the *Daily Chronicle* of the 6th June the following paragraph appeared:

"Although Mr. Courthope, the head officer of the Civil Service Commissions, has been defying in the columns of the *Times* the rule which prohibits Civil Servants from taking an active part in political life, the rule itself is very generally observed and appeals to most

people as reasonable. In the case of Postmasters there is evidence to show that literature as well as politics should be included in a list of their disabilities. For instance, Mr. R. C. Tombs, the Postmaster of Bristol, published, at the time of the Queen's visit, a little book entitled *The Bristol Royal Mail*. Quite recently one of his telegraph messengers was reported to him 'for being 15 minutes late after the tea interval. Work delayed in consequence.' The boy's written explanation reads as follows: 'Sir, I much regret this case, but I was so interested in *The Bristol Royal Mail* that I did not notice the time.—Yours obediently, G. P.' We venture to prophesy that G. P. will go far; the fact that he was promptly 'let off' shows that he possessed, for a messenger boy, a quite uncanny insight into the literary temperament."

Mr. Tombs has allowed us to inspect the discipline paper referred to by the *Daily Chronicle*, and we can testify to the correctness of our contemporary's information, and having read Mr. Tombs' book ourselves, we are on the side of the messenger boy.

Odds and Ends.

THE Post Office secured this year one of the Birthday Honours, and, for the first time in its history, the Savings Bank Department is ruled by a C.B. We congratulate Mr. Lang most heartily on his good fortune.

* * *

ON the retirement of Mr. G. W. Seaborne from the Postmastership of Sandwich, he was presented by the staff of that office with a handsome piece of silver plate. He is 65 years of age and had been ten years at Sandwich.

* * *

IN a Post Office prosecution which took place lately in Ireland, the prisoner, a postmistress, on being asked if she had any questions to ask witness, said, "No, Sir, everything I done I did." And yet, in face of this satisfactory answer, there are still people who question the advisability of allowing prisoners to give evidence in their own defence.

* * *

AND yet another story from Ireland:—"An Irishman recently applied at a London post office to know the cost of sending a telegram to his mother, who resided in a remote part of Ireland; and upon being informed that the fee would be 4s. 6d., exclaimed: 'What, I can't afford all that.' The clerk then explained that the message would cost 1s. 6d. to the nearest office to the address given, and that the remaining 3s. would be charged for delivery by special messenger, as the address was beyond the radius of free delivery; after some moments of consideration, Pat said: 'Look here, I've only got 1s. 6d., so you had better send it on to the nearest office, and I will write to mother to-night and tell her to fetch it.'"

A VERY interesting series of articles on the History of the General Post Office, and the Birmingham Post Office in particular, has recently been published in the *Birmingham Weekly Mercury*. The author is Mr. John Wilson, who spent forty years of his life in the Birmingham Post Office. The articles were well illustrated and most readable.

* * *

IN these days, when it seems the privilege of everybody and anybody to abuse the Post Office, and, especially at the present time, to say that the postal arrangements at the seat of war have been more or less unsatisfactory, it is pleasant to read the following sentence in a letter from an officer at the front. "The Post Office is the surest and quickest channel for sending anything out to us." And the writer is very indignant at the failure of the "free conveyance" arrangements offered by "certain steamship companies and the Government transports."

* * *

WE have to record the death of one of our postman poets. To the man in the street he was known by the name of W. Jones, but in bardic circles as Dewi Glan Teifi. He died at Carnarvon of heart disease on the 30th May last, at the age of 41 years. For many years he was engaged as a postman in the town; he was frequently successful in Eistedfod and other competitions, and has published a volume of poems.

* * *

DUNBLANE has lost its postmistress, who has been connected with the Post Office for eighteen years. She has left this country for Canada, where she is to be married. Her staff have presented her with a gold bangle bearing a suitable inscription, and friends in the town with a silver purse containing 54 sovereigns.

* * *

A NEW post office was opened at Newton-Stewart on the 26th May last, the Right Hon. Sir H. Maxwell, Bart, M.P., performing the usual ceremony. We congratulate the postmaster, Mr. James Hunter, who is a frequent contributor to these columns, on being now housed in an office worthy of the increasing prosperity of his town and district.

* * *

OUR postmen-poets have long been with us; it is now the turn of the postman-musician. We have received a copy of a song dedicated to, and entitled "The Royal Dublin Fusiliers," which is the composition of Mr. W. J. Chuter, Rural Postman at Farnham. The music is not strikingly original, but has plenty of "go" and a good swing about it, as befits the words. In these stirring times the

song should be in demand. It is published by Alphonse Cary, Newbury. We congratulate Mr. Chuter on what is presumably his maiden effort.

* * *

MR. W. GRAHAM, late Chief Clerk at Carlisle, was the recipient, on the occasion of his recent retirement from the Service under the age limit, of a handsome testimonial subscribed for by the entire staff of the Carlisle Office as a mark of the high esteem with which he was regarded. Mr. Graham commenced his Post Office career on the 25th July, 1856; he was appointed Chief Clerk at Carlisle in September, 1867, and has served in that capacity under six successive Postmasters. He carries his 60 years lightly and is still an ardent cyclist.

* * *

WESTON-SUPER-MARE can boast of a handsome new Post Office, which was opened on the 29th April last. At the opening ceremony, and also at the dinner, to which, some days later, the Post Office staff were entertained by Mr. Heap, Chairman of the local Urban District Council, some very pleasant things were said of the new Office and of its Postmaster, Mr. Philip Smith.

* * *

MR. H. A. SHERBURN, a first-class clerk in the Savings Bank Department, has just retired on the ground of ill-health. Mr. Sherburn, who is a dramatic author, has written *Hubby*, a play in which the Vokes family used to act, and *A Night in Town*, which has frequently been played in London and the Provinces.

Promotions.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sec.'s Office ...	Mackay, G. S....	Clk., 3rd Cl., Supply Est.	S.C. & T., Glasgow, '94; Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '98; Clk., R.L.O., '00
" " ...	Crawford, H. A.	Paper Keeper, Regy.	S.C. & T., B'ham, '96; C.C. & T., E.C., '99
" " ...	Owen, W. R. ...	" " "	S.C. & T., Tonbridge, '94; Windsor, '97.
" " ...	Baynes, A. H. ...	" " "	Sr. Cir. Off., '94
" " ...	Best, F. ...	" " "	S.C. & T., March, '94
" " ...	Atkins, C.	" " "	C.C. & T., W., '96
" " ...	Goldie, R. A. ...	" " "	Asst. Clk., S.B., '96
A.G.D., C.H.I.	Miss A. Atherton	Clk., 1st Cl. ...	1885
" " ...	Miss A. M. Williams	" " "	1885
" P.O.B.	Miss A. E. Elliott	" " "	1882
C.T.O. ...	Smith, F. W. N.	Asst. Super. Hr. Gr.	E.T. Co., '67; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '90
" ...	Lucas, G. W. ...	" " "	E.T. Co., '64; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '90
" ...	Druitt, F. N. ...	" " "	E.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '90
" ...	Testar, H. R. ...	" " "	E.T. Co., '67; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '91
" ...	Bragger, F. ...	" " 2nd Cl.	1873; Over. & Senr. Tel., '94
" ...	Young, R. ...	" " "	1873; Over. & Senr. Tel., '94
" ...	Adams, G. ...	" " "	1873; Over. & Senr. Tel., '94
" ...	Dering, W. A....	" " "	1873; Over. & Senr. Tel., '94
" ...	Melvin, E. J. ...	" " "	1873; Over. & Senr. Tel., '94
" ...	Burgoyne, A. ...	" " "	1873; Over. & Senr. Tel., '95
" ...	Glass, E. ...	" " "	1873; Over. & Senr. Tel., '95
" ...	Doree, R....	" " "	1873; Over. & Senr. Tel., '95
" ...	Priest, W. S. ...	Over. and Senr. Tel.	1877
" ...	Morgan, F. ...	" " "	1877
" ...	Fulcher, E. ...	" " "	1877
" ...	Salter, G. R. ...	" " "	1877
" ...	Kibblewhite, H. G.	" " "	1877
" ...	Slade, J. ...	" " "	S.C. & T., Richmond, '73; Tel., C.T.O., '83

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
C.T.O.	Miall, W. J. ...	Over. and Senr. Tel.	S.C. & T., Southampton, '75; Tel., C.T.O., '82
"	Barnett, J. ...	" " "	S.C. & T., Bournemouth, '73; Tel., C.T.O., '81
"	Johnson, J. ...	Super. Intell. Sec...	1871; Asst. Super, '86
"	Daniel, H. J. ...	Asst. Super. " ...	1878
"	Miss M. J. Sandland	Asst. Super. Hr. Gr.	U.K.T. Co., '67; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '86
"	Miss E. Errington	" " "	E.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super, '87
"	Miss M.E. Cubitt	" " Lr. Gr.	L.P.T. Co., '69; G.P.O., '70
"	Miss J. M. Barker	" " "	1872
"	Miss A.M. Ladler	" " "	1872
"	Miss C. I. Judge	" " "	1873
"	L. E. Morrison...	" " "	1873
E. in C.O.	Curra, J. W. ...	Tech. Offr. 1st Cl...	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '81; E. in C.O., '83; Tech. Offr. 2nd Cl., '93
" "	Purves, T. F. ...	" " 2nd Cl...	Tel., Edin., '89; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '92; Clk., 2nd Cl., '98
" "	Harrison, T. ...	Asst. Supg. Engr. (London)	M.T. Co., '61; G.P.O., Hull, '70; Insp., E. in C.O., '80; Asst. Supg. Engr. Provs., '96
" "	Smith, W. R. ...	" " "	Foreman, E. in C.O., '83; Tel., C.T.O., '85; Insp., E. in C.O., '85; Engr., '93
"	Parker, W. ...	Engr., 1st Cl. ...	E.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; Engr., '91
"	Richards, W. ...	" " ...	1874; Senr. Clk., '86; Engr., '92
" "	Stretche, T. E. P.	" " ...	Tel., Gloucester, '81; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '87; Draughtsman and Shorthand Writer, '92; Engr., '93
" "	Johnson, T. B....	" " ...	Stg. Clk., Hull, '85; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '90; Engr., '94
" "	Murray, W. F....	" " ...	Tel., Dublin, '70; Relay Clk., E. in C.O., '89; Engr., '94
" "	Crompton, C. ...	" " ...	Tel., L'pool, '85; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '86; Engr., '94
" "	Gibbons, J. E. ...	" " ...	Tel., Blackburn, '81; B'ham, '83; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '87; Engr., '94
" "	Batchelor, W. M.	Engr., 2nd Cl. ...	Tel., C.T.O., '85; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '92
" "	Henshilwood, G.	" " ...	S.C. & T., Rochester, '84; Tel., C.T.O., '87; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '92

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
E. in C.O. ...	Sorrel, J. E. A.	Engr., 2nd Class ...	Tel., C.T.O., '84; Relay Clk., E. in C.O., '94
" " ...	Lahey, T....	" " ...	Tel., Newc'le-on-Tyne, '85; Relay Clk., E. in C.O., '94
" " ...	Best, F. W.	" " ...	Tel., Newc'le-on-Tyne, '85; Relay Clk., E. in C.O., '95
" " ...	Wilson, F. R.	" " ...	S.C. & T., Ashford, '85; Grimsby, '87; Jnr.Clk., E. in C.O., '92
" " ...	Weaver, R. A.	" " ...	Tel., B'ham, '90; Jr.Clk., E. in C.O., '93
" " ...	Elliott, J. V.	" " ...	S.C. & T., Stockton-on-Tees, '85; N. Shields, '86; Jr. Clk., E in C.O., '93
" " ...	Cunningham, R.	" " ...	Tel., Edin., '89; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '93
" " ...	Dwyer, J. J.	" " ...	Tel., Cork, '85; Jr.Clk., E. in C.O., '94
" " ...	Harriss, E.	" " ...	Tel., C.T.O., '86; Sub-Engr., E. in C.O., '96
" " ...	Gillespie, J. T....	" " ...	Tel., C.T.O., '88; Sub-Engr., E. in C.O., '96
" " ...	Nimmo, R.	" " ...	Tel., C.T.O., '89; Sub-Engr., E. in C.O., '96
" " ...	Kettle, H....	" " ...	Tel., C.T.O., '89; Sub-Engr., E. in C.O., '96
" " ...	Stevenson, W.	" " ...	Tel., C.T.O., '89; Sub-Engr., E. in C.O., '96
" " ...	Callagin, J.	" " ...	Tel., Manch'r, '82; Sub-Engr., E. in C.O., '96
" " ...	Dickson, J.	" " ...	Tel., Glasgow, '85; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '95; Sub. Engr., '98
" " ...	Sell, L. J....	Sub. Engr. ...	Tel., C.T.O., '95
" " ...	Chandler, A. E.	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '86
" " ...	Steed, H. P.	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '85
L.P.S.D., Cont.'s Off.	Bussell, S....	Super. of Mail Bag Apparatus ...	1871; Apparatus & Exr., 2nd Cl., '88; 1st Cl., '93
" "	Wise, J.	Apparatus Exr., 1st Cl. ...	1874; Apparatus Exr., 2nd Cl., '92
" Cir. Off.	Peake, F. W.	Over. ...	1876; Sr., '81
" "	Driver, W. T.	" ...	1877; Sr., '80
" E.C....	Stenning, H.	Over. & Senr. Tel.	1875
" "	Nelian, T. W.	" "	1870; Sr., '73; C.C. & T., '81
" "	Kelland, H. P....	" "	1871; Sr., '73; C.C. & T., '81
" "	Ward, C.	" "	1873; Sr., '76; C.C. & T., '81
" "	Miss B. L. F.	Supr., 4th Cl. ...	1880
" "	Denyer " E.A.Sedgwick	" "	1881

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
L.P.S D., W.C	Hutchings, A. ...	Over. & Senr. Tel.	C.C. & T., N.W., '75
"	Morgan, A. ..	" "	C.C. & T., E., '76
" S.W.	Sargeant, E. ...	" "	1874
" Padd.	Scarfe, E. K. ...	" "	1876
Sur.'s Dept. ...	Freeling, A. R.	Sta. Clk., W. Dist.	S.C. & T., L'pool, '90; Pr.-Kr., Regy. (Sec.'s Off.), '98

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

Birmingham ...	Wilde, T....	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (P.)	1870; Clk., '71; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '90
" ...	Brown, W. G. J.	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (P.)	S.C. & T., Torquay, '78; Birmingham, '81; Clk., '88
" ...	Hazel, E. G. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1886
" ...	Lord, W. ...	" (P.) ...	1885; S.C. & T., '86
" ...	Sullivan, P. J. ...	Ch. Super. (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '64; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '87; Super., '97
" ...	Jinks, J. ...	Super. (T.) ...	M.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '87; Asst. Super., '90
" ...	Burrell, W. ...	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (T.)	E.T. Co., '61; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '87; Asst. Super., '90
" ...	Nock, L. F. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	1874; Clk., '90
" ...	Ingram, W. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	1870; Clk., '90
" ...	Dixon, W. F. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	1870; Clk., '93
" ...	Fiddian, C. B. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1880
" ...	Wooldridge, J. L.	" (T.) ...	Dudley, '75; S.C. & T., Birmingham, '77
" ...	Instone, T. ...	" (T.) ...	1876
Blackpool ...	Lee, J. W. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Bradford, '80
Bournemouth ...	Butler, E. J. ...	Ch. Clk....	S.C. & T., '73; Clk., '87; Asst. Super., '94; Ch. Clk., Kingston-on-Thames, '97
Bradford ..	Kemp, H....	Super. (P.) ...	1871; Clk., '87; Asst. Super., '91
" ...	Shannon, J. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	1866; Clk., '84
" ...	Parratt, S. C. ...	Clk. (P.)...	1882
Bristol ...	Robertson, J.	Super. (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '57; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '92
" ...	Matty, H....	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (T.)	E.T. Co., '63; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '86; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '89
" ...	Poole, T. H. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	M.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '90
" ...	Testick, T. E. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1873
Cardiff ...	Hill, J. ...	" (P.) ...	1875; S.C. & T., Gloucester, '79

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Cardiff ...	Williams, T. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1885
Chichester ...	Sandham, W. ...	Ch. Clk. ...	1882; Clk., '93
" ...	Holder, H. ...	Clk. ...	1885
Coventry ...	Glean, F. J. N.	Asst. Super. ...	S.C. & T., Luton, '82; Coventry, '88; Shrewsbury, '83; Clk., '93
Gloucester ...	Smith, E. T. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ..	S.C. & T., Cardiff, '85; Romford, '88; Cardiff, '93; Clk., Cardiff, '98
" ...	Davis, J. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1885
" ...	Rogers, A. H. ...	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	1870; Clk., '95
" ...	Smith, J. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1870
" ...	Earle, G. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Hereford, '73; Cardiff, '73
" ...	Purser, T....	" ...	1883
" ...	Miss F. Thomas	Asst. Super. ...	
Huddersfield	Cook, G. H. ..	Super (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '64; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '87; Asst. Super., '91
Hull... ..	Smail, J. D. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1880
"	Brewer, J....	" ...	1881
Leeds	James, S. T. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (P.)	S.C. & T., 'Exeter, '81; Clk., '91; Clk., Leeds, '94
"	Naylor, G. B. ..	" ...	1879; Clk., '94
Lincoln ...	Hatton, J. G. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1875
Liverpool ...	Wills, T. E. ...	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (P.)	1877; Clk., '90; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '95
"	Higginson, J. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (P.)	1875; Clk., '8;
"	Walker, J....	Clk. (P.) ...	1882
"	Aickin, T....	Super. (T.) ...	M T. Co., '54; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '90
"	Surmun, C. ...	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (T.)	S.C. & T., Twickenham, '71; L'pool, '82; Clk., '85; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '90
"	Morris, T....	" ...	1870; Clk., '85
"	Benson, L. M....	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	1871; Clk., '95
"	Dixon, L. W. ...	" ...	1872; Clk., '95
"	Hastie, C....	" ...	1871; Clk., '97
"	Hoolihan, N. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1876
"	Singleton, A. J.	" ...	E.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., Ipswich, '70; L'pool, '71
"	Houghton, W....	" ...	1870
"	Proctor, W. B....	" ...	1873
Manchester ...	O'Neill, J....	" ...	S. C. & T. Portarlinton, '77; Manchester, '78
Middlesborough	Rivers, R. W. ...	Super. ...	S. C. & T., Bishop Auckland, '72; Clk., '91; Asst. Super. (Tel.), Sunderland, '92
"	Williams, R. W.	Asst. Super. ...	1871; Clk., '97
"	Pyman, T. C. ...	Clk. ...	1880

OFFICE	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Newcastle-on-Tyne	Skelton, R. ...	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (T.)	E. T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '87; Asst. Super., '90
Shrewsbury	Harris, B. M. ...	Super.	S. C. & T., Oxford, '75; Clk., Coventry, '81; Asst. Super., '92
"	Barre, W. E. ...	Clk. (P.)... ..	1882
Slough	Moren, W. C. ...	"	1884
South Shields...	Phinn, F. H. ...	"	1878
Stockport ..	Smith, E. B. ...	Asst. Super.	1885; Clk., '96
"	Booth, J. H. ...	Clk.	1874; S.C. & T., '75
"	Evans, W. ...	"	1884
"	Grant, C. B. ...	"	1878; S.C. & T., '86
Swansea	Rowland, D. ...	" (P.)	1887
"	Williams, S. ...	"	1892
Warrington ...	Bennion, J. T. ...	"	1876
Wigan	Heaton, R. ...	Asst. Super.	1881; Clk., '99
"	Marsh, J. ...	Clk.	1886
"	Taylor, J. W. ...	"	1886
Worcester ...	Newell, F. A. ...	Asst. Super. (T.)...	1881; Clk., '90

IRELAND.

Belfast	Brown, S. S. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (P.)	1879; S.C. & T., '82; Clk., '91
Cork	Cassidy, J. T. ...	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	1870; Clk., '97.
"	Donovan, D. ...	Clk. (T.)	1871
Dublin, Stg. Off.	Olden, R. ...	Super. to act as Chief Clerk	Tel., Dub., '72; Armagh, '72; Clk., Waterford, '77; L'dnderry, '78; Stg. Off., Dub., '83; Asst. Super., '90; Super., '99
Tralee	Gloster, J. ...	Clk.	1889

SCOTLAND.

Dumfries... ..	Copland, J. ...	Ch. Clk.... ..	1873; Clk., '91
Dundee	Groundwater, G.M.	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	1881; Clk., '91
"	Crabb, G. Y. ...	Clk. (P.)	1882
"	Urquhart, J. T. ...	" (T.)	1871
"	Sutherland, R. ...	" (T.)	1871
Edinburgh, A.O.	Miss A. McGregor	Clk., 1st Cl.	1882
Glasgow	Cameron, A. ...	Super., 2nd Cl. (P.)	1876; Clk., '87
"	Innes, J. W. ...	"	1878; Clk., '90
"	Campbell, D. ...	" 1st Cl. (T.)	1870; Clk., '90; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '91
"	Dunn, J. W. ...	Clk. (P.)	1884
"	Wylie, T. ...	" "	1884
"	Thompson, J. ...	" "	1884
"	Miss J. Inglis ...	Asst. Super.	1873
"	M. Lang	" "	1875

Retirements.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sec.'s Off., Regy.	*Carey, H. E. ...	Pr. Kr.	S.C. & T., Wolverh'ton, '94; Pr. Kr., S.O., '97
A.G.D., C.H.B.	Miss F. Goddard	Prin. Clk.	1873; 1st Cl., '78; Prin. Clk., '86
" P.O.B.	" E. Murch...	Clk., 2nd Cl....	1882
" C.H.B.	" E. E. Todd	" "	1885
" P.O.B.	" M. Cramer	Sr.	1890
C.T.O.	Willott, T. H. ...	Tel.	1880
"	Matchan, F. E...	"	1882
"	Dyer, C. W. ...	"	1888
"	*Keen, A. J. G...	"	1892
"	*Williams, W.O...	"	1894
"	Maconachie, F.H.	"	Tel., Stir., '73; Dundee, '79; C.T.O., '97
"	*Watts, E. N. ...	"	S.C. & T., Bath, '96; C.T.O., '97
"	Miss A. Fillary...	Asst. Super., Hr. Gr.	E.T. Co., '62; G.P.O., '70; Clk. in Chge., '74; Asst. Super., '77; Hr. Gr., '86
"	Miss H. S. Lewis	Asst. Super.	E.T. Co., '62; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '77
L.P.S.D., Cont. Off.	*Sayers, N. C. ...	Clk., 2nd Cl....	S.C. & T., Bradford, '92; Clk., C. O., '92; 2nd Cl., '99
" "	Halfpenny, F. W.	Super. of Mail Bag Apparatus ...	Sr., '56; Asst. Extr.' 83; Super., '93; Super. of Mail Bag Apparatus, '99
" E.C.	Chapman, C. J...	Insp.	1858; Sr., '60; Over., '67; Insp., '75
" "	Elliott, T. W. ...	Over.	1870; Sr., '73; Over., '86
" "	Batchelor, C. L.	Sr.	1866; Sr., '68
" "	Loughton, T. ...	"	1866; Sr., '68
" "	Woollard, B. ...	"	1860; Sr., '72
" "	Hele, A. D. ...	"	1875; Sr., '78
" "	Wren, C. B. A....	"	1879; Sr., '82
" "	*Cock, A. J. ...	"	Sr. Tr., A.G.D., '98; Sr., E.C., '98
" "	E. Mason, A. D. ...	"	1890; Sr., '91
" "	N. West, J. ...	C. C. & T. ...	1862; C.C. & T., '82
" S.E.	Lowther, M. ...	Over.	1869; Over., '92
" S.W.	*Goddard, F. ...	Sr.	1891; Sr., '93
" W.	Miss H. Stevens	C. C. & T. ...	1870
" "	" E.E. Morris	" "	1889
S.B.D.	Bailey, A....	Clk., 2nd Div. ...	1884
"	Miss J. W. Huddart	Prin. Clk.	Clk., 2nd Cl., '76; 1st Cl., '82; Prin. Clk., '90

* Awarded a Gratuity.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
S.B.D.	Miss E. A. Sheppard	" "	Clk., 2nd Cl., '76; 1st Cl., '84; Prin. Clk., '92
"	" E. B. Codrington	Clk., 1st Cl.	Clk., 2nd Cl., '76; 1st Cl., '87
"	* " M. A. Sears	" 2nd Cl.	1893
"	* " J.W. Sullivan	" "	1898
"	" C. G. Saunders	Sr.	1885
"	* " M.E. Gretton	"	1894

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

Beverley	Hetherington, J.	Pmr.	Sr., Carlisle, '67; Clk., '83; Asst. Super., '91; Pmr., Beverley, '98
Birmingham	Gulliver, W. ...	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '71; Clk., '87
"	* Miss M. Williams	S.C. & T.	Milford Haven, '93; Birmingham, '98
Blackburn	* " E. J. Goldstone	"	1893
Bristol	Bovey, S. E. ...	"	1887
Cardiff	Richards, J. ...	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., '72; Clk., '87
"	* Kelly, A. H. ...	S.C. & T.	1893
Derby	Hull, J.	"	1874
Frome	Shaw, F.	Pmr.	E.T. Co., '56; G.P.O., Scarborough, '70; Pmr., Frome, '82
Hitchin	Beaver, J.	"	1859
Leeds	* Hall, J. C.	S.C. & T.	1892
Manchester	Miss J. S. Kane	Asst. Super.	Tel., '77; Asst. Super., '97
Margate	Platt, F.	Pmr.	Liverpool, '55; Sr., '63; Asst. Insp., '66; Insp., '70; Pmr., Altrincham, '76; Margate, '92
Newark	Cox, F.	"	E.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Super., T., Brighton, '78; Pmr., Newark, '97
St. Austell	Matthews, C. M.	"	E.T. Co., '53; G.P.O., Devonport, '70; Clk., '91; Pmr., St. Austell, '95
Southampton	Tubb, A.	Super. (T.)	E.T. Co., '52; G.P.O., '70
Stafford	* Housby, G.	S.C. & T.	1892; S.C. & T., '98
Torquay	* Coysh, W. C. ...	"	1891
York	Black, J. H.	Pmr.	M.T. Co., '54; G.P.O., Engr.'s Clk., '70; Sur. Clk., '76; Asst. Sur., '84; Pmr., York, '94

* Awarded a Gratuity.

IRELAND.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Dublin	Gillivan, P. ...	S.C. & T.	1865 ; S.C. & T., '71
"	Towson, D. S....	"	1883 ; S.C. & T., '89
"	Farmer, T. N....	"	1890
"	Hogan, J....	"	1889 ; Sr., London, '92 ; S.C. & T., Dublin, '97
"	Mrs. M. Byrne...	"	1873

SCOTLAND.

Aberdeen	Cordiner, J. A.	S.C. & T.	1889
Buckie	Hendry, A. ...	Pmr.	1855
Edinburgh, A.O.	Falconer, R. ...	Cashier	Sr., Glasgow, '57 ; Clk., A.O., Edinburgh, '58 ; Princ. Clk., '85 ; Cashier, '92
Glasgow	Braid, F. ...	Pmr. & Sur.	Supply. Clk., A.O., Edinburgh, '57 ; S.O., Edinburgh, '59 ; Clk., 3rd Cl., '63 ; Princ. Clk., '71 ; Pmr. and Sur., Glasgow, '92
"	*McGregor, A. H.	S.C. & T.	1894
Greenock	Allan, J. ...	Ch. Clk....	1854 ; Clk., '57 ; Ch. Clk., '89

* Awarded a Gratuity.

Postmasters Appointed.

OFFICE.	NAME.	PREVIOUS APPOINTMENTS.
Alnwick	Birkett, J.	S.C. & T., Insp. of Postmen, Liverpool
Congleton	Boulton, J. H.	S.C. & T., Llandudno; Tel., London; S.C. & T., Leamington Spa; Sur. Sta. Clk.
Devonport	Spraggon, T. H.	U.K. T. Co.; Clk., Asst. Super., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Pmr., Pontypridd
Epping	Sibley, J. W.	Luton; C.C. & T. W., N.
Faringdon	Bell, J.	S.C. & T., Clk., South Shields
Frome	Cass, A.	E.T. Co.; Tel., Clk., Asst. Super., Bristol
Honiton	Bartlett, J. G.	S.C. & T., Exeter
North Shields	Sparkman, J.	Clk., Kingston-on-Thames, Chelmsford; Pmr., Micheldever Station, Sittingbourne.
Rotherham... ..	Knight, T. W.	1st Clk., South Shields; Pmr., Morpeth, Wellington, Salop
Sandwich	Green, F. W.	S.C. & T., Clk., Wellingborough
Settle	Hawkins, E.	S.C. & T., Bristol
Sittingbourne	Uben, W.	Clk., Ch. Clk., Guildford
Tewkesbury	Westbrook, W.	Tel. Clk., Southampton; S.C. & T., Farnborough; Ch. Clk., Maidenhead; Pmr., Saltburn-by-the-Sea, Sudbury.
Tredegar	Pritchard, J.	S.C. & T., Wolverhampton, Liverpool, Portmadoc
Uppingham	King, T. E.	S.C. & T., Hull; S.C. & T., Clk., Lincoln
Wigton	Schofield, C.	S.C. & T., Clk., Rochdale; Pmr., Wigton, pensioned; recalled to duty
Charleville	Norwood, J. P.	London; S.C. & T., Woolwich; C.C. & T., E.C., S.C. & T., Ventnor, Woolwich, Dublin
Cork	Kent, G. G.	Clk., Cir. Dept., S.B.; Sur. Clk.; Asst. Sur.
Fermoy	Frizelle, J.	S.C. & T., Kilkenny; Clk., Sligo; Pmr., Fermoy; Asst. Super., Limerick
Lurgan	Uprichard, T. J.	S.C. & T., Clk., Armagh
Naas	O'Brien, M.	S.C. & T., Templemore; Pmr., Charleville
Tullamore	Kehoe, J. M. S.	A.O., Dublin; Pmr., Wicklow
Wicklow	Miss J. Keaven	Pms., Oranmore, Virginia
Dumfries	Chapman, C. S.	M.T. Co.; S.C. & T., Ch. Clk., Kilmarnock; Pmr., Galashiels, Kendal
Kilmarnock	Jennings, T. S.	S.C. & T., Ch. Clk., Rotherham; Pmr., Jarrow, North Shields
Newburgh Fife	Mrs. I. Nisbet	

Deaths.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sec.'s Off. ...	Belcher, V. H....	Asst. Clk.	Copyist, '78 ; Asst. Clk., '93
A.G.D.	Lake, W. H. P.	Clk., 2nd Div., Hr. Gr.	1870 ; Hr. Gr., '90
C.T.O.	Hawkins, G. R.	Tel.	1872
"	Knocker, F. G	"	1876
"	West, W. J. ...	"	1884
"	Mertling, C. F. W.	"	1885
"	Knocker, A. J.	"	Dover, '85 ; C.T.O., '85
"	Metcalfe, J. L....	"	Bolton, '85 ; C.T.O., '91
"	Hawkins, A. W.	"	1893
"	Pooley, C. F. ...	"	1899
L.P.S.D., Cir. Off.	Dean, A.	Sr.	1882 ; Sr., '84
" "	Hanna, H. ...	"	1872 ; Sr., '77 ; Counter-man, '84 ; Sr., '86
" "	Watson, S. ...	"	1889
" "	Arters, H....	"	1890
" "	Minards, C. E....	"	1891
" "	Currey, H. T. ...	"	1882 ; Sr., '92
" W.C.	Noakes, W. ...	"	1883 ; Sr., '87
" "	Fairall, C. A. J.	C.C. & T. ...	1892
" N.	Cross, C.	Over.	1871 ; Sr., '75 ; Over., '85
" E.	Freeman, A. ...	C.C. & T. ...	1889
" S.E.	Wallman, E. ...	Sr.	1890
" "	Miss A. B. Watt	C.C. & T. ...	1875
" Padd.	Skinner, H. W.	Sr.	1893
R.L.O.	Tew, G. S. ...	Asst.	1875 ; Pr. Sr., S.B., '76 ; Asst., R.L.O., '89
S.B.D.	Bate, J. L. ...	Clk., 2nd Div. ...	A.G.D., '81 ; S.B., '83
Beccles	Miss A. M. Hayward	S.C. & T.	1896
Birmingham ...	Warwick, J. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl.	M.T. Co., '54 ; G.P.O., '70 ; Asst. Super., '90
"	Barge, G. J. ...	S.C. & T.	Staines, '88 ; Birmingham, '92
Brighton	Mercer, W. ...	"	1892
Bristol	Morris, W. A. ...	"	1888
Chesterfield ...	Jacobs, F. C. ...	"	1877
Coleford	Miss A. Jones ...	"	1899
Derby	Blackshaw, W....	Asst. Super. (T.)	E. T. Co., '62 ; G.P.O., '70
"	Wright, J....	S.C. & T.	1886
"	Robinson, F. W.	"	1892
Gloucester	Davoll, S. J. ...	"	Lichfield, '87 ; Llandudno, '90 ; Ross, '91 ; Gloucester, '93
Leicester	Cook, W. E. ...	"	1897

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Liverpool ...	Messham, W. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1882
Newcastle, Staff.	Miss E. Ainsworth	" ...	Stoke-on-Trent, '93 ; Newcastle, Staff., '94
Nottingham ...	Fletcher, W. J....	" ...	1892
Oundle ...	Mrs. S. Turner	Pms. ...	1890
Shrewsbury ...	Ecclestone, J. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1874 ; S.C. & T., '83
Winchester ...	Butt, E. R. ...	" ...	1883
Yorkshire ...	Illingworth, W.	" ...	1886
Cork ...	Corbett, E. E....	" ...	1870
Dublin ...	Cruice, W. M. ...	" ...	1870
Dundee ...	Wilkie, D. A. ...	" ...	1900
Pitlochry...	Brown, A. ...	" ...	Aberdeen, '85; Pitlochry, '89

ABBREVIATIONS.

Asst., Assistant ; C.C. & T., Counter Clerk and Telegraphist ; Ch., Chief ; Cl., Class ; Clk., Clerk ; Cont., Controller ; Div., Division ; Engr., Engineer ; Exr., Examiner ; Gr., Grade ; Hd., Head ; Hr., Higher ; Insp., Inspector ; Jr., Junior ; Lr., Lower ; Offr., Officer ; Over., Overseer ; P., Postal ; Pmr., Postmaster ; Pms., Postmistress ; Pr.-Kr., Paper-Keeper ; Princ., Principal ; Prob., Probationary ; Prov., Provinces ; Retr., Returner ; Sec.'s, Secretary's ; Senr., Senior ; S.C. & T., Sorting Clerk and Telegraphist ; Sr., Sorter ; Stg., Sorting ; Sta., Stationary ; Supply., Supplementary ; Sur., Surveyor ; Super., Superintendent or Supervisor ; Tech., Technical ; Tel., Telegraphist ; Temp., Temporary ; Tr., Tracer ; Wtg., Writing.

Day of California



EFFECT OF THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH; OR PEACE AND GOODWILL BETWEEN
ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

(See page 362.)

[From *Punch*, 14th September, 1850.]


[Frontispiece.]

ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND

OCTOBER, 1900.

The Postal Union.

AN INTERNATIONAL SILVER WEDDING.

T was definitely arranged some time back, after mature discussion between the Governments of the world, that the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Universal Postal Union should be celebrated at Berne in the month of July, 1900, by means of an International Congress, and that the mission of that Congress, over and above the primary duty of enjoying the festivities hospitably prepared for it by the Government of the Swiss Confederation, should be to decide whether, and if so in what manner, a monument should be set up at Berne to commemorate the event.

By the event we mean, not the festivities of July, 1900, but the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Union, an anniversary deriving its importance from the fact that the Universal Postal Union is the nearest approach which the world has yet seen to a "Parliament of Man," and that the anniversary celebrated may very properly be described as the Silver Wedding of the Nations.

Having placed on record the international situation created by the raising of the questions—Congress or no Congress?—monument or no monument?—*St. Martin's* only remaining duty in this matter is to look at the subject from a purely domestic point of view and lay before his readers a brief account of what the Postmaster-General did on this memorable occasion.

After duly obtaining the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury to commit Her Majesty's Government to some sort of expenditure in this connexion, he proceeded to select Delegates to represent the august Institution from whose purlieu we take our universally respected name. The representatives chosen

from St. Martin's-le-Grand the Ancient (in contradistinction to St. Martin's-le-Grand the Up-to-Date, which we alone have any title to be considered) were Mr. H. Buxton Forman, C.B., Assistant Secretary and Controller of Packet Services, and Mr. C. A. King, Chief Examiner in the Comptroller and Accountant General's Department; and St. Martin's the Up-to-Date sincerely hopes that those representatives of St. Martin's the Ancient thoroughly enjoyed their little outing.

We are informed that, in pursuance of their instructions, our good colleagues proceeded to Berne at the end of June to attend the Congress and Festival; and, from the Procès Verbaux lying before us, it appears that the Congress met on the 2nd of July, and, after electing as President Monsieur Zemp, Federal Counsellor and Head of the Federal Department of Posts and Railways, went through a certain amount of formal business and proceeded to pass a resolution on the main question of a monument to commemorate the event which the Congress had met to celebrate. The resolution was to the effect in the first place that such a monument should indeed be, and that the expenses of its erection should be considered as ordinary expenses of the International Bureau, as regulated by Article XXXIV of the Detailed Regulations of the Union—that is to say that they should be met out of a maximum sum voted annually for the expenses of the Bureau, which are always within that sum, apportioned among the Governments which are parties to the Union, according to a scheme of classification duly embodied in the instrument. The July resolution provided that the sum thus voted for the monument should be limited to 200,000 francs, that the expenditure should be spread over a series of years in such a manner that the sum of 125,000 francs annually at the disposal of the International Bureau as a maximum of its ordinary expenditure should not be exceeded, that the International Bureau should employ annually the difference between its actual expenditure and the maximum of 125,000 francs to form a special fund for the monument, and finally that the Committee to consider the question should consist of the representatives of the 22 Administrations which signed the Treaty of Berne in 1874.

The Committee thus constituted met the following day; and our worthy colleagues from St. Martin's the Ancient, coming as they did within the limits of the definition, were of course there. The Committee decided to recommend to the Congress the judicious course of asking the Swiss Federal Council to take the necessary action for securing the erection of a monument. It is

stated that our colleagues had thought it might be desirable for the Swiss Federal Council to consult at some point in their proceedings the Administrations of the Union, as to the nature of the proposed monument, and proposed to the Committee that, without in any way shackling the freedom of the Federal Council, an opinion might be expressed in favour of some such consultation, as desirable and even calculated to facilitate the operations of the Federal Council. This view is said not to have been well received and, as a matter of course, in the circumstances, not to have been pressed.

When the Congress reassembled and received the report of the Committee, moved, we are told, by the desire to make sure no notion should get abroad that the United Kingdom wished in any way to obstruct the proceedings towards the erection of a monument, our colleagues took the opportunity of warmly supporting, on behalf of the Postmaster-General and the British Colonies which he represents in the affairs of the Union, the formal proposal which had been put forward by the Committee; and in this support they associated the representatives of India, Canada, the Australian Colonies and New Zealand, at the express request of those representatives. The Indian and Colonial representatives who were on this occasion associated with the British representatives—"the boys," to adopt Mr. Theodore Watts Dunton's fine phrase, "with whom old England stood alone"—were Mr. Hermann Kisch, Postmaster-General of Bengal, as Indian Delegate, Sir John Cockburn, as Australian Delegate, Mr. Pember Reeves, as New Zealand Delegate, and Mr. Tarte, as Canadian Delegate. That this joint support was given to the formal proposal of the Committee rests upon the impregnable rock of evidence that it was reported in the papers the next day: the rest—the reasons, &c.—is rumour, but on the whole credible rumour. Seven thousand seven hundred pounds can scarcely be considered otherwise than as a moderate cost for any decent monument; and we do not think the country has, this time, been committed to an extravagance. The manner in which the sum is to be raised appears to be entirely satisfactory. The arrangement simply means that for some years the International Bureau will spend up to the full amount which it is allowed to spend instead of keeping well within that amount as it usually does. The expenditure for the monument will by this arrangement be shared in the same proportion as the rest of the expenditure of the International Bureau; and the upshot, so far as the British Post Office is concerned, will be that in the course of the next five years it will have to contribute a sum of about £68 a

year extra on account of International Bureau expenses. A similar expenditure will fall to be divided between the British Colonies not including India, Canada and Australasia.*

We have received and placed for reference on the shelves of St. Martin's the Up-to-Date a copy of a very useful work which is an outcome of this movement—a History of the Foundation and Development of the Universal Postal Union prepared by the International Bureau and circulated among the Delegates. Since the Congress this work has, we learn, been generally circulated among the Post Offices of the Union.

We are told that, according to the accounts of our colleagues the representatives of St. Martin's the Ancient, the arrangements made by the Swiss Government to entertain their guests on this occasion left no room for criticism, that the hospitality was unbounded, and the organization of fêtes &c. beyond reproach. Pessimists had foreboded that some incident of an unpleasant character might not improbably take place in view of the position at present occupied by this Country in South Africa and the intention of the late lamented South African Republic that Dr. Leyds should attend the Congress; but after all Dr. Leyds was conspicuous by his absence, and no difficulty or friction appears to have risen with respect to Mr. Van der Hoeven, who attended instead of him.

It would indeed have been a pity if any petty squabbles had arisen

*For the purposes of sharing the expenses of the Bureau, the countries of the Union are divided into seven classes, paying a varying number of units of the total charge. The United Kingdom is in the first class; so are the aggregate British Colonies exclusive of India, Canada and Australasia.

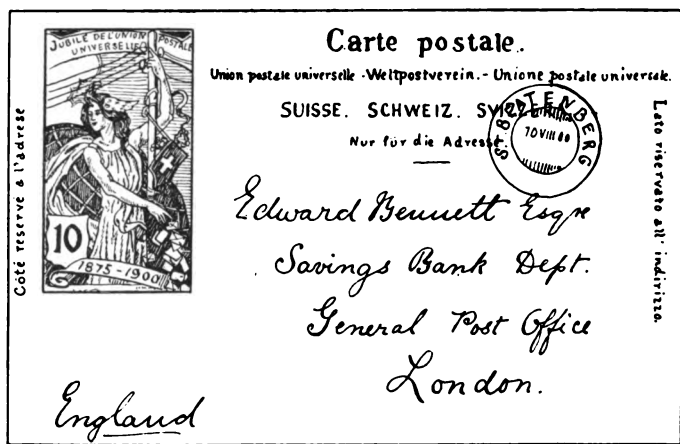
The number of countries in each of the seven classes is as follows:—1st class, 13 countries; 2nd class, 1 country; 3rd class, 9 countries; 4th class, 5 countries; 5th class, 10 countries; 6th class, 21 countries; 7th class, 6 countries.

The share of a 1st Class country, calculated on the basis of this classification, works out as follows:—

Share of Ordinary Annual Expenses (taking 1899 total as normal)	Fr.	£
	about 3,112	or 123
Share of Maximum allowed for Ordinary Annual Expenses (125,000 Fr.)	„	4,815 or 191
Annual Balance available for Monument... ..	„	1,703 or 68
Total Share of Maximum allowed for Monument (200,000 Fr.)	„	7,704 or 306

If the Monument costs 200,000 Fr., the payments will presumably be spread over 5 years.


in connexion with what the Orator Eugène Borel, the eminent first Director of the International Bureau, characterized as "l'idée funeste et lugubre du drapeau national," and had thus introduced a jarring note into a very harmonious celebration.



J. H. B.

Postcard issued to commemorate the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the foundation of the Universal Postal Union.

*The Story of the Submarine Telegraph, 1850—1900.**

ROFESSOR WHEATSTONE and William Fothergill Cooke demonstrated in 1837 that land telegraphy was feasible and practicable, and by the year 1850 several lines of land telegraph were in operation in this country. The cumbrous five-needle instrument of 1837 had given way successively to the four-needle, two-needle, and single needle instruments, each worked as in the case of the earlier instrument by voltaic currents passed in both directions along the connecting wires so that the needle could be deflected either way at will ; while other inventors had been experimenting with single current working embossing and printing instruments, using Morse's dot and dash code, magneto instruments, and even direct printing instruments in which the messages were actually printed in ordinary alphabetical characters. Great telegraphic undertakings were in the air, and for overland working the new method of communication had passed beyond the region of pure experiment into that of hard practice. Under sea communication by telegraphy was still, however, only a hope, a desire, a problem to be solved. It is not surprising that the electricians and engineers of that time should have directed their energies to the solution of this problem. Indeed, we find among quite a number of suggestions and experiments in this direction that the great Wheatstone himself had, as early as 1840, put forward most elaborate proposals for connecting Dover and Calais by a submarine telegraph cable. Lengths of cable to his specification were made, and experiments carried out on a small scale ; but he failed to properly insulate his conductor, and his greater project was never put to a practical test.

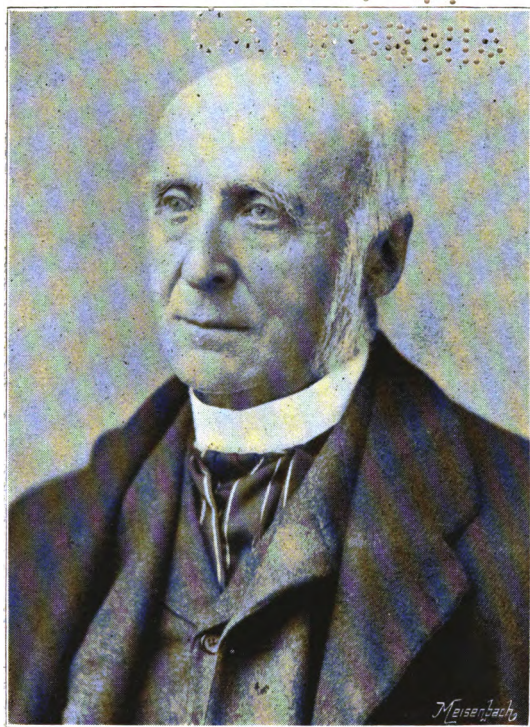
Among the prominent inventors of the period was Jacob Brett ; and in John Watkins Brett, his brother, was found a keen man of business fully alive to the commercial and political importance of an

* The illustrations used in this article, with the exception of Mr. Wollaston's portrait, have been produced from blocks kindly lent for the purpose by Messrs. Crosby Lockwood & Son. They appear in Mr. Charles Bright's work, *Submarine Telegraphs*, published by that firm.

extended international telegraphic system. In 1845 they registered provisionally, in the manner then prescribed by law, a joint stock company under the title of the "General Oceanic Telegraphic Company." Their chief project was a transatlantic cable, but their immediate efforts were directed to the realisation of less ambitious aims; though from the existing state of knowledge of the subject these aims appeared amazingly speculative and nebulous. They were the establishment of submarine telegraph working between England and Ireland and England and France. Negotiations with Government failed to secure any pecuniary aid for their schemes, but permission was granted to lay a cable from Dover seawards, and the necessary further concession having been obtained from the French Government in 1847, and renewed in 1849 (the Revolution of 1848 having upset the Monarchy and established the Second Republic under the Presidency of Prince Louis Napoleon), there were no further legal difficulties in the way. The Bretts were about this time joined by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Charles Fox, Mr. Francis Edwards, and Mr. Charlton J. Wollaston; and these three gentlemen and Mr. J. W. Brett each subscribed £500 towards the expenses of the scheme. The result was the formation of the "English Channel Submarine Telegraph Company." An order was placed by this company early in 1850 for 25 miles of insulated wire, the conductor to be formed of copper drawn to No. 14 Birmingham wire gauge (about $\frac{1}{12}$ inch diameter), and this to be covered with gutta percha to a total diameter of half an inch. When completed and tested by such rough means as were then available, the finished wire was wound on a large reel designed for the purpose by Mr. Wollaston (who, in addition to his share in the proprietary, acted also as the Company's engineer) fixed amidships across the deck of the steam tug "Goliath." The tug then took her freight from the Thames, where she loaded, to Dover, and the preliminary arrangements, including the laying of short "shore end" lengths at Dover and Cape Grisnez, having been satisfactorily made, the main length was submerged on 28th August, 1850. The weather being fine, this work was successfully carried out. Lead weights were attached at intervals of 100 yards or so to ensure the wire sinking to the bottom. With the wire submerged, the shore ends were at once connected up to the instruments destined for use. These were direct printing instruments, the invention partly of Mr. Jacob Brett. It was found, however, that the signals were most erratic, and it was clear that the sending and receiving

instruments were not, from some unexplained cause, in synchronism. Mr. Wollaston then changed over to the ordinary single-needle instruments, after some difficulty making it clear to the Dover operator that he desired to do so. The results obtained with this change were very satisfactory, signals being freely and clearly sent and received, and messages transmitted. Among others, Mr. Wollaston wired to his family at Dover "All right at Grisnez—home to-night about ten" The message was duly received and delivered. But the 28th August was the first and last day of the working life of the wire. Intelligible signals could be detected occasionally on the 29th and 30th, and then they stopped altogether. When the facts came to be investigated it was found that a French fisherman had, by some mischance, pulled up the wire and cut a piece out, thus of course effectually breaking it down. An attempt was made to raise it, but its weight at the point selected prevented this, and it was abandoned. In the light of present day knowledge it is scarcely conceivable that under the most favourable circumstances it could have remained intact for more than a very short time. Its construction was altogether too fragile to withstand for long the grinding effects of the tidal currents of the Straits of Dover against the rocks, chalk, and flints over which it was laid, leaving out of consideration altogether the extra stress set up by storms. But although a failure in the sense that it did not provide a means of permanent communication, it established beyond doubt what many eminent engineers had considered an impossibility, viz., the practicability of isolating, controlling, and transmitting voltaic electric currents for a long distance under sea.

In December, 1850, the Bretts obtained a new concession from the French Government, a condition of which was that permanent communication should be established by the end of September, 1851. There was much difficulty, it is said, in raising the funds for the manufacture and laying of the cable, and the concession was perilously near forfeiture. However, just in time, Mr. T. R. Crampton stepped into the breach and saved the undertaking. He subscribed one half of the necessary capital (£15,000) himself, and induced Lord de Mauley and Sir James Carmichael also to assist. Jointly with Mr. Wollaston he settled the type of cable to be used, and specified its insulating and mechanical covering, and he appears to have thrown the whole of his energies for the time into the business. A cable consisting of four conducting wires of copper, No. 16 Birmingham wire gauge, covered separately with two



MR. CHARLTON T. WOLLASTON.

[To face page 360.]

coverings of gutta percha to No. 1 of the same gauge ($\frac{3}{10}$ inch diameter), was decided upon. The covered conductors were laid up together with a twist similar to the strand of a hemp rope, the interstices being filled with tarred hemp strings, and the whole covered with similar strings wound round at right angles. The completed bundle was called the "core" of the cable. Mechanical protection was afforded by 10 galvanised iron wires, each of No. 1 Birmingham wire gauge, laid on over all with a similar twist to that employed in laying up the "core," but in the reverse direction. The completed cable weighed about seven tons to the statute mile, and it was 24 miles long. It was coiled in the hold of the "Blazer," an old Government ship lent for the purpose, and from thence laid from the South Foreland to near Sangatte, on the French side, on September 25th, 1851, the "Blazer" being in tow of two steam tugs. Although the distance was only 21 miles in a straight line, the 24 miles of cable was all paid out while still nearly a mile from the shore. The gap was filled temporarily by means of ordinary gutta percha covered wires, and a further length of cable quickly made. This was jointed on and carried to the French shore on the 19th October. On the 13th November the line was opened for the transmission of public messages, under the auspices of the Submarine Telegraph Company, which had acquired the rights of the earlier associations. The founders of this Company were Lord de Mauley, Sir James Carmichael, Bart., and Mr. J. W. Brett; while its engineers were Messrs. Crampton & Wollaston.

This 1851 cable remained in use and gave excellent service for a great number of years. It is impossible to say when the last piece of it was cut out, but it is known that part of the buried end on the French side was still working during the present decade. Of the men who assisted at its birth, one still remains in the person of Mr. Charlton J. Wollaston, a hale and hearty old man upon whom the burden of years appears to have rested lightly. Mr. Wollaston was, as will have been gathered, closely connected with the earlier undertaking of 1850, as well as that of 1851. He had been a pupil of Mr. I. K. Brunel—himself, as is well known, a great engineering genius, and a man of tremendous imaginative power. But Mr. Brunel could not believe in the possibility of cross-channel telegraphy, and he told his old pupil one day that he was very sorry he was mixed up with the scheme, for it could not succeed. To do Brunel justice, however, it must be admitted that he was most hearty in his congratulations when success was attained.

Mr. Wollaston has allowed his portrait to appear in *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, and the photograph from which this portrait is reproduced was taken on August 29th of the current year, or within a day of the 50th anniversary of the important event with which his name is so honourably linked. In sending this photograph Mr. Wollaston writes as follows:—

“I am glad to find that so practical a body as the managers of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* should consider my services in connection with the Submarine Telegraph in its earliest infancy worthy of record in their magazine. I often think of a *Punch* cartoon published in September, 1850, entitled, if my memory serves me rightly, ‘Peace and goodwill between England and France.’ If the union by submarine cable, commemorated on August 28th, has not proved entirely a period of uninterrupted harmony, it has, I venture to think, taught both countries more thoroughly to honour and respect one another.”

In the year following the successful laying of the Dover-Sangatte four wire cable, Messrs. Newall & Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne (who had completed the manufacture of the 1851 cable), made a one wire cable of light weight, less than one ton per statute mile, and laid it across the Irish Channel between Holyhead and Howth. This cable was altogether too light for its purpose, and failed the second day after being laid. It is, however, interesting because the makers, recognising that the severest strains upon a submarine cable are concentrated at the portions lying in the shallow water nearest the shore, and thus being more affected by the waves and tides than in the deeper waters of mid-ocean, protected the shore ends with heavier sheathing wires than were used for the central or deep sea portion. Later in the year the same firm made an attempt to lay a six wire cable across the narrowest part of the Irish Channel, between Donaghadee and Portpatrick. Sixteen miles of the twenty-five miles of cable provided were successfully laid, when a sudden gale came on, the cable had to be cut, and the project for the time abandoned. This cable was intended for the use of the Magnetic Telegraph Company to connect their English and Irish lines. The two points were, however, successfully connected in 1853 for this Company by a similar cable, the work being done by Messrs. Newall. The whole of the submerged length of the 1852 cable was recovered practically unhurt in 1854, and a second similar cable between the same points was laid in the latter year.

The Submarine Telegraph Company had not in the meantime

been idle. An eighty mile cable containing six wires was made to their order, and laid in May, 1853, between Dover and Ostend. Among other cables laid in 1853 and 1854 were, Orfordness to the Hague, three cables of an average length of 120 miles; Spezzia (Italy) to Corsica (110 miles), Denmark to Sweden (26 miles), &c. Some of these quickly failed owing chiefly to the fact that they were too light and fragile.

During the Crimean War several lengths of cable were laid down between strategic points in the Black Sea. They formed a valuable adjunct to the intelligence departments of the forces of the Allies.

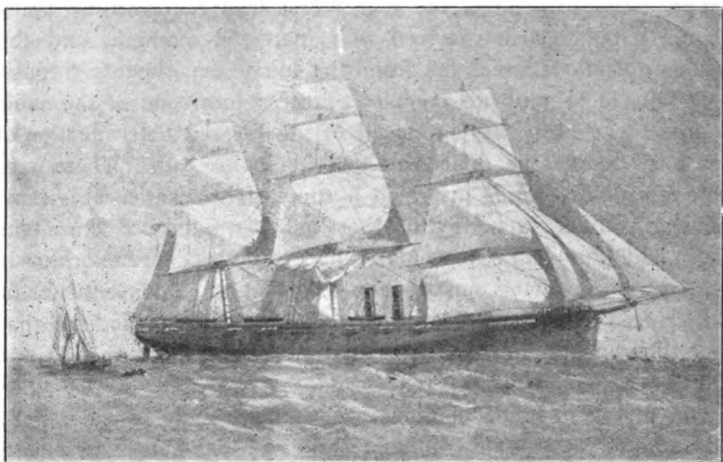
The desire to connect the Old World with the New by transatlantic cable was now revived with increased strength, and the various operations which led from the initial experiments through early failures to ultimate complete success form one of the finest records the century has produced of the dogged determination of man to overcome the difficulties that lie in his path. There were three essential features in which a successful Atlantic cable must necessarily differ from any of those at that time laid down—its length, and the depth to which it had to be laid were enormously greater, thus involving variation in design; and in consequence of its increased length the electrical conditions were so modified that the ordinary method of working employed on the shorter cables was of little practical value.

The first two points of difference were carefully considered by those who took the project in hand; and very elaborate experiments were made to determine the best type of cable to use. The one selected had a central conductor formed of seven strands of fine copper wire, coated with three layers of gutta-percha, and then wrapped with tarred yarn. The core thus formed was then covered with the exterior sheathing wires of iron. These sheathing wires were themselves seven stranded, and eighteen of these seven wire strands were used. The deep-sea portion weighed one ton per mile, but the shore ends were made much heavier, and weighed ten tons to the mile.

The Governments on both sides promised their support by guarantees of traffic, and the promoters of the project held public meetings in the chief towns of the North of England to make known the details of the scheme. The result was the formation of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, with a capital of £350,000 in £1,000 shares. The bulk of this capital was subscribed for in this country, mostly by those connected with the Magnetic Telegraph Company.

The British Government lent H.M.S. "Agamemnon," and the United States Government the "Niagara," to carry the cable. Other ships were to accompany the expedition to assist if needed. The first attempt to lay the cable was made in August, 1857, from Valentia, Ireland. Paying out had proceeded successfully from the "Niagara" for a distance of 380 miles, when the cable parted during the night, and the attempt was abandoned.

In June, 1858, a second attempt was made, and on the recommendation of Sir Charles Bright, the chief engineer to the Company,



THE U. S. FRIGATE, "NIAGARA," USED FOR LAYING THE ATLANTIC CABLE OF 1857-58.

the commencement was made, not from the shore, but in mid-ocean. The "Agamemnon" and the "Niagara" were again under orders to carry and lay the cable, and H.M.S. "Valorous" and "Gorgon" accompanied them. After another fruitless attempt, which had no more serious effects than the necessity of returning to Queenstown to recoal, a third effort was made, and the cable was successfully laid. The two continents were connected by cable for the first time on August 5th, 1858.

The cable was worked for a month, and nearly 400 messages, consisting of close upon 4,000 words, were sent through it. A defect in the insulation then developed, and further working was impossible. Attempts were made to get the cable up from the ocean bed

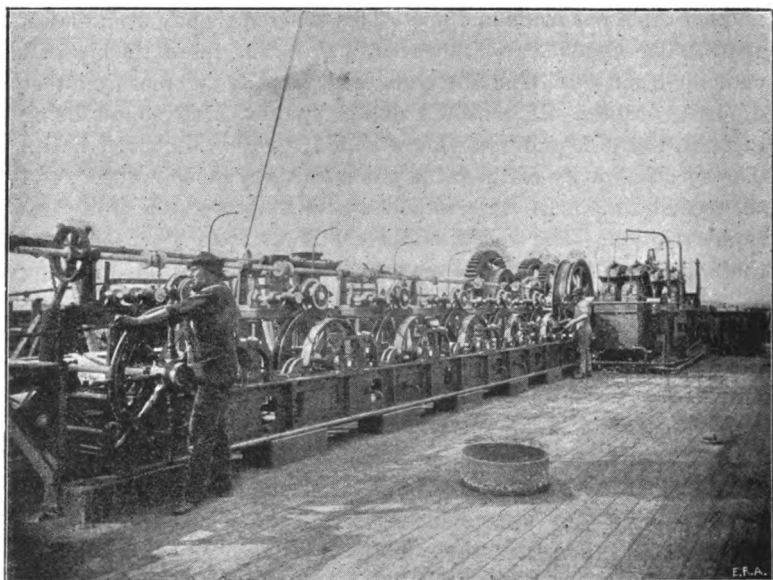
for repairs, but they were not successful. The ocean depths for the time had baffled the efforts of man.

The cost of experiments of this kind was so great that it is not to be wondered at that further action was postponed for a while. Meantime, submarine cable enterprise in other parts of the world had not slackened, and this enterprise was slowly and surely preparing the way for further attack on the North Atlantic. In particular the Malta-Alexandria (1861) and Persian Gulf-Kurrachee (1864) cables encouraged further effort on the part of the Atlantic Telegraph Company; and with the introduction of fresh capital, another cable was made in 1865. This differed slightly from that of 1858. The conductor was heavier, and it was more thickly and carefully insulated. The sheathing was radically different from that of earlier cables. It consisted of ten strands, each strand being composed of a central iron wire, wrapped round with tarred hemp. The specific gravity of the cable was in this way much reduced, and the tarred wrappings were intended also to protect the iron wires from corrosion. The weight of the cable was $1\frac{3}{4}$ tons per mile, and the shore end lengths were tapered, the heaviest portions weighing as much as 30 tons per mile. The total length of cable made was something like 2,300 miles. Earlier expeditions had demonstrated the disadvantage of laying from two or more ships, and consequently the "Great Eastern" steamship was chartered for the purpose. In her hold gigantic tanks were constructed, and the enormous bulk of cable properly coiled down. Arrangements were made for frequently testing the cable as it was paid out, and all the mechanical details of the paying-out gear were made as perfect as experience and forethought could suggest.

The huge ship started on her task on July 23rd, 1865, laying the cable westward from the Irish end; and the work proceeded satisfactorily until August 2nd. On that day the electrical tests showed that a fault had come on the cable some six miles from the ship, where the ocean soundings indicated a depth of two-and-a-quarter miles of water. In drawing in to get at the fault the cable fouled the paying-out machinery, and before it could be cleared it broke, and the end was lost. Repeated efforts were made to recover it, but, though hooked more than once, the lifting-ropes were not strong enough to bring it to the surface from such a great depth. Length after length broke and went to the bottom, until, the tackle being exhausted, the effort had to be abandoned.

The ocean had won again, but the experience gained by the other

side inspired confidence that success was near at hand. A new company was formed under the title of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, to provide fresh capital and complete the work. A new cable was made, very similar to that of 1865, but somewhat lighter, viz., 31 cwt. to the mile. The "Great Eastern" was again utilised for laying the cable. On July 13th, 1866, the splice to the shore end was made 30 miles west of Valentia, and the paying out of the main cable at once begun. A mishap in paying out occurred on July 18th, but it was fortunately put right without causing any



PAYING-OUT MACHINE, ATLANTIC CABLES, 1865-66.

permanent injury. With this exception the work proceeded with the greatest smoothness and comfort, until on the 27th July the American end of the cable was successfully landed at Heart's Content Bay, Newfoundland. Communication by cable was again established between the two continents.

Before returning to England the expedition proceeded to the point where the 1865 cable was lost, grappled for and hooked it, and by the aid of the improved gear, after much trouble, brought it to the surface. A new length of cable, provided for the purpose, was spliced on, and laid thence to Heart's Content Bay, where it was

landed beside its fellow. Two cables were consequently at once available for traffic. They were 1,950 and 1,960 miles in length respectively.

No history of Submarine Telegraphy, however short, would be complete without mention of the names of the men who devoted their intellects and means to the attainment of this remarkable end. Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Bright was the chief engineer of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and upon him mainly rested the responsibility for the details of the expeditions of 1857 and 1858. Mr. Saward was the secretary and Mr. Whitehouse the electrician of the Company. The first cable was made by two firms, Messrs. Glass, Elliot & Co., of Greenwich, making the core, and Messrs. Newall, of Birkenhead, adding the sheathing. The 1865 and 1866 cables were made by the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company (formed by the amalgamation of Messrs. Glass, Elliot & Co. and the Gutta Percha Co.), the various manufacturing details being most carefully superintended by Mr. Willoughby Smith and Mr. Chatterton. The laying of the 1865-66 cables was under the engineering control of Mr. (afterwards Sir Samuel) Canning and Mr. Clifford; Captain (afterwards Sir James) Anderson commanded the ship, and the electrical department was under the charge of Mr. Cromwell F. Varley and Professor Wm. Thomson, the latter now known to fame as Lord Kelvin, a man still in the very front rank of living scientific authorities. Among those who contributed their wealth freely and nobly were Mr. Cyrus Field, of the United States, Sir R. A. Glass, Sir C. M. Lampson, Sir D. Gooch, Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Pender, and Mr. G. Peabody.

The completion of this great undertaking marked an epoch in Submarine Telegraphy. It demonstrated that neither depth of water nor distance between the shores to be connected were of themselves insurmountable difficulties. From 1866 onwards, therefore, the development was along different lines, and consisted in the perfection of details in the manufacture of cables and in the gear used for laying and repairing them, in the greater purity of the copper conductors, and in the improvement of the apparatus and signalling arrangements; all combining to give longer working life to and increasing the rate of signalling, and consequently the carrying capacity of the submerged lines. There was no longer any difficulty in attaching the interest of the investing public to the furtherance of well devised cable schemes, and a number of important public companies, having for their objects the laying and

working of cables literally to all parts of the world, quickly came into being. To mention a few only, the Great Northern, the West India and Panama, the Direct Spanish, and the largest and most famous of all, the Eastern (the last named an amalgamation of no less than four companies owning cables connecting various centres on the India route), were launched. The Eastern Extension, Australasia, and China Telegraph Company was formed in 1873 as an offshoot of the Eastern, took over existing cables in the far East beyond the Indian Empire, *i.e.*, between China, Japan, &c., and to Australia; and in 1876 they extended the system to New Zealand. It would be wearisome to recount the works of these various companies, and it is sufficient to say that they now own an aggregate of 157,631½ nautical miles of submarine cable, including no less than thirteen across the North and three across the South Atlantic; four to India (three of which are direct cables from Aden to Bombay); three to Australia; a complete loop round the continent of Africa, giving alternative routes for South African messages; besides shorter cables and land line connections far too numerous to mention. The money invested in these various undertakings is estimated to reach close upon £40,000,000.

A fleet of cable-laying and repairing vessels is maintained by or on behalf of these Companies, amounting to no less than 33 ships, 23 of them owned by the Companies themselves, and 10 by various firms who make, lay, and in some cases undertake the working of, submarine cables under contract.

The direct interest of the British Post Office Telegraph Department in cable matters is confined to those comparatively short cables which connect Great Britain with Ireland, the Channel Islands, &c., and with the Continent. When the general telegraph business of the country was transferred to the Department in 1870 it acquired as part of the bargain all cables the property of the Electric and International, and the Magnetic Companies. The most important of these were the former Company's three cables across the North Sea to Germany and Holland, and the Pembroke to Wexford, and Port Patrick to Whitehead cables, crossing respectively the southern and northern portion of the Irish Channel. The Electric Company's cable ship "Monarch" was also acquired. This small paddle-wheel steamer was illustrated in *St. Martin's-le-Grand* in the issue of January, 1898. It is of special interest from an historical point of view, for it was the first ship equipped solely for cable work. She was, however, quite inadequate for the duty of maintaining the

Post Office cables, and she broke down completely very shortly after the transfer. For a number of years the Department hired ships when cables had to be repaired or laid; but this became a very expensive course to pursue, and in 1883 the present "Monarch" was built. She is a very handsome and well-found boat, screw-driven, and having a displacement, according to Royal Navy measurement, of something like 2,200 tons.

In 1889 the license of the Submarine Cable Company expired, and their cables were acquired jointly by the English and European Governments upon whose shores they are landed. Among the effects was the Company's small repairing ship the "Lady Carmichael." This useful little boat has been rechristened the "Alert"—a most appropriate name, for she lies usually in Dover Harbour, alert and ready at very short notice to run out and repair one or other of the many cables that now start from within a few miles of Dover towards Holland, Belgium or France.

There are fourteen cables of an aggregate length of 1,020 nautical miles joining England to the Continent, in which the Post Office owns one-half share, the other half being vested in the governments of France, Belgium, Holland and Germany.* The Department owns entirely one Anglo-German cable, thus having an interest in fifteen cross channel cables altogether. These cables carry a total of 65 conductors. There are two others, both owned by Germany, one of which runs round our Southern coasts, crossing the Anglo-French and other cables, and connecting Emden (Germany) and Valentia (Ireland).

The total extent of the British Government system, leaving out of account half the total mileage of cables owned jointly with other governments, is as follows:—

Number of cables	147
Aggregate length of cables...	...	2,016½	nautical miles.	
"	"	of conductors	...	6,585½ " "

The maintenance extends to something more than this, for, by arrangement with the European governments concerned, a portion of the maintenance of part-owned cables properly falling upon them is carried out by the British Post Office submarine staff, and paid for.

The various foreign and colonial governments own and control a further 18,340 nautical miles of cable, and employ seven cable ships

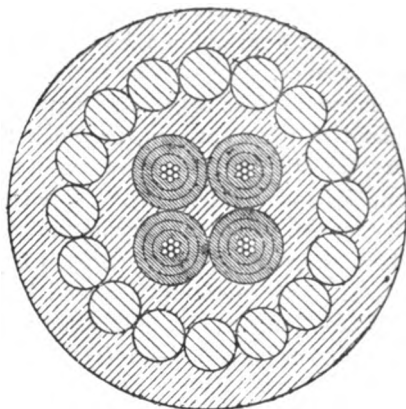
* One of these cables connects the Channel Islands to France.

The cable system of the world to-day may therefore be said to extend to 177,988 nautical miles, made up as follows:—

British Post Office	2,016½ n.m.
Foreign and Colonial Governments	...	18,340	„	
Private Companies	157,631½	„
				<hr/>
Total	...	177,988		

The first cost of this huge system cannot have been far short of £50,000,000.

The apparatus used in signalling upon long submarine cables differs greatly from the familiar sounder or inker we see in our



SECTION OF LONDON-PARIS TELEPHONE CABLE, 1891.

telegraph offices. The retarding effect of the long covered wire, with its high resistance and great inductive capacity, makes these instruments impracticable. Mr. Whitehouse, in working the Atlantic cable of 1858, overcame this difficulty by using currents of very high electrical pressure, and it is thought by many authorities that it was due to these currents in their endeavour to break through to the water that the cable so quickly became unworkable. Mr. C. F. Varley and Prof. Thomson therefore introduced very radical changes in the apparatus of the 1865 and 1866 cables. The receiving instrument used on these was the very delicate and sensitive mirror reflector. Instead of the relatively cumbrous armatures of the various Morse instruments, tiny magnetised needles are attached to the back

of a small round mirror, the whole being suspended in the magnetic field of the coil by a fine silk thread. The combination provides a twisting movement of the mirror under the influence of infinitesimal currents in the surrounding coil, and a reflected beam of light from a suitable lamp thrown upon a scale indicates the strength, variation, or duration of these currents.

In 1867 Prof. Thomson introduced his siphon recorder. This instrument, while slightly less sensitive than the mirror instrument,



MARINE GROWTHS FOUND ON A CABLE FAULT.

provides a record of the message as sent, and this record is considered to be of value. It is now almost universally used on long cables as the receiving instrument.

The transmitting part was at first done by handworked keys, but of recent years automatic transmitters have been very largely introduced. Compared with hand-transmission these instruments have enabled the carrying capacity of the cables to be much increased.

The Duplex system of telegraphy has been applied with success to cable working. One of the transatlantic cables was so worked

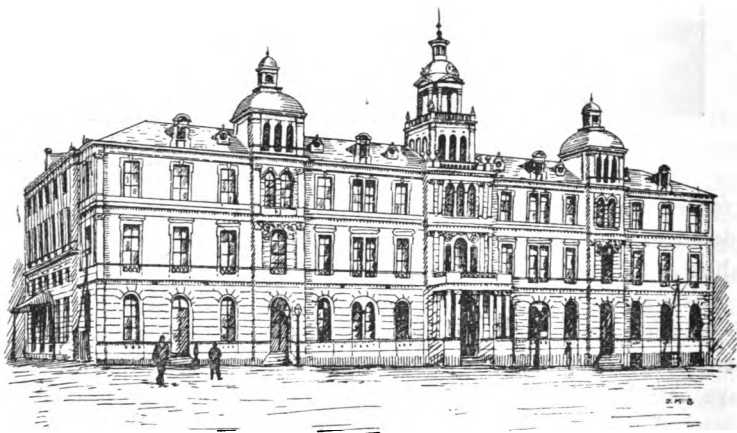
with complete success as long ago as 1878. It is now very largely used. Experiments have been made in the direction of the application of quadruplex methods, but they have not been successful.

Among the most interesting cables put down in recent years are those carrying the cross-channel telephone wires between England and France. Their resistance and inductive capacity are very low, and for the success of the service necessarily so. For the design of these cables Mr. W. H. (now Sir William) Preece, the late Engineer-in-Chief and Electrician to the Post Office, is responsible. They answered the expectations concerning them very faithfully.

The Institution of Civil Engineers has it recorded on its charter that the profession of the engineer is "The art of directing the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man." It is a high aim, and in no branch of engineering work has it been applied with greater intelligence, zeal, and perseverance than by those able men who have conceived and built up the present magnificent submarine cable system of the world.

E. in C. O.

J. W. CURRA.



THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, JOHANNESBURG.

The Case for Sir Courtenay Boyle.

THE literary efforts of an eminent civil servant are never quite without interest; when they deal with subjects on which he writes with some pretensions to authority they are, indeed, often valuable. "E. B." was, therefore, well advised in losing no time in placing before the readers of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* an account of Sir Courtenay Boyle's *Hints on the Conduct of Business*. In his haste to do so, however, he hardly did justice to a work, the importance of which cannot well be overrated. Telegraph messengers were recently informed that even by them the highest posts in the Service are attainable. The average civil servant has a chance, at any rate as good, of becoming a K.C.B. This being so, the publication of a work written by one who can boast of thirty years in the public service, and who has, moreover, attained the summit of every good clerk's ambition, is not an event to be ignored or to be regarded lightly. In such a book the industrious apprentice may expect to find the secret of success, his disillusioned seniors to discover the secret of their failure to achieve distinction.

When the head of a public department dabbles in literature his subordinates are placed in a delicate position. Many find it hard to believe that a man who speaks so authoritatively on matters of official routine may—and probably does—go hopelessly astray when, after office hours, he ventures into the fields of literary criticism, poetry, or historical enquiry. How can a subordinate with a grievance against the official arrive at a just estimate of the writings of the author? Is contempt for the author consistent with perfect loyalty to the official? The personal equation is embarrassing. One would not expect to find at the Board of Trade an unbiassed estimate of the admirable literary gifts of Mr. Austin Dobson.

In the present case we are spared considerations of this nature. That Sir Courtenay Boyle is employed not at the G.P.O. but at the Board of Trade is a circumstance which enables Post Office employés to read the book with an impartial mind, and without the disquieting thought that the task is undertaken in the light of a solemn duty. It is related that a kindly senior in a certain Government office

wound up a discourse to a new hand on the way to get on in the service with the mysterious hint, "Familiarity with the works of Sir Austin Oriel would help you materially." The young man had safely negotiated Gibbon, but his chief's *History of 1843*, in five volumes, proved too much for him, and when questioned on the subject a few months later he modestly declared that he had decided to take his chance of promotion in the usual way. One set of that history had many successive owners. It was offered at a low figure to every newcomer to the office, and its new possessor always found an early opportunity of selling it again to the next newcomer. The purchase of that set became the recognised ceremony of initiation. Another, unless indeed it be the same set, is at present on sale in Bookseller's Row. Its fourth and fifth volumes are uncut, all are unsoiled, and on the flyleaf of the first appear the names of at least two men employed in the department controlled by its author. As one of them is now a principal clerk unfamiliarity with Sir Austin Oriel's writings has in no way retarded promotion.

"E. B.'s" failure to appreciate fully Sir Courtenay Boyle's handbook is largely due to his insisting on judging the work from a wrong standpoint. He seems to regard as valuable only such hints as can be put into practice in the Savings Bank Department. Possibly an endeavour on his part to put some of them into operation has resulted in disaster. We must remember that the methods of St. Martin's-le-Grand are not those of Whitehall. "East is East and West is West. . . ." An attempt to run the G.P.O. on the lines laid down in the work under notice would necessitate trebling the present staff, and would involve the abolition of the hurry and bustle which prevail at present. Sir Courtenay's methods demand "an ampler ether, a diviner air." He inculcates the desirability of putting leisurely into operation modes of treatment decided upon after long and careful deliberation. The contrast is striking.

We may not work—ah ! would we might ! —

With slower pen.

It is significant that the bards of the Board of Trade are most happily inspired when writing of other centuries than the present. The Post Office is excessively modern, and its methods reflect the restlessness and feverish activity of the present day. But while the impracticability of adopting Sir Courtenay's system in its entirety must be admitted, his work contains many valuable hints on the conduct of business, and it may be worth while calling attention to

various points strangely overlooked in the article which appeared in the last number of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*.

The contrast between the methods commended by Sir Courtenay and those adopted at the G.P.O. is illustrated by one of his anecdotes. His book is rich in stories of the "horrible" order. "When I was private secretary in Dublin I received a lithographed form from the Post Office demanding payment for a long telegram addressed to the Viceregal Lodge on the previous day. As I expected to see the Secretary of the Post Office in a few hours I put the demand note in my basket of papers in action. Next morning I received a more peremptory form, and on the same day a third form, also lithographed, saying that if payment were not at once effected reference would be made to the sender of the telegram. I despatched a semi-official express pointing out that the telegram was on important public business, the recipient the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and the sender the Queen." Our author aptly closes his third chapter with this averted catastrophe—he has the instincts of a melodramatic playwright. One can picture the calm triumph of the dignified official, the cowed attitude of the baffled postal authorities. "And the sender the Queen." How admirable that is!

This anecdote is related by Sir Courtenay to warn the young official against the fatal facility of the printed form. On this subject he has much to say that is worthy of notice. "An able critic of departmental procedure has justly pointed out that in writing to persons who are punctilious, it is not desirable to use a lithographed form intended for a higher grade, and to correct it down to the level of the person addressed by drawing the pen through superfluous words. If the head of a department is made to say that he is with great regard or respect the obedient servant of some correspondent of high position it is neither courteous nor desirable, should the form be used in addressing a correspondent of less rank, to erase the complimentary words." It is a great pity that the identity of the able critic is not disclosed; one would like to associate such a ruling with the name of its author. At any rate, one is grateful that such a gem has not been allowed to remain in the obscurity of a departmental order book.

Deserving of universal notice, too, is the chapter containing hints on the compilation of reports. Half a dozen pages are devoted to impressing on neophytes in such matters the expediency of doubting the evidence of their own senses. The perfect report is characterised by "absolute unassailability." Sir Courtenay will be satisfied with

nothing that falls short of that standard. He has a fine scorn for inaccuracy. "‘It rained very heavily in Surrey last Wednesday’ is a statement which may be made perfectly conscientiously by someone who, having been drenched for many miles in Surrey, has failed to know that in three quarters of the county, on the day in question, there was no rain at all." One might well despair of ever being able to draft a report calculated to satisfy such a stickler for accuracy and at the same time to be of any use. "But," writes Sir Courtenay, "while care should be taken to set out as facts only such propositions the accuracy of which has been tested, it is not desirable to so far give the reins to caution as to denude a report of all information." Split infinitives notwithstanding, Sir Courtenay is a charming writer.

With the chapters on letter writing "E. B." has dealt so fully that there is no need for further discussion of that subject. Our author lays down one golden rule which should be carefully noted by all letter writers. The advice applies to private correspondence as well as to the drafting of departmental letters. "A careful means should always be left for future escape from a position which for the moment, and in the circumstances of the moment, it may be necessary resolutely and even obstinately to adopt."

It is questionable whether this maxim can be reconciled with much that the author has written on the virtues of clearness and straightforwardness. In fact, there are many passages which bear traces of a conflict in the writer's mind between the official and the man. One can imagine difficulties in working under a chief who is able as a man to regard as morally reprehensible acts which, as an official, he considers to be eminently desirable.

Sir Courtenay's system is comprehensive. He guides the faltering footsteps of the office boy, and with helpful advice waits at the elbow of a departmental chief. Although a competent authority on the correct attitude towards deputations, he is not above giving sage counsel on such minor matters as the sealing of envelopes. "The whole of the gum should be thoroughly wetted, and inasmuch as gum is apt to become dry, the envelope should be adequately pressed so as to produce adhesion."

A few *obiter dicta* will convey an idea of the variety of his subject matter.

"As every soldier entering the army is supposed to carry a Field Marshal's *baton*, so every boy entering the service ought to have the pen of a possible head of a department."

"The continued employment of agents who repeatedly fail in

achievement is not justified even by the difficulty of their task, and is sure to lead to disaster in the end."

"In official correspondence it is out of the question to write that such and such a public body has behaved, or proposes to behave, idiotically or even foolishly. It is unwise to say that its action is ill-considered. It is at most permissible to say that my lords, or whoever are the criticising body, 'are unable to consider that the action contemplated by ——— is likely to promote the interests which presumably they have at heart,' and even such a phrase errs on the side of vehemence."

"Mr. Gladstone was not wholly free from the charge of ambiguity of utterance. And whether that charge was justified or not, it is incontestable that what he said or wrote more than once conveyed to many minds an impression different from that which he attributed to it himself. Of course, there are occasions when ambiguity is desirable and even intentional."

Sir Courtenay is indeed the perfect official, and one is glad to see that nowhere in his pages does he find it necessary to apologise for his system. Sneers on the subject of red tape have no terrors for him; he rightly takes it for granted that red tape methods are essential to the successful conduct of public business. It would not be safe at a time when such methods are held to be blameable for every death in South Africa and for every disaster which has there overtaken our troops, to undertake their defence. Government departments have recently been subjected to a deal of abusive criticism and uncritical abuse. Most of it has been based on ignorance. It has betrayed a great lack of imagination on the part of the critics. A single example will suffice. When the relieving force succeeded in establishing heliographic communication with Kimberley, its first message took the form of a request to be informed of the number of a horse issued to a certain trooper in the besieged town. When this became known in England, the floodgates of abuse were opened. Could anything be more monstrous than to worry with such irrelevant trifles a town gasping for solid information? Could anything demonstrate more clearly the hopeless way in which red tape fetters us? That the inquiry was prompted by ordinary caution, by a commendable desire to make sure that the signaller was communicating with Kimberley and not with the Boers who had captured a heliographic apparatus, never occurred to leader writers at home. This is typical of much of the criticism the world of officialdom has undergone of late. The

General Post Office has had its share. Its reorganisation on common sense lines is demanded. At present its methods are at variance with common sense, its Postal Guide is unintelligible. These critics fail to see that institutions reared upon a foundation so shiftily as common sense must lack security and stability. The only sure foundation is compromise. A study of our institutions proves that conclusively. The historian of the Elizabethan period, writing of the commission of 1559, thus formulates the theory of the Church of England. "The object had been so to frame the formulas of the Church that they might be patient of a Catholic or Protestant interpretation, according to the views of this or that sect of the people; that the Church should profess and teach a uniform doctrine in essentials—as the word was understood by the latitudinarians of the age; while in non-essentials it should contain ambiguous phrases . . . and thus enable Catholic, Lutheran, Calvinist, and Zwinglian to insist each that the Church of England was theirs." That the Church has weathered the storms and stress of our national life is due, in a great measure, to its adaptability, its rejection of dogmas in favour of hypotheses. Reserving to itself the right of interpretation, it has been able to adapt its ambiguities to the particular requirements of the moment, without having to alter in any way the articles of its constitution. Such a policy has been justified by success, and it is not difficult to see that in many respects the G.P.O. has profited by the example of the Church. This accounts for the studied ambiguity of the Postal Guide, which Mr. Heaton so much deplores. Let us have an end of these plausible appeals for "common sense" and "plain English!" Let us recognise as admirable only such qualities as make for permanence and security! It is odd that red tape, in appearance so innocent, giving a delightful touch of gaiety to the dullest case it encircles, should have become the symbol of all that is sinister and malign of influence. Such a circumstance inclines one to meditate in the vein of Jack Cade: "Is it not a lamentable thing that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled over, should undo a man?"

If, then, red tape methods are alone safe and reliable, surely Sir Courtenay Boyle is their most engaging exponent. His favourite word is "but," his writings chiefly characterised by an air of non-committal. Dogmatism is quite absent from his pages. He has none of the cocksureness which Mr. A. B. Walkley finds so offensive in the writings of other people. The history of intellectual

eminence, we have been told, is too often a history of inordinate egoism, but Sir Courtenay seems unspoiled by success. Far from laying claim to omniscience, he is not ashamed to confess that in spite of his thirty years of official life, his knowledge has its limits. "How in a semi-official note is it right to address a Puisne Judge? In court he is by courtesy called 'My Lord,' out of court he is not. His strict title is the Hon. Mr. Justice So-and-So, and to begin a note 'My Lord' is inaccurate; and yet a reference to His Lordship, which is invariable in court, and not now, as formerly, confined to the Common Law Division only, is reasonable, and sometimes expected out of it. I admit that I cannot solve the riddle." In their gratitude for an entertaining book Sir Courtenay's readers will devoutly hope that during his tenure of office at the Board of Trade he may never have occasion to address a Puisne Judge semi-officially. Such an occurrence would give that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness. For the book *is* entertaining, in spite of "E. B.'s" opinion that it might have been so had its author freed himself from the destroying influence of copybook maxims, and let himself go. For my part, I would not have Sir Courtenay Boyle write otherwise—he might have been dull, very dull.

But although I have done my utmost to believe that the work is what its author professes it to be—a serious "contribution to the science of business"—I cannot rid myself of the suspicion that it is really a big joke, an experiment in humour of the kind indulged in by legal luminaries. There's a curious ring about some of his sentences which makes the reader pause. In any case, it is as well to hint at "a means of future escape" from my present attitude towards the book. It would be strange indeed if, for once, "E. B.'s" sense of humour had played him false. At any rate, I can testify that selections from Sir Courtenay's volume contributed not a little to the merriment of a party kept indoors on a memorably wet Bank Holiday.

T. A.

Is the Post Office Worth Preserving?

IN old days before Imperialism absorbed so much of our attention, the Disestablishment of the Anglican Church was a subject which occupied the minds of the professional politicians and political nonconformists at dull seasons or whenever a General Election was threatened. And the innumerable inconsistencies of an admittedly inconsistent body were attacked in those days by one set of men as vigorously as they were defended by the other set. Immediately after a certain General Election in which this question figured very largely, Mr. Gladstone sat down and wrote an article entitled "Is the Church of England Worth Preserving?" At the close of some forty or fifty pages of close reasoning Mr. Gladstone summed up his view of the situation in perhaps the clearest and most direct sentence in his essay, "The Church of this great nation *is* worth preserving, and for that end much may well be borne."

Twenty-five years have passed since that article was written, and if the Established Church has anything to fear now it is not from professional politicians or political nonconformists. So far as one can reasonably foresee the future, her death as an Establishment will be the result of *felo de se*, and Mr. Gladstone's appeal if he were alive to-day would be made to the members of the Church's own household. Nowadays, however, our controversialists, with perhaps the exception of Sir William Harcourt, prefer to leave the Church question and the Liquor question severely alone, and to attack institutions in which there are few vested interests to offend, and which provide ample material for destructive criticism without the danger that the criticism will be seriously acted upon. It was of course quite natural that in time of war, the War Office should be vigorously overhauled and its defects pointed out to an angry public, but it is not quite so obvious why this should also be the chosen time to attack an institution which is one of the no less renowned triumphs of peace. The fact is the appetite for destructive criticism grows with what it feeds on, and since Mr. Balfour has laid the principle down that to point out the mistakes of a War Office clerk is to attack Lord Roberts and the British army and incidentally the British

Empire, the heavily charged artillery of our newspapers has to be turned on some other foe who will receive the fire in the open and will not resort to covering tactics. So during the last few months the Long Toms, pom-poms, and Mauser rifles have been turned on an institution which is exposed to the public view in every hamlet and corner of the kingdom; which touches and has relations with the whole adult population; and which, as an inevitable consequence, is daily rubbing people the wrong way. Nobody says we are attacking the British Empire if we attack the British Post Office; on the contrary, if we do so we are patriots—we are doing a public service and so on. So this one-sided fight goes merrily on, and the War Office is partially relieved. “At least, we are not so bad as the Post Office,” says the War Office clerk in moments of self-righteousness, as he shelters himself behind Lord Roberts, and points to the fact that St. Leonard’s-on-Sea is counted as one word and Charing Cross as two as one of the evidences of postal corruption. It is true that the War Office has sent out a printed notice to the relatives of a soldier at the front informing them of his regrettable death and of his bravery in action, and has added a postscript in writing to the effect that the latest information is that he is only wounded and is doing well. But this is a mere clerical error on the part of Lord Roberts. Some people work themselves up into a far finer frenzy over the clerical errors of the Post Office, and while they are eager to spare Lord Roberts, they are only too glad to get in a gibe at Lord Londonderry. For instance, the funny man on the *Daily Chronicle* let himself go as follows:—

“Complaints against Post Office administration are common just now in all parts of the country. Newspaper offices receive them daily, some quite trivial, others wholly justifiable. In the latter category must be placed the complaint of a fair correspondent who resides at a house called ‘The Haven,’ at a country town in the home counties. She wrote a letter to the Postmaster-General and received the usual official reply that the matter was engaging Lord Londonderry’s attention. To this communication she has, naturally, no reasonable objection to urge, but she is justly indignant that Lord Londonderry’s representative, in addressing the envelope, has incorrectly described her abode with the restful name as ‘The Harem.’ It is true her writing is indistinct, but—. Happily, we have Mr. Hanbury’s assurance that the confusion at the head office is subsiding.”

We hasten to add that we sympathise deeply with the injured maiden.

Now it is not our intention to attack or defend the Post Office;

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we are officers in her service, and although we are aware that some of the foremost opponents and defenders of the Established Church are its own officers, we are not prepared to follow their example in the case of the Post Office. It will not, however, be inconsistent with this view of our duties to criticise some of our critics' utterances. Let us take for instance the opinion of us held by *The Times* that our faults are due to the self-conceit and the consciousness of infallibility which distinguish the official mind. "The alleged self-satisfaction of postal servants" is a subject we suggest to "E. B." when he wishes in his own particular vein to defend the institution in which he appears to see so much humour. But to return to *The Times*. We all dislike *tu quoque*; but there are instances when, like the war in South Africa and the General Election, they are "inevitable." Let us take the Postmaster-General and his Secretaries, his Controllors, and even his private secretaries, and can they be honestly said to be more arrogant and self-satisfied than the Editor, the sub-editors, and the letter-writers of *The Times*? Take the many admitted blunders of different Postmasters-General, Secretaries and Controllors, and do they not sink into insignificance beside such facts as the hoaxing of a big newspaper by the forger, Pigott, and the campaign based on falsehood which that blunder inaugurated, the women and children fictions of the Jameson Raid period, and later still the circumstantial and authoritative stories of the massacre of the Peking legations? If a public department had such black chapters in its history, it would indeed deserve the execrations of the public, and certainly its claim to an infallible judgment would receive a death blow.

We all like *The Times*; but really we cannot admit that the paper attacks us with clean hands when it accuses us of self-conceit and a consciousness of infallibility. The letter writers of that journal are, of course, on a quite different footing; and we have derived much profit and no little amusement from the suggestions that have been so copiously offered for our improvement. Mr. Henniker Heaton, in particular, has enumerated no fewer than thirty points, some of them including several sub-heads, in which he considers reform is necessary before we can have "An Ideal Post Office." He prefaced his budget of reforms by declaring that "the growth of the (Postal) surplus is perhaps the most indisputable grievance of all, for it has not been accompanied by corresponding concessions for the benefit and extension of the service from which it was derived."

Our late Secretary, Sir Spencer Walpole, in criticising Mr. Heaton's

proposals, points out that this statement is not true. The growth of the net surplus revenue has been checked by the large concessions which from time to time have been made to the public. Further, Sir Spencer maintains that Mr. Heaton has overlooked the fact that his proposals — some of which would dissipate the Post Office surplus effectually enough—are not conceived “for the benefit and extension of the service from which the surplus is derived.” For the surplus, speaking roughly, says Sir Spencer, “is derived from the writer of the penny inland letter.” And the writer of the inland penny letter “is the one person for whom Mr. Henniker Heaton has nothing to propose. We may be taxing, perhaps we are taxing, the writer of the inland penny letter unduly by making a profit of some £3,000,000 or £4,000,000 a year out of him. But I cannot see on what principle the Chancellor of the Exchequer is accused of ‘voracity’ because he applies this sum to the ordinary purposes of the State (*inter alia* the education of the people) instead of applying it to reducing the cost of an already unremunerative service (*e.g.*, the transmission of telegrams).”

The Civilian, we note, called this “a singularly temperate letter,” as if Sir Spencer were in the habit of writing intemperate letters to the public press. Perhaps, though our contemporary did not mean the expression to be taken in this way, but rather that the occasion justified intemperance of language. We express no opinion upon so dangerous a problem.

The arguments, so far as we have been able to gather, against Sir Spencer Walpole’s position are first, that any commercial house which separated in this way the business it undertook, would not be at all business-like, and that every trader finds it necessary to sell some articles at a loss and to penalise the purchaser of other articles which he can sell at a profit. Secondly, the old argument of the political economist, that whatever benefits the capitalists benefits the poor man, is brought to bear against Sir Spencer; so that (it is argued) if you increase the facilities of the sender of the sixpenny telegram, you are benefiting the sender of the penny letter. By increasing the benefits of the capitalist you make it easier for the sender of the penny letter to reach the summit of his ambition, and to become in time the sender of a telegram, which may, by judicious application of profit, become in time reduced to threepence. We are only repeating arguments, not supporting them in any way. The worst that can be said of Sir Spencer’s attitude is that it smacks rather of the special pleader;

and the problem of our profit account remains much where it was before he entered the lists.

Within the last few weeks Mr. F. E. Baines, C.B., our late Assistant Secretary, has also, in the columns of *The Times*, been writing on the subject of Post Office reforms and concessions. He wants each local Post Office to be a centre of light and amusement to the surrounding country. Personally we prefer Mr. Baines' ideal to that of Mr. Heaton's. Our old colleague puts much genuine enthusiasm and even poetry into his conception of what the Post Office could do for the country; whereas Mr. Heaton seems always to be lacking in a sense of proportion, and is far too anxious to score off the permanent officials.

We gladly turn from our more serious critics to those who evidently see in the post office an occasion for wit and humour. Dean Swift's argument that "the abolishing of Christianity in England may, as things stand, be attended with some inconveniences, and perhaps not produce those many good effects proposed thereby," might fairly be applied to the case of the General Post Office. Dean Swift said of the Christianity of his day, "What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius by continued practice has been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and who would therefore never be able to shine or distinguish themselves upon any other subject? We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only, topic we have left."

The defender of the Post Office in these days might almost use the same words, when he considers the amount of humour and facetiousness which our institution seems to provoke. The breakdown in the London Postal Service suggested to *Punch* the following additions to our *Post Office Guide*.

"1. Letters intended for the Provinces must be posted half an hour before they are written.

"2. There will be no 'too late' stamp for letters that are intended to go by a delivery that does not arrive.

"3. Papers, if posted in the London office, will not be despatched by the Provincial office until notice has been given to the parties interested.

"4. In order to secure the convenience of the permanent officials, letters will be ignored unless they contain stamps to the amount required by the regulations not yet formulated.

"5. In case of complaint the public will have the option of writing to St. Martin's-le-Grand or Mount Pleasant, and upon the non-receipt

of a reply from one of these offices are requested to write to the other, and in the event of obtaining no satisfactory explanation to begin again."

And the poet of the same journal rushes into parody:—

"TO THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

"*Being more 'Lines written during the Castlereagh Administration,'
after Shelley.*

"Half of my letters are lost,
Half the remainder have crossed,
Something's gone wrong with the Post,
And the City looks glum and the West End blue
When they speak about You.

"Novelists, artists, and mimes,
Fired by your Post Office crimes,
Write in disgust to the *Times*,
And the Government quakes when the eminent men
Take up the pen.

"Marks't thou the eloquent prose
And the indignation that glows
While each is narrating his woes?
Such an outcry might end the official career
Of even a Peer!

"You must own it's a deuce of a mess,
You can scarcely describe it as less,
They call it worse names in the Press.
And what do they call it, I wonder, at present
Up there at Mount Pleasant?"

Vanity Fair sees in the attempts made by the Postmaster-General to protect his monopoly, a fine opportunity for humour:—

"IN THE STOCKS.

"The Post Office people are really going too far; as may be judged from the following communications which have reached me since last week:

"It having come to the notice of the Postmaster-General that the heliograph is being used in South Africa as a means of communication, notification has been sent to the Generals in command that if it is found necessary to convey news from one arm of the Service to another it must be conveyed through the usual channels of the Post Office."

* * * *

"The Fire Alarm posts which have been erected in London for instant communication with Fire-engine Stations on an outbreak of

fire, are to be removed owing to their infringement of the monopoly of the Post Office. The view taken by the Postal Authorities is that, as these fire alarm posts are all situate within a short distance of some pillar-box, and often close to a Telegraph Station, such a means of communication as that offered by them cannot but be regarded as an encroachment on the rights of the Post Office, while their free use must certainly rob the Department of some pounds per annum.'

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"The Marylebone Cricket Club have received a notice from St. Martin's-le-Grand to remove the telegraph from the cricket ground at Lord's. This means of communicating to the spectators the progress of the match and the details of the scoring is, in the opinion of the Postmaster-General, illegal. If the M.C.C. should wish to convey news of any description to those parties who come to view the cricket, it must do so through the means provided by the Post Office; and it is pointed out that several Postal and Telegraph Offices are within easy reach of Lord's Cricket Ground.

"It is stated that the Committee of the M.C.C. propose to have question asked in Parliament about this matter.'

* * * *

"The various Railway Companies have, it is said, been put into a fluster by receiving official notice from the General Post Office Authorities that the communication buttons in all express trains must be removed owing to these contrivances being considered an infringement of the rights of Her Majesty's Postmaster-General. The General Post Office claims to be the only lawful medium of communication between the passengers and the guards or engine-drivers of express trains.

"The Postal Authorities point out that, should any matter of importance be required to be made known by any passenger to those in charge of the train, the usual means of communication through the constituted Postal channels is at the disposal of such passenger on arrival at the nearest station."

The poets of *Truth* and *The World* are too diffuse and wordy to be quoted here, but we cannot resist quotation from an exquisite sentimental ballad by Mr. Clement Scott contributed to the *Daily Express*. Mr. Scott always understood sentiment better than humour, and his poems should therefore be read within reach of a pocket-handkerchief. How could we part with the District Messenger Boy after reading this thrilling bit of jingle:—

"Like a swallow you skim by the City and Strand,
While tortoises creep from St. Martin's-le-Grand;
We trust you with bikes and with sweet billets-doux,
And we swear you shall stay with us,
Little Boy Blue."

We believe that in the fable the tortoise won the race, but we don't press the point.

The *Daily Chronicle* hears we are going in future to call our correspondents *Esquire* (with a few obvious exceptions) and away goes a pom-pom :—

“The Post Office is offering an olive branch to the British public, who have lately been inconvenienced by its proceedings. An order has just been issued to the clerks that the appellation ‘Esq.’ is ‘to be used in future in addressing all male correspondents, unless they are evidently labourers, personal servants, or tradesmen (writing from their house of business).’ This is, of course, the silly season, but we doubt whether the Duke of Norfolk, who is Head of the Herald’s College, would have countenanced such an order. ‘In cases of doubt Esq. is to be used.’ This is, indeed, generous. Let us in future withhold the knowledge of our occupation from the Post Office and so reap the benefit of the doubt. We regret to learn that the gracefulness of the act is somewhat spoilt by the fact that depositors in the Post Office Savings Bank are not to be included in the concession, but are to be all regarded on a level with ‘labourers, personal servants, and tradesmen.’ To treat them as gentlemen would, of course, be too expensive and inconvenient for the department. The Post Office is rather ridiculous. If our letters are delivered punctually we are willing to waive our claim to the suffix.”

The *Daily Telegraph* the following day borrowed without acknowledgment from this paragraph, but elongated it into a column, apparently suggesting to its readers a correspondence on the lines of “Is Marriage a Failure,” or “How to live without an income,” but the idea did not catch on. *Truth* contributed a poem on this subject entitled “The P.M.G.’s Olive Branch,” two verses of which we will give :—

“Express our regret that we don’t see our way
To take heed to that Henniker’s homily ;
Explain that at present we are not inclined
To abolish a single anomaly ;
But whilst we thus sit on the man-in-the-street,
We, of course, must be extra polite to him ;
So assure him again that we’ll call him ‘Esquire,’
Every time that we happen to write to him.

“We object to reform the Noachian plan
We adopt in ‘Expressing’ his letters ;
Of inventions which tend to his comfort promote
We refuse to become the abettors ;
But still just to show him how eager we are
To become a new source of delight to him,
Repeat our intention to dub him ‘Esquire’
Whensoever on business we write to him.”

It is only fair to ourselves to say that not only is there sufficient humour in the General Post Office to appreciate all this sort of thing, but we can also be witty at our own expense. We take the following from our contemporary, *The Telegraph Chronicle* :—

“Great amazement was caused last week by the following endorsement to a report alleged to emanate from a large provincial office :—‘ If a word be indistinctly written it should be more distinctly signalled than if it was not so. In this case it was not so, and therefore should have been more distinctly signalled than if it had been.’ The local poet was quickly ready with the subjoined paraphrase, which was on the following day used as ‘ old slip ’ to a number of stations :—

‘ If a word be indistinctly writ
It should be more so
Distinctly signalled than if it
Was not so.

‘ Had been the word distinctly writ
(In this case not so)
The less distinctly signalled it
Might be so.

‘ If signalled thus it not so had
Been then distinctly more so,
The case would not have been so bad,
But less so.

‘ Thus never not so signal might
But less or more so ;
You can’t be wrong, you may be right—
Let’s hope so ! ’ ”

Whoever the local poet may be he need not fear comparison with Mr. Clement Scott or the poet of *Truth*.

To return to our question “ Is the Post Office worth preserving ? ” we notice that Lord Farrer is the most eminent of the correspondents who have answered the question in the negative. He gives sound commercial reasons for his belief, and we are in no way inclined to say they are absurd. But in the spirit of Dean Swift we ask our opponents to ponder well what they are doing when they overthrow a big public institution. Anything which ministers to “ the spirit of opposition ” is of public utility especially if it draws off attention from quarters where vested interests are involved. Anything which in these dull days is provocative of wit or humour is doing a public


service, and at a time when the poetry of England is at as low an ebb as it has ever been in our history, it would be a national misfortune if we took away one of the few remaining inspirations of great satirical poetry. Finally we finish as we began. At times of great national anxiety, when the existence of a government is perhaps threatened, or the misfortunes of our army in the field require to be kept in the background, it is above all things useful to have provided at our doors an efficacious safety valve for indignant Britons to work off their surplus emotions on. It is a rear-guard action the Post Office is called upon constantly to fight, while the main body itself has opportunity to retreat and entrench itself in a securer position. Nobody has yet thought of making the Post Office a party question, so when a khaki election is in the air it is desirable to have an object of attack which, unlike the War Office or the Colonial Office, is not affected by party politics, and is yet full of delightful inconsistencies.

Taking all this into consideration we submit that we are justified in paraphrasing Mr. Gladstone's words: "The Post Office of this great nation *is* worth preserving, and for that end much may well be borne."

The Street I Know Best.

“ Ah ! that hamlet in Saxon Kent—
 Shall I find it when I come home
 With toil and travelling well nigh spent,
 Tired with life in jungle and tent,
 Eastward never again to roam ?
 Pleasantest corner the world can show,
 In a vale which slopes to the English sea.”

SIR ALFRED LYALL.

OME weeks ago this subject was selected by *The Academy* for its weekly competition, and though it seemed that there was, at any rate, inspiration in the idea, hardly one of the competitors rose to the occasion. Many, doubtless, were hampered by the fact that they were limited to 200 words, and epigram became therefore a necessity. Epigram is for the few, not the many, and a laboured epigram is a contradiction in terms. But the title! does it not set us all thinking? Some with only short memories think of the little suburban street in which is situated their latest villa residence; others with minds steeped in officialism think of the view from their office windows; while a few perhaps are conscious that the only street they have really known, every nook and cranny of which has imprinted itself on the mind, is the road in which they made mud-pies when boys or girls, and which, during the impressionable years of childhood, was the school where they learnt what is never to be found in books.

The streets I have lived in since I was fifteen I have only been acquainted with: I have regarded them chiefly as means to an end, or I have been interested in them because of the personalities which inhabit them. I have lived in a house in the street, not in the street itself. But the poor, little, unpicturesque village road which ran past the house in which I spent my childhood is on a quite different footing. I know it like I do my Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, and the date of the Norman Conquest. It led to nowhere: it did not even possess a name: it merely connected more important roads, and the only other houses within sight were too far off to have any human interest for me. There were views from the road, because it ran along higher ground than the country

immediately surrounding, but I have never been able to get anybody outside my own family to agree with me that they are beautiful views. I once took Angelina down the road, and taking into consideration the fact repeatedly admitted between ourselves during our courtship, and sometimes since, that we are affinities, I felt justified in pointing out to her in glowing oratory all the glories of the outlook. She tried, as she always does, to understand my enthusiasm. She made a gallant effort to say something pretty about the expanse of marsh land, and the treeless, hedgeless waste which surrounded us, but I was conscious all the time that the doctrine of affinities was experiencing the severest of strains. Something had come between us for the moment, and I felt it was the road. I saw something in it that she did not, and *vice versâ*. What *she* saw she confessed to me later on, when worn out with the fatigue of the walk, which my enthusiasm prevented me from feeling, she groaned out that she had had a horrid day, and she would rather herself live in the New Cut than in this wilderness. If it is possible to feel jealousy towards an inanimate object Angelina felt it that day. Since the date of that unhappy excursion, and so far as this road is concerned, like the prophet Isaiah, "I have trodden the wine-press alone."

All the tragedy and comedy that fill a child's life quite as much as they do in middle age were to me connected with that road. Pictures are called up in my mind of events which have left a lasting impression on my life; of happy meetings, of schoolboy partings, of foot races and pony races, of eager straining of eyes for the postman's cart, and the doctor's gig, or the home-coming of parents. And there is a picture of a funeral procession, and later on of a furniture removal van wending their way along the highway, which are none the less vivid because they are the last recollections I possess of that far away time. It is above all other thoroughfares in this wide world, "the street that I know."

But to the historical student the view from that road was not uninteresting. If you take your map of Kent and look in the north-east corner of the county, you will find a strip of land with a name which puzzles many strangers. The Isle of Thanet is no more an island than is Thorney Island, on which stands Westminster Abbey. But from the spot of which I am speaking, and which lies on the north-west boundary of Thanet, it was brought home to you that the district once *was* an island. And local traditions and local names all reminded one of that glorious past when the ships of the

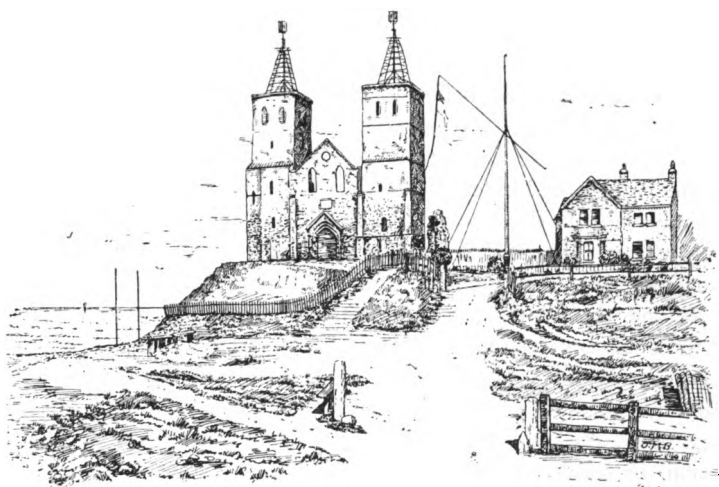
world passed within a short mile of our road, and our village provided a ford over the ancient River Wantsum. The North Sea was in our view some two miles away, but the channel had long since filled up, and our village was just an ordinary inland hamlet from which the glory had gone. My father, who was much interested in the traditions and history of the place, used to take me as a boy for long walks, and he liked to fire my imagination by tracing out the course of the channel, which was as nearly as possible indicated by marsh land, and by telling me of the historic scenes which had taken place almost at our very doors. He made the most of the few recorded sensations which our island had witnessed. He would work me up into a Jingo fever by relating how, in 1052, a Danish fleet, after plundering the eastern coast of Kent, sailed right past us out into the North Sea. And he used to tell me—perhaps it was only his desire to stimulate my imagination—that it was quite possible, indeed, continued encroachments of the sea seemed to suggest it, that some day the sea would once more seek her old channel, and we might wake up one morning and find our village famous once again. It is certain that there was a local tradition of a tremendous tidal wave in the last century, which drove the sea into her old channel for one tide only. She then rushed through the long dried-up Northmouth, near Reculver, rolled and tumbled along the channel she had forsaken centuries ago, ran up all the old creeks, all the little backwaters, kissed the shores of the ancient ville of Sarre, where lay a Saxon cemetery, and where a bit of old chalk cliff once again restrained the wave as it used to do in Saxon times. On across the marshes where now runs, or rather crawls, the South-Eastern Railway, past Richborough Castle, and flooding part of the town of Sandwich, which had ventured to build itself in the ancient sea-bed. It was an afternoon call on the part of the North Sea, and whether the story be legend or history there was everything in the idea to assist me in cherishing the dream that the call might be repeated in my time. I know that my father shared my dream, and during gales and abnormally high tides I have seen him gazing through his telescope, and I have been aware that for the moment his Christianity has failed him and he is inwardly hoping for an event which cannot but mean destruction for man and beast. Much study of the map of ancient Thanet which appears in *Hasted's History of Kent* had developed in him and in me these dangerous dreams. Dangerous to others, I should add, because we ourselves lived in “a city set on a hill,” and could enjoy the prospect of a flood.

The parishes of St. Nicholas-at-Wade and Sarre were, for ecclesiastical purposes, combined, and both places were, in early English times, of far-reaching importance. Both had seen better days, and their Vicar knew that nothing but the return of the North Sea to her own could bring back those halcyon times. I learnt, from my father's enthusiasm, to idealise my surroundings, and in truth there was need of idealism in our bleak little corner of Kent. There were commercial aspects of our dream which we both realised. The voyage from London to Dover and Southampton would be considerably shortened, and London steamboat trippers might visit our village in their thousands. The fact that a big tidal wave would wash away the South-Eastern and Chatham Railways we did not regard as an unmixed evil. Indeed, most of our farmers would have cheerfully sat on the bank and watched the directors of both companies drown as well if that could have been arranged. Both companies' lines ran through our parishes, and yet we were three miles from a railway station.

From my road I could watch the North Sea two miles or more away, bearing vessels big and small on their way to and from London, and I pitied them from my heart for their long detour round the North Foreland, when a short cut past our village had been nature's original design. There is still a stream at Sarre, which is all that is left of the original channel, but it would pass unnoticed among other dykes. It flows into the Stour right away from Reculver, the very dregs of the old Wantsum. The ferry at Sarre, which was three furlongs wide in the time of Bede, was abandoned only as late as 1485, when a bridge was permitted to take the place of the ferry, which was "so swaved, growen and hyged with wose mudde and sande that nowe no ferry or cther passage may be there." And you can still trace below the chalk cliff of which I have spoken, the shoals and sandbanks, the legacies of our lost sea. Sarre is the half-way resting place between Margate and Canterbury, but not one in a hundred of the visitors who pass through the place in the summer months know that it was a flourishing town when Whitechapel was a marsh and Camden Town a forest. Its name in the days of its prosperity has even vanished, for Sarre means sore, sorry, or decayed. Such it is even to this day. As a local historian puts it, "When the river dried up, Sarre dried up too."

The addition of "At Wade" to our name St. Nicholas meant so much to us; it was a perpetual reminder of our lost sea beach. What romances there are in the names of places! There is a dirty, squalid

little street in Kentish Town called Angler's Lane, but I never go down it without calling up to my fancy the days when the River Fleet flowed here between green banks from the Hampstead hills, and the seventeenth and eighteenth century fishermen claimed Angler's Lane as their own. So our "At Wade" meant a great deal to me. It recalled the great days when Saxon chiefs, Jutes, Danes, and Britons forded our channel, and it had no present significance at all. Dryness rather than dampness was what we suffered from. The old rhyme ran, "When all England wrings, then the island sings." No, our forefathers may have waded across the Wantsum, but their



"THE SISTERS," RECVLER.

degenerate successors were thankful to catch enough water to fill a few cattle ponds.

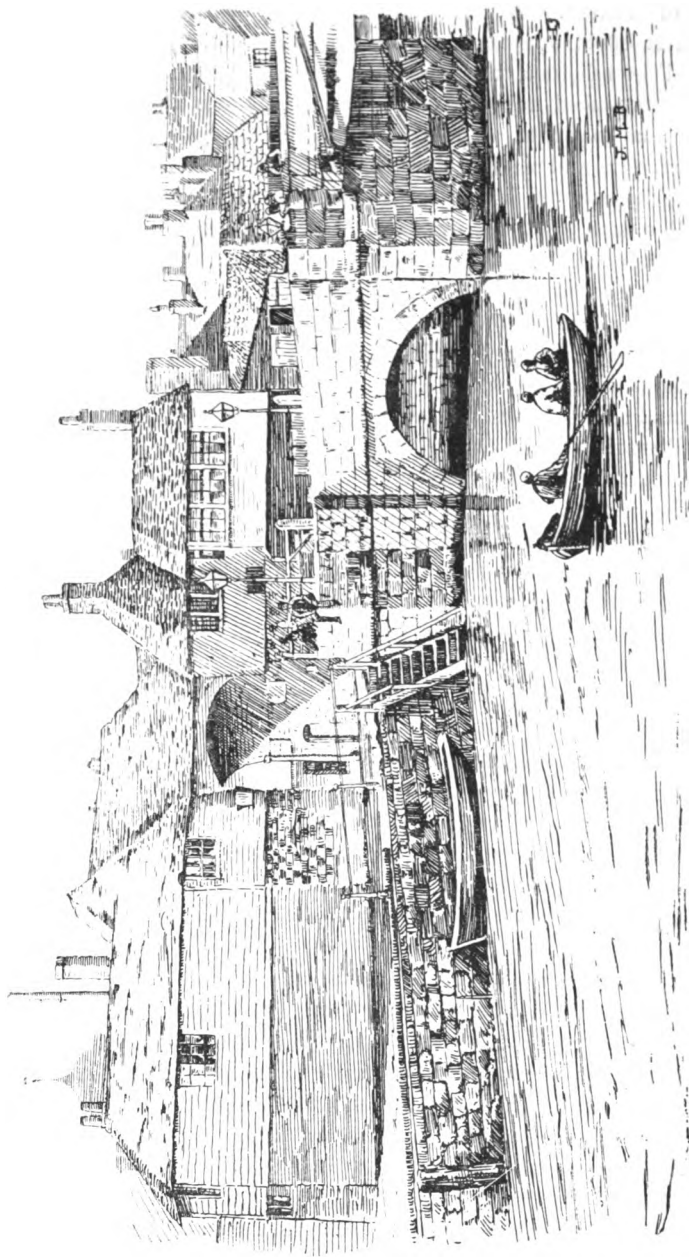
Reculver lay two miles away, the most prominent feature in our landscape, and the Roman Wall, covered with green foliage partially enclosing the place, which thousands of cockney trippers from Herne Bay visit annually, was our biggest exhibit. Reculver was our mother church, and though nothing was left of our mother but her towers, we still paid her homage in a very practical way. The amount in money her over-lordship meant to us had dwindled down to half-a-crown per annum, but every year on Whit Monday our parish clerk trudged across the marshes to pay the ancient fee to

the representative of the mother church. The clerk received half-a-crown from our parish for his trouble. At vestry meetings, economists, village treasury officials, used frequently to move that this payment to the parish clerk be refused and the half-crown sent in future by post to Reculver. But these gentlemen were usually newcomers, men who had no regard for the traditions of the place, and they were happily always in a minority. The ancient records contained an express injunction that the money was to be delivered by hand, and it was considered a gross want of respect for our churchless mother to take advantage of her weak position by sending her a money-order; other economists frequently proposed the commutation of the fee, seeing that Reculver was only a ruin, but conservatism invariably prevailed against hateful commonsense. I believe that when Reculver is ultimately washed away into the sea, as it probably will be before many years are past, that our parish authorities will be quite equal to the new situation. They will cast the half-crown into the waters out of respect for their drowned mother, and vested interests in the shape of the parish clerk will strongly support their action. The difficulty will be of course the receipt, but I know that the parish clerk of my day would have circumvented this problem.

No one who has not lived among them has the slightest conception of the obstinacy and conservatism of East Kent folk. There is no need among them of a Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments. The old residents are ancient monuments themselves, they never die, and they act every day in ways without rhyme, reason, or beauty, merely because their grandfathers so acted. It was once proposed by my father at a village meeting that certain ugly high pews of the seventeenth century should be removed from the church and more comfortable and artistic ones substituted. The leading farmer of the place was no orator, but he knew his own mind; it was not of the cross-bench order or that of a Campbell-Bannerman. He merely rose and said: "If t'old pew where my grand-dad worshipped is burnt down, then I'll be burnt with it," and he carried the meeting with him. My father looked as if he wished he hadn't spoken. Like Sarre, he dried up, and no more was heard of the obnoxious proposal. People have lamented over the obstinacy of President Kruger and the Boer oligarchy, and I have been unable to sympathise with them to the extent of recognising anything abnormal in the condition of things. I suppose my mental attitude is due to the fact that I was brought up among the farmers of the

Isle of Thanet. Neither new diplomacy nor brick-bats had the slightest effect outside or inside our island skulls, and there is no record in religious, literary, artistic, or scientific history of our having produced anybody of importance. Poets like Rossetti came among us to die, saints like St. Augustine in order to convert us to Christianity, and authors like Charles Dickens to make fun of us. Even the Isle of Man has produced a Hall Caine. But since the Wantsum dried up, our intellectual life has run in an equally thin stream. Perhaps it is because we are overshadowed by our nearness to Canterbury. Right away over the marshes nine miles away can be seen the tower of Bell Harry, attracting like a magnet everything to it which is at all intellectual or spiritual. But our farmers knew not Canterbury as the Christian metropolis of England; they drove in once a week to the Canterbury cattle market, and when they had finished their marketings they argued with each other in the bars of the "Rose" or the "Fleur de Lis" over questions the rest of the country had long ago disposed of. They were usually agreed on one point—even those who kept a carriage and pair on the strength of the good prices which ruled in the sixties and seventies—that Gladstone was ruining the country, but some of those who were most vehement in denouncing him had not the remotest intention of voting for the Tories. Several of our most obtuse farmers were Liberals, and they regarded with undisguised suspicion the politics of my father, who was a Conservative with intelligible grounds for his creed. Conservative politics were something new, a Liberal Government was good enough for them as it had been for their fathers, and they hated any departure from the old ways. So they voted Liberal as a protest against innovations. And let those who are annoyed by this apparent contrariness attempt to realise what it must be to live from year's end to year's end in an island which is not an island.

At the other end of the Wantsum were Richborough, Sandwich, and Stonar, with many great memories, and Ebbsfleet, one of the most interesting of our show places. Most Christians have heard of Ebbsfleet. "No spot in England can be so sacred," said John Richard Green. A few years ago the Catholic Church and the Church of England celebrated on the spot the landing of St. Augustine. The fact that for the sake of peace the celebrations occurred on two different days, and that both Churches professed to be supremely contemptuous of each other's claims, suggests to the thoughtful mind that England is very far from having assimilated the



THE BARBICAN, SANDWICH.

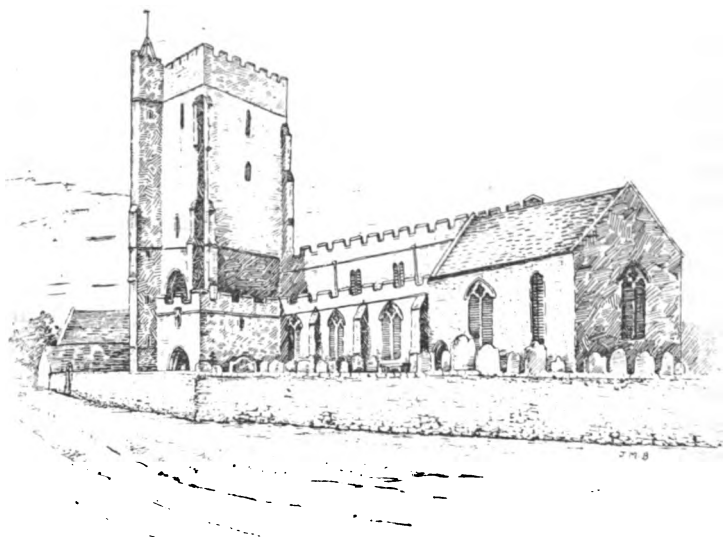
religion which was brought to Ebbsfleet thirteen hundred years ago. Ebbsfleet, which is now "a mere lift of ground with a few grey cottages dotted over it," was very much in ancient days what the Admiralty Pier at Dover now is. All the celebrities landed there from the Continent. Perhaps Cæsar, certainly Hengist and Horsa, King Canute, St. Augustine, and many illustrious Danes and Jutes. Following a method too common in the books of Christian apologists, it has been seriously argued by some people that St. Paul landed here because there is no statement in the Epistles or in contemporary historians that he did not do so. I venture to think that the indirect evidence to be found in the Epistles in favour of such a theory is stronger, and that when St. Paul was describing his treatment by the Barbarians, he was probably thinking of Thanet. I don't press this argument, but the fact remains that the island is still inhabited by barbarians, and is still the annual resort of St. Paul's own countrymen. Margate has indeed often been called the New Jerusalem, and it is a question whether if St. Paul were in the summer months to visit Thanet again to preach the Gospel, his audience would not be composed of more Jews than Gentiles.

It was William the Conqueror who set the fashion of landing farther south. And this was distinctly unkind to the Isle of Thanet. We had always accepted quite readily anybody who called on us; we changed our religion and habits and customs at the bidding of anybody who showed fight, and yet when the Norman Conquest came we got overlooked. Trade follows the flag, and I have heard ignorant East Kent folk argue that the Wantsum dried up for want of exercise, because, in fact, the Normans boycotted it. There is a tradition that we of East Kent just rushed into William of Normandy's arms and made things comfortable for him, whereas the men of West Kent fought for their rights and were, as a result, allowed to retain their law of gavelkind which exists to this day. And to this day the man of Kent who hails from the Weald despises the East Kent man and calls him a Kentish man. The feeling is still most bitter, though limited now to boys' and girls' schools and Kentish family parties. It is only fair to myself to add that I am a man of Kent: I was born not in Thanet, but in the Weald, but I have to my great regret two brothers and one sister who belong to the lower stratum of Kentish society.

Now-a-days, to most people, the Isle of Thanet means simply Margate or Ramsgate. It is curious how firmly set in the affections of Londoners are these two places. One day in the early summer,

I walked into a hairdresser's saloon in the City of London. I am afraid that the hairdresser was misled by appearances, and as he flourished the scissors and comb over my head, he exclaimed in confident tones, "Well, sir, which is it to be this year, Margate or Ramsgate?" And I gathered from his subsequent remarks that he himself selected the two places alternately.

Which is it to be, Margate or Ramsgate? asks many a careworn father of children. All that I can say is that if you are doomed to select the one or the other, make the best of it, and leaving the sands



THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS-AT-WADE.

and the minstrels to those who enjoy them, seek out for yourself the bed of the River Wantsum, follow up its course and revel in its memories. Blot out from your mind both Margate and Ramsgate, and take to your heart the Dead Cities of Thanet, Reculver, Richborough, Sarre, Ebbsfleet, Stonar, Minster and Sandwich, and people them with the creations of your historical fancy. Unlike their sisters of the Zuyder Zee, they keep their heads above water. Don't forget to visit the beautiful Early English Churches of St. Nicholas-at-Wade and Minster, and if you want to ask the way to the former place remember that the local pronunciation is "Snicklus." From the high ground of "Snicklus," and better still

from the church tower, you can understand a little some of my enthusiasm.

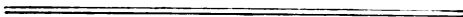
After making full allowance for the influence of the personal estimate I yet submit that in that view there is "something not ourselves which makes for" beauty. The beauty is that of a Dutch landscape: the harmonies are in a minor key; in the mild gray light, so frequent on our coast, sea and land are barely distinguished between, and Dutch windmills and Dutch roads, with long avenues of trees, meet the eye here and there. I have seen several Rembrandts which might have been painted in the Isle of Thanet. Opposite, on the Essex coast, the similarity is still more marked, while in Essex there are to be found groups of genuine Dutch inhabitants who have made their home in surroundings suited to their own particular genius. Just as in Holland one is reminded everywhere of the perpetual contest between man and the sea, so on our church tower in the Isle of Thanet we are looking down on the same battlefield. Sea walls, extensive groining, and an elaborate system of dykes are our defences, but they are not invulnerable. Sir Charles Lyell's estimate was that the advance of the sea on this coast was at the rate of two feet per annum. My road is therefore 56 feet nearer the sea than when I lived in it. We used to comfort ourselves with the thought that "it would last our time," and I am inclined to think that Thanet may still outlive many securer inland places. For the capricious sea has a way of growing weary of long continued tendencies, and she may one day beat a retreat of her own accord as she did at Ebbsfleet and Sandwich centuries ago, and once more begin to invade those forsaken places, and the Wantsum may fill up again at the Ebbsfleet end of the channel. This would not be in accordance with the dream my father and I cherished, for we used to point our telescope at the Reculver end. But the final result will be the same, for from whichever end the sea forces its way, St. Nicholas will necessarily be At Wade in fact as well as in name.

I have now only to add that I have written so far, and that Angelina is still unconverted. She sniffs significantly as she puts down the printer's proofs and says: "Yes, you were right; epigram is for the few, and you have certainly taken more than 200 words to describe your island; but, my dear boy, don't you see that you could have written as misleading an essay about the New Cut?"

But this time Angelina shall not have the last word. In one of the many beautiful *Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland*, the wife of a Canon of Canterbury, there are some wise words concerning the

sentiment attaching to the places we know. "The wind blew so soft from the south-west as we jogged along to church. The lanes, the common, the woods, all seemed so lovely and so *well-known*. Something in this country at the turn of summer into autumn goes to my heart. It is partly that I have gone through such things . . . at this time of year, and the remembrance of them gives expression to the landscape, and in this there is nothing melancholy. It is like the face of some well-beloved friend with whom one has passed through good and evil days, and who has always been faithful and kind."

EDWARD BENNETT.





S. B. REED.
(*West, Bromwich.*)



G. STACEY.
(*Worthing.*)



J. GIBSON.
(*Burton-on-Trent.*)



C. C. R. TWIST.
(*St. Helen's.*)



B. THRALL.
(*Torquay.*)



J. P. EKINS
(*Lartford.*)



J. SPARKMAN.
(*North Shields.*)



SOME POSTMASTERS.



[To face page 402.]

Some Reminiscences of a Clerk-in-Charge.

MY first essay as a provincial Clerk-in-Charge was at a place named after a Crimean fortress ; there is no need to be more explicit. Upon arrival there, late on a drenching wet Saturday night, I found that the sub-postmaster's premises were closed and in possession of two bailiffs ; one of whom, as I subsequently learnt, had been put in by the landlord, who was concerned for arrears of rent, and the other on account of a bill of sale, which had been given on the household and shop effects. The sub-postmaster himself had decamped ; but before taking French leave he had issued several money orders (out of course) for the maximum amount, which he made payable to an assumed name and cashed himself at another office a day or two after his departure. He had also accepted over the counter a substantial amount of Savings Bank money which he omitted to debit his account with. In addition, the cash account showed a large deficiency. The sub-postmaster was a grocer and beer-seller ; and as after his departure the business was in a state of suspension, the two custodians of the assets deemed themselves at liberty to make free use of the available commodities, with the result that the beer, especially, became largely reduced in quantity. Subsequently the property was disposed of by public auction, in order partly to liquidate the various claims ; and I was no sooner left the sole occupant of the premises than a somewhat embarrassing situation presented itself. Being inexperienced I was unaware of my responsibility for rent ; and as the office was only a small one and the amount demanded for accommodation proved to be large, I hurriedly removed the stock to an improvised office in a small private house, where about one-fourth of the previous charge was asked, and taking out the lower window sash, so that a temporary letter box could be inserted therein, I utilised the kitchen-table as a public counter. My transfer report forms and journal, as first submitted, were prepared uniquely and came back for amendment.

At another office where I was put in charge, the sub-postmaster had reported that during his absence one evening a gentleman

representing himself to be an official had called at the post office and demanded the cash box from his wife for the ostensible purpose of examining the accounts. Having possessed himself of this, he held the women in check with a loaded pistol, emptied the contents of the box into his pocket, and marched off. The report upon investigation appeared, for manifold reasons, so obviously manufactured, that the authorities decided to place the office in other hands. Here one of my first customers in the almost emptied place enquired "plaze do you zell mate and that"?—a question calculated to stagger one fresh from the officialism of a large office.

At another office which had been reported for defalcations and was about to be placed in charge, the postmaster, on being informed of the step to be taken, quietly disappeared for some hours and could not be found; and the final account, which had been commenced before noon, could not be completed until midnight. It transpired later that this expert official had made good use of his absence by borrowing large sums from subordinate offices, besides taking advantage of one of the postmen to the extent of £100. A lawyer, also, who had in the past been one of this man's best friends, was so far deceived as to hand over to him as a temporary loan some hundreds of pounds. When found later on, the defaulter, who pleaded prostration, was upstairs in bed with a physician in attendance, the latter endeavouring to diagnose the malady from which his patient was suffering. The doctor was so thoroughly duped as to believe the man was seriously ill.

At a railway sub-office some years ago, the accounts of an imprudent postmistress, who was far too fond of dress, were found to be deficient to the extent of over one hundred pounds. At checking times the deficiency was made good by money borrowed for the day from one or the other of the postmistress's friends. Parcels of expensive wearing apparel had also been obtained from London and other houses in the names of visitors, and the goods on arrival were disposed of unrecorded. Needless to add this lady's services were dispensed with. In relation to this place it may be stated that a number of aspirants for the office having approached the local M.P. for nomination, that gentleman, in order probably not to incur the displeasure of one or the other of his constituents, suggested the drawing of lots, promising to recommend for appointment, in the event of application from the Treasury, the fortunate individual. The drawing duly took place in a local chapel; and the so-far successful candidate, feeling sure that the appointment was as good as made,

proceeded, without loss of time or reference to the department, to fit up and complete, according to his own notions, a room for office purposes, with counter, letter box, &c., only to find in course of time that another person had been selected for the post.

In another case a troublesome sub-postmaster so influenced the public by his explanation of dismissal, that a boycott ensued and the greatest difficulty was experienced in obtaining lodgings for myself or even temporary accommodation for the office. Both were eventually secured, but the "office" was only a cottage, and a borrowed wall box had to be chained to the trellis work of the doorway.

One office where special duty had been performed, owing to the postmaster's long absence on sick leave, was some years later visited again and taken charge of, when it was found that the postmaster had done his work very imperfectly during the whole of the interim. A visit to the cellars revealed the retention there of some tons of waste and obsolete forms which should have been sent to the stores. These had become so dank and discoloured, that after being dug out by a small army of postmen, who acted for the nonce as navvies, they had to be destroyed in consequence of their offensive condition. The clearance of this accumulation and the demolition of some old buildings at the rear was followed by a plague of rats. They came in the office in battalions and were a source of so much mischief that dogs and ferrets had to be employed to exterminate them. Parcels were eaten during the night, and as fast as holes in the flooring were repaired, fresh ones were made in other parts.

A singular accident which the sub-postmaster of H—— met with, and which subsequently brought about his decease, was the cause of my taking charge of his office. Standing by a horse one day the animal in turning its head struck the man a violent blow on the breast, which, through inattention at the time, resulted later in a tumour from which the poor fellow never recovered. The vacancy occurred during the old patronage period. The widow, a churchwoman, being an applicant for the office, sought the assistance of the rector of the parish; but that gentleman, who was a great temperance advocate and apparently very arbitrary, would only consent to assist her conditionally. One stipulation was that the woman should sign his pledge-book, and another, that her daughter, a girl of twenty, who had been an assistant teacher at the church schools for some years on a salary of £10 a year, and who, like the insatiable *Oliver Twist*, had had the temerity to ask for more, should remain for at least six months longer without an increase. Compliance in either matter

being out of the question, the clergyman informed the applicant that, even if nomination was secured, he should probably endeavour to dissuade the two local gentlemen who had acted as private sureties to the late sub-postmaster from becoming bond for the widow.

Army reservists as applicants for vacant postmanships have given infinite troubles at times. One man whose appointment was proceeding, on being asked for a certificate of birth, immediately handed in his resignation under the impression that if a certificate was produced he would probably get into trouble with the War Office for having under-stated his age on enlistment. Another man's appointment caused almost endless difficulty on account of his having always assumed and been called by one name, when both christian and surnames were totally different. In this case declarations on oath by the man's parents had to be made to the effect that the man known as, say, "Charles Pedal," and whose correct name was "Thomas Walker," was one and the same person. A third candidate of the soldier class, an educated Scotchman who had evidently seen better days, threw up the berth after a week or two's trial because the locality was foreign to him, the street-names were awkward of pronunciation, and but few of the houses were numbered.

A poor half-wit and a sort of social pariah who was employed at an office in the fruit-growing districts to deliver occasional portorage telegrams, and who could always be relied upon to make the best use of his time, particularly if entertained with a meal at his destination, was most unwilling on one occasion to retain the charge collected for delivery, observing on his return to the office that he considered himself amply paid and would rather not keep the money.

Announcing the opening of a money order office by crier would doubtless be considered a singular proceeding, yet this is what occurred on one occasion. The opening, which had been fixed as usual for the first of the month, having to be deferred for a few days through want of the necessary forms, the sub-postmaster when actually ready was so anxious for the public to know, that he sent the crier—or "Bellman" as he was locally known—to acquaint all and sundry of his preparedness for business. Satisfactory results followed; numbers of people quickly visited the new office, each one desirous of obtaining the first order, or to be the first depositor in the new Bank.

Cardiff.

S. STANCOMBE.

The Forty-sixth Report of the Postmaster-General.

THE Report on the Post Office for the year ended the 31st of March last tells, in the bald unvarnished style to which we are now acclimatized, the story of another twelvemonth's work, progress and development. The number of postal packets delivered in the United Kingdom is estimated to have been :

	NUMBER.	INCREASE PER CENT.
Letters	2,246,800,000	... 2.7
Post Cards	400,300,000	... 4.7
Book Packets and Circulars	702,800,0002
Newspapers	163,400,000	... 6.
Parcels (actual number) ...	75,448,000	... 4.9
Total	3,588,748,000	... 2.6

These figures show that each inhabitant of the United Kingdom received during the year an average of more than 88 postal packets, of which 55.3 were letters, 9.8 postcards, 17.3 book packets, 4.0 newspapers, and 1.9 parcels. As many as 16,256,852 letters were registered, or 6.7 per cent. more than in the previous year, a fact that completely justifies the persistent advice of the Department to register letters containing articles of value. The increase in the number of newspapers passing through the post is stated to be beyond recorded precedent. No doubt the war in South Africa has induced a larger issue of newspapers, but when it is remembered that the railway companies compete with the Department in this branch of work it is, we think, very satisfactory to find the Post Office able to hold its own in the competition, although we believe the carriage of newspapers adds nothing to the net revenue.

There were 720,381 express services, an increase of 12.34 per cent. In London 769,764 articles were delivered by express messenger, including 308,058 letters sent out in advance of the postman. The special delivery of letters in London on Sunday averaged only 59 a Sunday. It may comfort strict Sabbatarians to know how little advantage has been taken of an arrangement they feared would outrage their too sensitive consciences.

Except as regards book packets there was a very considerable

increase in the number of undelivered postal packets. The total number of undelivered letters from abroad rose from 373,308 in the previous year to 463,611 in the year under review. No less than 35,448 letters for the Transvaal and the late Orange Free State were stopped at Cape Town on the outbreak of the war, and undelivered correspondence for the Army in South Africa is still coming back in large quantities. Property to the value of £725,613 was enclosed in undelivered letters, and 14,066 parcels were found in the post without address, the tie-on labels in many of these cases having been lost. In all 288,667 packets were posted without address, and 2,767 of these contained cash, or paper money, to the amount of £9,764.

The extension of the house to house delivery of letters in rural districts has been completed in England, and nearly completed in Scotland and Ireland. It is estimated that since June, 1897, about 55,000,000 letters a year have been brought into the official delivery.

In connexion with the Foreign and Colonial post a new contract for the conveyance of mails to New York came into operation in August, 1899; a new contract has been entered into for the South African mails, under which the course of post between London and Cape Town will be shortened by two days; under a contract with the Pacific Steam Navigation Company improved services will come into operation as regards the South American mails; by an arrangement with the French Government the transit of the homeward Australian mails has been improved, and two daily despatches in each direction are now made by way of Folkestone and Boulogne. In October last Cape Colony adopted the penny postage, and now Australia alone blocks the way to a penny postage system throughout the Empire. The number of parcels sent to and received from abroad was 2,510,615, an increase of about 12 per cent. for the year, and the value of goods exported and imported by parcel post was £3,683,860.

The Post Office, and we believe every department of the State, always acts, as far as circumstances permit, on precedent, and it is satisfactory to know that the despatch of an Army Post Office is quite in accordance with the precedent of forty-five years ago, when officers of the Post Office were sent out during the Crimean War to deal with the correspondence of our soldiers. The postal staff now in South Africa consists of 10 officers and 332 men, and it would appear they have at times quite enough to do. During eight months of the Crimean War 362,000 letters were sent out and

345,000 were sent home. During a similar period of the war in South Africa 5,629,938 letters were sent out and 2,731,559 were sent home. These figures present a striking contrast even when allowance is made for the larger force in South Africa. The postage on many homeward letters from the army has not been prepaid owing to the impossibility of the writers obtaining stamps, and these letters have been delivered free of charge. To prevent this unwonted liberality being cited as a precedent, the Report adds that the amount due for postage is made good from army funds. So many of the fast mail packets were taken up as transports for the conveyance of our troops to South Africa that some difficulties and delays arose in connexion with the transatlantic mails.

The number of telegrams sent over the wires of the department during the year was 90,415,123, made up as follows:—

	NUMBER.	RECEIPTS.
		£
Ordinary, Inland ...	74,151,385 ...	2,299,574
Press, Inland ...	6,812,781 ...	143,233
Foreign ...	7,521,540 ...	358,943
Railway, free ...	1,443,766 ...	
„ reduced rate	31,456 ...	616
Government, free ...	454,195 ...	

The receipts for telegrams, amounting to £2,802,366, are 3.74 per cent. above the receipts for the previous year, and the average value of an inland telegram has risen from 7.38d. to 7.44d. The foreign telegrams have increased 7.83 per cent., and this growth is attributed to two causes, viz., activity on the Stock Exchange and the war in South Africa. Press telegrams have increased 9.17 per cent., for which the war is also responsible. The news of the relief of Ladysmith brought 50,000 extra telegrams into the Central office on the 1st March, and on that day no less than 7,500 telegrams were handed in at the Threadneedle Street office between 10.0 and 11.10 a.m.

The gales and storms of February wrought sad havoc with the Post Office wires, and it cost £12,000 to repair the damage. Now that the underground line between London and Birmingham is practically finished, it is hoped that the telegraph service will be less affected by storms, as the district through which the line passes is specially exposed to the force of severe gales.

New circuits have been established between London and sixteen provincial towns, and direct communication is now possible between London and Buda-Pest, Lyons, Nice, and Zurich.

There have been several extensions of the Trunk Telephone System, which is now in operation at 299 offices. The total number of Trunk transactions, each transaction involving at least two spoken messages, was 8,094,578, and the revenue was £191,701, an increase of more than 14 per cent. as regards both transactions and revenue. Contracts involving the expenditure of upwards of £500,000 have been entered into for establishing a Post Office Telephone Exchange system in London, and a license was granted in March to the Corporation of Glasgow for a Municipal Exchange in that city.

The staff of the Post Office, on the 31st March, included 167,070 persons, 91,723 of whom were established officers. Although the conduct of the staff generally is stated to have been good, 915 persons were dismissed, about 2,685 servants of the department have been withdrawn for service in South Africa as reservists, militia, or volunteers in addition to the members of the Army Post Office Corps, so that in all about 3,400 persons connected with the Post Office are now at the seat of war. The health of the staff has been good, and 74,998 men, and 9,307 women, are under the care of 585 medical officers attached to the department. The sick absence averaged 7.3 days for each man, and 10.8 days for each woman during the year, a considerable increase over the figures for the previous year.

The postal revenue of the year is estimated to have been £13,394,335, the expenditure was £9,683,704, so that the profit was £3,710,631. The revenue and the expenditure are the highest recorded, but as the expenditure has increased at a higher ratio than the revenue the net profit is less than in the previous year, a circumstance which need not cause regret outside the Treasury Chambers. The Telegraph revenue was £3,460,492 and the expenditure £3,748,390; the net deficit was therefore £288,438, or, if allowance be made for interest on the capital sunk in the purchase of the Telegraphs, £10,868,663, the deficit on the year was £587,326.

The statistics of the Money Order Office show that every branch of business has increased during the year. The Foreign Telegraph Money Order Service has been extended to Austria, Holland, Norway, Switzerland, and to other countries. Money can now be transmitted through the Post Office with astonishing rapidity, as appears from an example quoted in the report. In the winter a letter takes about twelve days to travel from Vardo (Norway) to

London, but a Telegraph Money Order issued at Vardo at 1.25 p.m. on the 11th February was delivered in London the same afternoon.

As many as 82,115,674 Postal Orders, representing £28,633,884, were issued during the year, an increase of 6.98 per cent. in number, and of 5.20 per cent. in amount on the corresponding figures for the year 1898-9.

The statistics of the Post Office Savings Bank also show a great increase of business. As many as 14,654,609 deposits representing £39,122,160 were made in the year, and the withdrawals numbered 5,094,033, and amounted to £35,171,475. On the 31st December there were 121,978 deposits amounting to £389,648, and both figures are the highest for a single day since the establishment of the bank. The distribution of the accounts throughout the United Kingdom on the 31st December was as follows:—

	NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS.	TOTAL AMOUNT TO CREDIT OF DEPOSITORS.	AVERAGE AMOUNT TO CREDIT OF EACH DEPOSITOR.	PROPORTION OF DEPOSITORS TO POPULATION.
		£	£ s. d.	
England and Wales ...	7,332,728	117,619,724	16 0 10	1 in 4.35
Scotland ...	351,236	4,787,810	13 12 8	1 in 12.19
Ireland ...	362,716	7,711,071	21 5 2	1 in 12.50
Totals	8,046,680	130,118,605	16 3 5	1 in 5.06

The number of withdrawals by telegraph was 161,190 or nearly 20,000 more than in the previous year, an unfortunate increase having regard to the promotion of thrift. There were also 11,405 telegraphic notices for withdrawal by return of post. An increase in the number of investments in Stock was chiefly due to the fall of the price of Consols in December.

The balance sheet of the Post Office Savings Bank shows that the liabilities exceed the assets by £504,928, and the publication of the balance sheet has evoked an enquiry from a correspondent of *The Times* whether the Post Office Savings Bank is solvent? A Scotchman always answers a question addressed to him by putting another, and following Scotch example we would ask, Is the United Kingdom solvent? For if the State is solvent depositors in the Post Office Savings Bank need not trouble themselves about the safety of their money, as the State is liable for the repayment of the deposits with interest. Whether the balance sheet of the Post Office Savings Bank is constructed upon scientific principles, and whether the interest allowed to depositors should be at once reduced, are important questions, but are outside the scope of this article.

The Post Office and the District Messenger Company.

[The unfairness of much of the criticism which has lately been directed against the Post Office is especially noticeable in the case of the action taken by the Postmaster General to protect his monopoly. The District Messenger Company having been informed that its licence for the conveyance of letters—which expires in 1903—may not be renewed, one newspaper after another, without any knowledge of the real position of affairs, has attacked the Department. A vast amount of bad logic and silly sentiment has been wasted on the subject. The assumption that the Post Office had no case was, perhaps, the most ridiculous feature in our critics' arguments. The following article, which is reprinted from *The Times* of the 15th August last, will help our readers to realise that the Postmaster General's action *may* be based both on justice and common-sense.—*Editor.*]



ABOUT ten years ago one or two companies introduced into London an organisation, already known in America, for the supply of boy messengers. The essential features of the system were offices at which the services of boys could be obtained and call-boxes fitted in private houses and public places, and electrically connected with the offices. By turning a pointer on one of these boxes to the appropriate signal a messenger or a cab could be summoned. The idea was unquestionably a good one, though, owing to the different conditions of life here and in the United States, and the habitual slowness of the British public to adopt any new practice, it was doubtful whether it would lead to profitable business. But there was a special difficulty in the way. It was said to be an essential feature of a successful scheme that the messengers should carry letters; but the Postmaster-General has a monopoly of the carriage of letters. Moreover, the use of the electrical call-boxes was inconsistent with the Postmaster-General's other monopoly of sending telegrams. The companies at first set the Post Office at naught. Proceedings in the Law Courts were commenced, and public attention was called to the situation. Finally, the companies submitted to the Postmaster-General's view, and were prohibited from carrying letters or sending telegrams

without his consent, while the Postmaster-General gave them permission to carry on their business, upon making certain payments in recognition of his authority, for a short term of years. The licensed companies subsequently coalesced, and are now represented by the District Messenger and Theatre Ticket Company (Limited), which recently held its annual meeting under the presidency of Mr. George Manners. From the statements of the chairman it appears that the company is becoming nervous as to its fate in 1903, when the Postmaster-General's licence runs out; and vigorous efforts are to be made to induce the Government to renew the company's licence, and not only to renew it, but to renew it on more favourable terms than those yet obtained. In point of fact, the company has not been very prosperous. It has had exceptional chances. For the last ten years it has shared the Postmaster-General's monopoly. No other agency has been allowed to carry on a similar business, and the Post Office has been its only competitor. Yet it has never been able to pay a dividend to its ordinary shareholders; and in some years its expenses have exceeded its takings. In its last financial year it made a modest profit of £3,776, the whole of which went to pay arrears of dividends on preference shares. The company would apparently have it thought that this want of financial success is to be attributed to the crushing dues levied by the Postmaster-General. It is a remarkable fact, however, that while dues of 2s. 6d. for every call-box and 1d. for every letter carried were accepted as reasonable by the astute men who guided the company's affairs in 1891, the company now pays only 6d. per call-box and $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per letter. The whole sum paid to the Post Office last year was only £1,250; and if this payment had been waived the company would still have been unable to pay a penny to its ordinary shareholders. Nor can it be said that the company has sacrificed its shareholders' interests to anxiety to serve the public. The rates for messengers are not very low; they compare unfavourably with those of the Post Office. The charge for an express messenger for a distance not exceeding half a mile is 4d., and for a mile 6d.; while the Post Office charge is 3d. for each distance. The company, indeed, complain that the Post Office under-bids them—a rather odd complaint from an agency which claims to do part of the work of the Post Office, because it can serve the public so much better.

It is a little difficult to understand why it should be thought that a company so situated should be allowed to infringe the Postmaster-General's monopoly. There is one feature of the company's system,

and one only, which is peculiar to it—namely, the call-boxes for summoning messengers. Even these are of much less importance than when the company commenced business, because subscribers to any telephone system can now summon a Post Office messenger through the exchange. But the subscription for the call-box is small, and it is no doubt a convenience. Surely, however, it is not beyond the resources of the Postmaster-General to supply call-boxes to any who require them; and a good beginning might be made by taking over the company's plant on fair terms. Without doubt the public is entitled to have the very best letter service it can of every kind. It is no doubt also entitled, if it sees fit, to have half a dozen agencies to do the work. But it cannot be served in this way and also maintain a State Post Office in a condition of high efficiency. It is a fair question for discussion whether the delivery of letters and the transmission of telegrams should be undertaken by the State. The opinion of the whole civilised world declares for a State Post Office, and, with the one notable exception of the United States, there is general agreement in favour of State telegraphs. But if the State undertakes this kind of work it must be secured from competition. One main object of a State post is, by means of uniform rates, to supply remote places, even at a considerable loss, with ample facilities of communication, any such loss being redressed by the profit made in populous places. If competition is allowed, the basis of the transaction is destroyed. For competitors will select only remunerative business, and will leave the business upon which there is a loss to the State. History and contemporary practice alike prove this. From the London Penny Post of the days of Charles II. downwards all attempts to compete with the Post Office have had reference to the service of towns: and so convinced was Parliament of the impossibility of conducting the telegraphs on any self-supporting basis, if competition with the State were allowed, that it had no sooner sanctioned their purchase than it enacted a monopoly. As things are, the railway companies carry the bulk of the parcels between large towns, while the Post Office is left to supply rural districts; the postman tramps through miles of muddy country roads to deliver a single newspaper, while Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son make a fortune out of the sale and distribution of papers in towns. If, therefore, the public wishes to preserve the uniform postal system and to carry on the Post Office without loss to the State, it must not allow the great source of Post Office revenue, the service of the large towns, to be tapped. It may, indeed, be

suggested that the Postmaster-General may delegate some of his work and protect himself by means of royalties ; and the suggestion sounds plausible. But such a system, if developed, would convert the State into a mere collector of taxes on means of communication—an agency to increase the cost of communications, not to facilitate them. The monopoly of posts and telegraphs was certainly not given for this purpose, but in order to secure the best possible service for the country. Already the District Messenger Company are saying that as the Postmaster-General does no part of the work, he should be satisfied with a very small acknowledgment. It would be more logical to claim relief from any payment at all.

The District Messenger Company has enjoyed, for a short time, an exceptional position, owing to its introduction of a new variety of postal service of some convenience to the public. It cannot maintain that position ; for, if its licence be renewed, other licences must be given ; it is impossible to maintain one private company in the position of a monopolist. But, if the carriage of express letters in towns is thrown open to the world, there is every probability that in no long time the Post Office will feel the results in its short-distance town letters, the most profitable letters it carries, while further inroads on postal work, very difficult to resist with any consistency, will soon follow. Why should such a risk be run for the sake of one small company, which would probably gain nothing from the change, and the reasonable interests of which it would be possible to respect in other ways ? At a time when municipal action is every year taking the place of private enterprise in great undertakings, it may be worth while to hesitate before impairing the integrity of the one great undertaking which has been entrusted to the State, and which, on the whole, has been conducted to the advantage of the community.

Our Library Table.

[We draw no hard and fast line as to the kind of books we notice, but, of course, we give the preference to those written by Civil Servants.]

THE WALKERS OF SOUTHGATE, a Famous Brotherhood of Cricketers. By W. A. Bettesworth. Edited by E. T. Sachs, with nineteen illustrations. London, Methuen & Co., 36, Essex Street, London, W.C. Price 15s.

THE many books on cricket which have been written during the last few years have testified to the public demand for such literature, but, naturally, they have been of a very ephemeral character. They have dealt, perhaps, with aspects of the game which possess only a temporary interest, or they have been written by some ardent cricketer whose all-round ability at the game does not include the power to write about it. But here is a book which is a real contribution to the history of the subject. It will be read with enjoyment and interest by every man interested in cricket, and more especially by those whose memories of great matches can go back twenty, thirty, or even forty years. The compiler of the volume is himself a man who has done excellent work with bat and ball, and who writes with a genuine love of his subject. *St. Martin's-le-Grand* is specially interested in him, because for several years he was on our staff, as an artist, and the delicate work which we obtained from him was not the least of the factors which secured success to our magazine. We knew Mr. Bettesworth as a cricketer and as an artist; it is now our pleasing duty to hail him as a writer, and to congratulate him on his evident success.

The seven sons of Mr. Isaac Walker were all cricketers of the first order: unlike the Graces in this one respect, they developed slowly; indeed it is stated that each and all began their career with a "duck's egg." The greatest of the seven, Mr. V. E. Walker, is still among us, and to him the book is dedicated as "the greatest cricketer of his time and the most good-natured of men." Mr. I. D. Walker, who was the last of the family to play in first-class cricket, retired in 1884, and died two years ago. There are reminiscences of all the brothers written by great cricketers still among us, such as Lord Harris, Mr. A. J. Webbe, Mr. M. C. Kemp, and Mr. C. I. Thornton, and, of course, an abundance of good stories and pleasant recollections of historic matches. To the enthusiast, the mere publication

of cricket scores is sufficient to excite his interest, and here are scores of many of the great matches of the last forty years. We have been interested, especially, in an extract from a Harrow score book, because it shows us that as long ago as 1850 the problem who is entitled to "the appellation Esq." was disturbing Harrow boys just as it is now, fifty years later, agitating the Post Office authorities. And like the Post Office, in cases of doubt, Esq. was allowed, but Harrow added a note of interrogation after the name. For instance—

"W. Nicholson, Esq.? 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 3 1 1 3, *b* Ashton...20

C. S. Curren, Esq.? 3 1 3, *st* Walker, *b* Ashton 7 "

We notice that Old Harrovians received this treatment, but that among Present Harrovians it is not unusual to come upon an entry such as:—

"C. E. A. Leigh, Esq.! 1 *b* Lillywhite 1 "

The note of exclamation is perhaps out of the question in the case of the Post Office, but we suggest to the authorities that to follow the example of the Harrow boys in the matter of the note of interrogation "in cases of doubt" is an easy way out of a great difficulty.

But we have wandered away from cricket and from Mr. Bettesworth, and the most satisfactory way we can get back to him is to obtain his book and read it.

A MANX WEDDING, AND OTHER SONGS. By W. H. Gill. Printed and published for the Author by William H. Hooke, Abingdon-on-Thames. London, W. R. Russell & Co., 6, Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row.

OUR old colleague, Mr. Gill, whose knowledge of the Isle of Man and whose efforts to express in music and in verse her national aspirations and life we have frequently had occasion to notice in these pages, has added yet another book of songs to those he has already published. The songs, or rather hymns, of a general character we do not particularly like; they are musical and rhythmical but somewhat commonplace in idea and expression. On the other hand, those dealing with purely Manx subjects are refreshingly quaint and pretty. The Ballad, "In Praise of Mann," with the text from Pope, "The proper study of mankind is man," is excellent:—

"O Mannin veg veere, the Legs thou hast got
Are triple—deny it who can—

One foot on thy Paddy, and one on thy Scot,
And the third on thy proud Englishman."

We note that the Manx airs for which some of the songs in this collection were specially written have been published separately.

ABERDEEN POST OFFICE MAGAZINE. Vol. I. No. 1. Price 3d.

ABERDEEN possesses a very active and enterprising Post Office Literary Association, and not content with providing lectures and other ministering agents to culture for its members, this Society has now started a magazine. The first number is before us, and on the strength of a somewhat prolonged experience in the same way of business, the present writer is able to congratulate Aberdeen on having very creditably started what is a most hazardous undertaking. Continuous support is what is chiefly needed, and our knowledge of Scottish subscribers justifies us in saying that Aberdeen's chance of success lies in the fact that the Scots, when they can be persuaded to come to your assistance, are more faithful and lasting than any of the nationalities which go to make up the British Isles. We feel a keen desire to criticise the introductory article which is written by the Editor of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, not perhaps so much on account of the truisms that he gives utterance to, but because he should bless in the way that he does a competitor in his own field. Perhaps, however, this is only his slimness, and he is making use of the Scots for the purposes of advertisement. The Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., appears to act with Mr. Bennett as the Magazine's godfather, and the Editor's invitation calls up to Mr. Bryce's recollection, in the contribution he sends, the fact that his own first attempts at writing were in connection with a little magazine which was started in Glasgow in the days of his youth. Mr. J. B. Hegarty, Aberdeen's Postmaster, of whom there is an excellent portrait, sends an extremely well written account of an incident in the Highlands entitled "Lost in the Mountains." He succeeds, without in the least degree being sensational, in inducing what is called "a creepy sensation" in the minds of his readers. There are "Impressions of the Office," by a Learner; "A Visit to the House of Commons," by G. P. B.; "A Ladies' Page," with an admirable black and white sketch, articles on local sports and the literary associations, and a plentiful supply of "Notes." The Poet's Corner, if not particularly strong, is represented, and a useful Civil Service column with specimens of examination questions is a feature to be commended. We can only say to Aberdeen, "Go on and prosper." We note that the Magazine is to be issued every two months, surely a new experiment in journalism, and that all communications relating to the undertaking should be addressed to Mr. G. W. Ashford, Postal Department, Aberdeen.

St. Martin's Letter-Bag.

A German Mail Service for South Africa.

WHILE the British Empire is pouring out its blood and treasure upon the veldt, the enterprising Teuton is equipping himself for a bold effort to capture the South African carrying trade, so soon as Lord Roberts has made the way smooth and safe for him to commence operations. Let it be said for the German that he is making no secret of his intentions; nay, he has published from the housetops that he is going to be "hon in that piece." What could be more eloquent of this than the explanatory statement annexed to a Bill for providing for an extension of Imperial German subsidised mail steamers to South Africa, of which a *précis* is furnished to the Foreign Office by the British Commercial attaché to Her Majesty's Embassy at Berlin? The German Government has, up to the present time, subsidised a line of Mail Packets (the East African Steamship Company) running between Hamburg, Zanzibar, the chief harbours of the German East African Protectorate, and Delagoa Bay. But the Bill now before the Reichstag provides for a proper system of communication with Cape Colony by means of the East African Company, and of circular voyages right round Africa.

German trade with the Cape now rests in British hands, and goes *via* London. The Union Steamship Company sends its intermediate steamer every fourteen days to Hamburg to fetch the German consignments for South Africa. The aim now is to have some independent communication with the Cape by means of a purely German steamer line, in other words to do away with the British transmitting agency. It is not the immediate intention to enter into direct competition with the fast steamers of the combined Union and Castle Companies, but to place the German steamers on a par with the so-called "Intermediate Boats." A fortnightly service right round Africa will be established, starting alternately to the East through the Suez Canal, and to the West by the Canary Islands. Towards this object, two large steamers are now ready, five more are to be built at a cost of £125,000 each, and four medium sized intermediate vessels at a cost of £65,000 each. In order that the fruits of the renewed commercial activity which is bound to ensue in South Africa after the war may at once be reaped, and that German enterprise may be well to the fore, the new service is recommended to commence on the 11th of April next. The subsidy is to be £67,500 per annum.

In these circumstances, we cannot complain that we have not been given fair warning of the coming struggle for supremacy in

South African trade; and, although it is not our practice to enter into commercial discussions, we cannot but express the hope that those of our countrymen concerned in the matter are taking all the necessary steps to meet the coming competition, and that they will strain every endeavour to come out *on top*. R. W. H.

Fifty Years of Post and Telegraphs in Germany.

IN England the writing of our postal records is left almost entirely to private initiative. It seems to be recognized that when our shining lights retire to enjoy their *otium cum dignitate* it is their bounden duty to write up what they can recall of their experiences. In this manner we have managed to scrape together a fairly presentable history of our great Department. In Germany these things are done differently. There the Reichs Postamt devotes much official time to the compilation of records and statistics. The outcome of its last efforts in this direction lies before us in the substance of two beautifully printed volumes entitled *Zum fünfzigjährigen Bestehen der Ober-Postdirectionen 1850-1900*, and *50 Jahre elektrischer Telegraphie 1849-1899*.

The first of these works deals not only with the history of the German Post Office during the last 50 years, but harks back by way of introduction to the year 1648—132 years after the establishment of the first active postal service in Germany by Franz von Taxis—when the great Elector founded a regular Postal Service between Memel and Cleve. It then pursues the history until the year 1850, when the whole postal service was reorganized and the letter post tariff considerably reduced, much to the advantage of the public. The section of the work which presents perhaps the greatest interest to the casual reader is that dealing with the Field Post Offices during the Franco-German War in 1870—1. Up to the 31st March, 1871, the following details represented the work performed by these offices:—

- | | | | | |
|--|-----|-----|-----|--------------------|
| (1.) Ordinary letters and post cards from the Fatherland to the Army and <i>vice versa</i> , as well as between the different units of the Army themselves | ... | ... | ... | 89,659,000 |
| (2.) Newspapers | ... | ... | ... | 2,354,310 |
| (3.) Money sent on military service | ... | ... | ... | 43 million thalers |
| (4.) " " privately by the Army | ... | ... | ... | 16'8 " " |
| (5.) Military parcels | ... | ... | ... | 125,900 |
| (6.) Private " " | ... | ... | ... | 1,853,700 |

When it is remembered that the ordinary civil postal service was being simultaneously carried on in Germany, and that there were no fewer than 400,000 French prisoners at one time on German territory, who were allowed, with certain restrictions, to receive and despatch correspondence, it will be understood what a task was placed before the staff of the German Post Office. As is well known,

all postal arrangements during the war were carried out like clock-work, thanks in large measure to the magnificent administrative powers of the late Dr. von Stephan.

After the war, the German Post Office as constituted to-day was brought into being; and its records show that since that time the volume of business transacted has increased by leaps and bounds.

The second work, dealing principally with Germany's experience with the electric telegraph, is of very great interest. It is divided into four sections. The first treats of the period up to 1849; the second describes the working of the Prussian State telegraphs from that year to 1866; the third recounts the progress made during the eight years (1867—1874) in which the telegraphs were separated from the Imperial post; and the fourth carries the history up to date. The statistics furnished show that in 50 years the number of German telegraph offices has grown from 25 to 19,867, and the number of messages dealt with from 35,494 to 39,907,666. R. W. H.

In Defence of the Army Post Office.

IF all are to have their just apportionment of praise and blame when the South African record is totalled up, the Department that will come out a long way bottom is the Post Office." Thus the Allahabad *Pioneer* of the 24th August last. In the *Morning Post* that infallible young man, Mr. Winston Churchill, informs us that "the administration of the military post office during the war in South Africa has not been good. Letters have usually been delayed; many have been sent to the wrong destinations; a considerable proportion has been lost."

These are sweeping statements; and we believe they are not justified by the facts. The complaints of private individuals, which have appeared in the columns of *The Times* and other papers, are on a different footing. Many letters have no doubt been lost and delayed; these things are inevitable in times of war. It is equally inevitable that the sufferers should grumble; but care must be taken to view the grumbling in its true perspective. Nothing has occurred to justify the statements of Mr. Churchill and the *Pioneer*. The Department that will come out a "long way bottom" is not the Post Office; letters have not "usually" been delayed; nor has "a considerable proportion" of them been lost. It is significant that the correspondence in the press has by no means been confined to the grumblers. For instance, Mr. Bartley, M.P., who has "so often in the House of Commons and elsewhere" expressed his views as to the "unsatisfactory regulations and actions of the Post Office," feels constrained, in fairness, to give his experiences of the postal arrangements for the South African Field Force. Writing to *The Times*, he states that his two sons, who have been actively engaged since December in Natal, Cape Colony, the Orange River Colony, and Johannesburg, have received week by week the letters sent to them by every mail; and further, that letters from them to him have come to hand, almost without exception, by every mail.

Parcels forwarded to his sons by post every week have reached, "the great bulk punctually, though some, no doubt, a little late. Not one has been tampered with." Mr. Bartley adds, "In strong contrast with this is the parcel arrangements of the War Office." . . . But here, in charity, we draw the curtain ; the picture is too terrible.

The letter is pleasant reading for the Post Office. Very pleasant also is the whole-hearted defence of Major Treble and the Army Post Office from the pen of Mr. H. C. Shelley ("Afterthoughts of a War Correspondent"), which appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* of the 18th September. We cannot do better than give some extracts from this article, which is of value as a personal testimony to the admirable work and unflagging zeal of our comrades "the heroes of the Postal Corps," as Mr. Shelley calls them.

"Before entering into any general particulars as to the enormous amount of work which the postal authorities had to grapple with, let me indulge in a personal testimony. Of course my correspondence while at the front was of a miscellaneous character, and there may have been letters posted to me which I did not miss because I was not aware they had been posted. But regularly every week there was one letter posted to me, and there was not a single blank in all that series. It may have been that some credit is due to my correspondent for the careful manner in which that weekly letter was addressed ; but in any case there is, it seems to me, a large meed of praise due to the Army Post Corps. And here let me say that the lion's share of that praise belongs of right to Major Treble. He was attached at the outset of the war to General Buller's staff, and hence has had to bear the burden and heat of the day. . . .

"The war was not fairly begun ere the troubles of Major Treble commenced. When the field force landed in Capetown it was at once split up and one part was sent to Natal. This made it necessary to deplete the Post Office staff for the base and lines of communication by one half, in order to provide a separate base for Natal. As time went on and fresh troops continued to pour into the country, numerous local brigades were formed, and for each of these brigades field post-offices had to be provided from the already thinned ranks of the staff at Capetown. . . .

"Let me try to explain a few of the obstacles which beset Major Treble and his staff in the execution of their arduous labours. As every newspaper reader is aware, all through the war a constant reorganisation of units was going on, and that reorganisation meant complete changes in the designation of the various units. For example, one day Private Smith belonged to the 1st Battalion Mounted Infantry, but the next his proper address would be 1st Mounted Infantry Corps. Of course Private Smith's friends at home knew nothing of this change, and they addressed their letters in the old way. Here are a few other confusing changes. The 6th Mounted Infantry Regiment became the 2nd Mounted Infantry Corps ; the 2nd Mounted Infantry Regiment became transformed

into the 6th Mounted Infantry Corps. The changes which were evolved out of a certain ammunition column were so numerous and perplexing that the men themselves must often have been in doubt as to what their proper designation was. None of these changes were known or could be known at home; not even the most perfect War Office could be expected to grapple with such a task as that. It is easy to see what all this meant for the unfortunate Post Office Corps at Capetown! People at home kept on addressing their letters as though no change had been made, and they grew indignant and sarcastic when their messages failed to reach their destination. Major Treble and his men did not sit down and tear their hair, as they might reasonably have done; they grappled with the problem in grim earnest, and if they were defeated now and then what else could have been expected?

"Here is another source of confusion. All units leave details at the base and at the various places where they may have been stationed. Take the case of the Scots Guards as an illustration. At one and the same time there were men of this regiment scattered over such widely separated places as Capetown, Modder River, and Bloemfontein. Of course all the letters for the regiment had to be dealt with together, but an effort was always made to separate those epistles which were intended for men who were detached from the main body. This entailed an enormous amount of extra labour, and now and again it was quite possible for some letters to go astray. Again, there were always large numbers of men in hospital at different stations, and it was no slight task to see that the letters for those men were selected from the main batch and delivered to the anxious sufferers as quickly as possible. . . .

"In postal as well as in other matters, the enormous area of South Africa has never been fully taken into account. The extent of country covered by our troops was such that by the time mails despatched from Capetown reached their destination the addressees had frequently changed their station and the letters had to undergo a long course of re-direction. Someone advanced the brilliant argument that if the troops can get their supplies with perfect regularity why should they not receive their letters to time? This is an argument worthy of the genius who complained of ten minutes' delay in the delivery of the Ladysmith letters. Is it necessary to point out that, while one biscuit is as good as another, the same can hardly be said of a letter? If a particular box of biscuits goes astray its place can easily be taken by another, and that other will be just as useful as the one which was lost. But if Private Smith's love-letter has got lost in transit he will hardly be satisfied with the amorous missive addressed to Private Jones. So the argument based on the regularity of supplies breaks down utterly.

"Perhaps a few figures may serve to lay a little more emphasis on the really admirable work Major Treble has accomplished during this protracted war. Every week he and his staff at Capetown have

to deal with over three-quarters of a million of letters and newspapers, in addition to some 12,000 parcels! Let it be borne in mind, too, that this vast mass of correspondence is not distributed among people living at permanent addresses, as is the case with the work carried out by the civil Post Office at home, but among a shifting population spread over Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange River Colony, and the Transvaal.

"Both at Capetown and in the field I had many opportunities of watching the Army Post Office Corps at work. Officers and men alike were always alert in the discharge of their duties, and their courtesy was unfailing. No trouble was ever too great for them to take; their sole concern was that those longed-for letters from home might reach their expectant owners as quickly as possible. At Modder River, the Post Office was a miserable room in which you could not have swung your arm, much less your arm and a cat, but in that wretched apartment the heroes of the Postal Corps kept cheerfully to their work, and served their fellow-soldiers with unflagging zeal. All honour to the Post Office Corps, and a special guerdon of praise to its competent commander, Major Treble!"

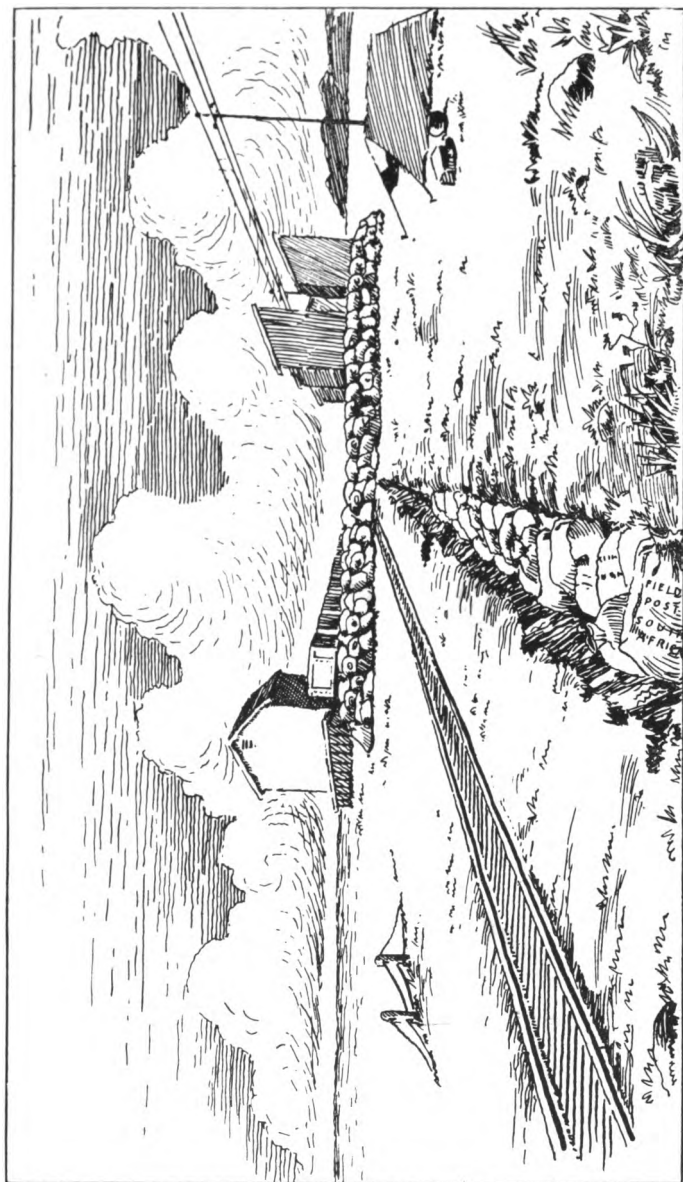
The Fight at Roodewal Station.

OF the many "regrettable incidents" which have marked the present war, one, the engagement at Roodewal Station on the morning of the 7th June, has for Post Office men an especial interest. On that occasion the redoubtable De Wet captured and destroyed, among other things, 2,000 bags of mails which were in charge of Lieut. Preece, who had with him about 17 men of the Army Post Office Corps. The bags had been pushed forward from Bloemfontein to Roodewal, where the railway was at the time under repair; and they represented the accumulation of several weeks' mails for Lord Roberts' main army. Military stores, including winter clothing for 20,000 troops, had also been sent up as far as Roodewal, and were lying at that place in vast heaps. They were guarded by about 160 men, a force altogether inadequate for their proper protection.

In the fight that ensued, when De Wet with 1,200 men and 5 guns swooped down on the ill-fated little band, the men of the Postal Corps played a gallant part. They defended the mails with great courage and persistency, and two of their number—Privates Tuffin and Goble—were killed. Lieut. Preece and the uninjured men were taken prisoners by the Boers. The accompanying picture, the work of an eye-witness, which through the courtesy of a contributor has been placed in our hands, shows the use that was made of the mail-bags for purposes of defence.

But few details of the engagement have trickled through to the English papers; and we are indebted to a writer in the *Bloemfontein Post* for a description of the final scene, which is best given in his own words:—

"About 12.15 a.m. a rapid council of war was held, and it was decided, rather than all of the now worn out brave little band



THE FIGHT AT ROODEWAL STATION, 7TH JUNE, 1900.

In the middle distance is the barricade of mail bags at the north end of station. In the foreground is a trench where surplus bags were thrown."—*F. Rutherford*

[To face page 424.

should be blown to pieces, to surrender. This was done, and soon from all sides could be seen hundreds of mounted men, galloping up on their sturdy veldt ponies towards us. The place was filled with a mob of the enemy, talking and chattering in deep guttural voices. One of the last to come up was the well-known General De Wet, mounted on an English cavalry horse. . . . He was most polite and even kind in many ways, and expressed himself as 'very sorry to do it,' when asked not to destroy the 2,000 bags of mails and registered parcels, etc. He said if he did not do so, his young Boers would open and read them and turn the letters of the soldiers into ridicule. Hundreds of bags of letters, parcels, etc., were ripped open, boxes burst, and their contents strewn all over the place, while hundreds of Boers, both young and old, were soon busy ripping off covers of parcels, looking with eager and very often disappointed eyes at the contents. A shout of gratification would be heard now and again, as one would find a silver watch, a pair of field glasses, or a drinking flask. One found four five pound notes, another a beautiful gold watch, another a box of pills, which, as they were thrown away, were evidently not worth a 'guinea a box' to the finder. Cigarettes in thousands, boxes of cakes, chocolate, pipes, and tobacco strewed the ground, and as the prisoners sauntered to and fro they were invited by their captors to help themselves, as the General was going to burn everything. . . .

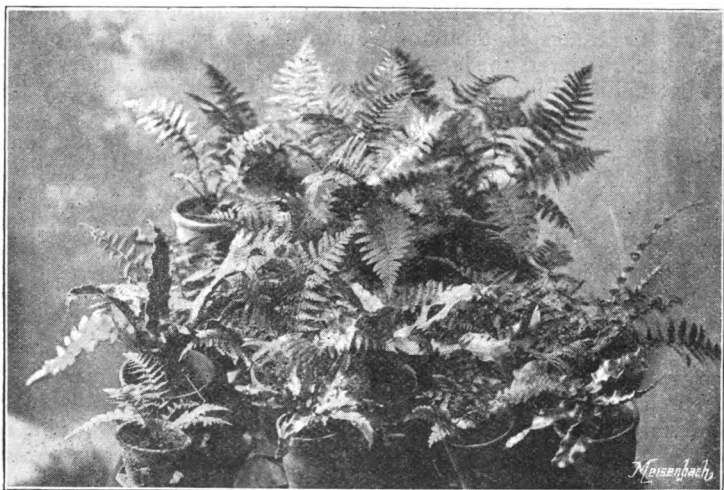
"As night was approaching, preparations were made for the final scene of destruction. The railway trucks were pushed together, empty boxes and bales were piled in, the trucks split up as much as could be done with axes, the enormous 9'4 lyddite shells were piled in, with boxes of shrapnel, 50 lb. shells, and other shells for which they had no use. A large quantity of kerosene was then poured over, and several pounds of dynamite thrown in to assist the coming fire. We prisoners were then called together, and the patient waiting oxen, with heavy laden waggons, neighing mules drawing their guns, and carts of stolen ammunition, began to fall into line, the conquerors mounting their horses, loaded with sacks of loot of all descriptions, every man dressed in new boots, pants, winter coats, and carrying more behind him. General De Wet and his staff waited behind to see the conflagration properly started. Then the cavalcade fell in; the sun sank down, and darkness closing in hid from our wearied and aching eyes the long column of prisoners and victors as they trekked out over the flat veldt to the laager some three miles away in the neighbouring shelter of a wooded and well-watered kopje."

Mount Pleasant.

THERE have been many surmises (writes Mr. R. C. Tombs) how the Post Office buildings standing on the site of the old Coldbath Fields Prison came to bear the appellation of "Mount Pleasant." It occurred in this way: Soon after the acquisition by the Post Office of that part of the old prison which included the

treadmill houses, bakery and other out offices, the Inspector-General of Mails and I had been to the gloomy structure to arrange respecting the conversion of the building for Post Office purposes, and on leaving the place and walking cityward, beneath the high prison wall, I told him that the parcel post officers in the city were raising an objection to work in a building styled "Coldbath Fields," so long associated with prison life. The Inspector-General said, "Well, what name would you give it?" and happening to glance up at the name-plate of the short street leading from Clerkenwell Road to Gray's Inn Road and seeing upon it the words "Mount Pleasant," I pointed to it and said "What could be better? No sentimental Post Office clerk could object to such a designation," "'Mount Pleasant' we will name it, then," said the Inspector-General, Mr. F. E. Baines, C.B., in his quick, decisive way, and Mount Pleasant it has remained to this day.

The Mark Lane Ferns.



THE ferns shown in the above picture were found growing on the outer wall of the area in the basement of Mark Lane Branch Post Office. They are 24 in number, and consist of two distinct species, the Lady Fern (*Asplenium Felis Fœmina*) and Hart's-Tongue (*Scolopendrium Vulgare*). Although they could be plainly seen through a plate glass partition, it was for many years impossible to obtain access to them, but during some recent alterations opportunity was taken to remove them. They were very delicate, and in inexperienced hands would probably have perished; but Mr. Perkins, Sub-Postmaster of Greenlands, Henley-on-Thames, a clever horticulturist, kindly offered to take charge of them, with the

result that they are now in a flourishing condition and have been returned in a healthy state to London.

It is thought that during alterations made some twenty years ago, the seeds were dropped into the area by someone carrying ferns while posting a letter, or that they were blown in and took root upon the damp wall. In either case it is remarkable that they should have flourished for years under what would appear to be most unfavourable conditions, below a busy city thoroughfare. Already several seedling ferns are showing on the wall from which these were removed.

J. J. B. H.

£120 Without a House.

WE are sometimes tempted to think that slowness of promotion and want of prospects are the monopoly of Post Office clerks. The following touching extracts from the letter of an old clergyman, who was in his day a scholar of Jesus College, Oxford, will be read with interest by all our subscribers:—"Circumstances have induced me to resign this curacy, which I have held now for hard upon 49 years, having come here at Christmas, 1851. I think that it will be advisable for me to wind up the business in connexion with I cannot say what my successor will do in the matter. I have not heard of anyone having been as yet appointed to the curacy, though Mr. — is offering £140 as salary, with house and garden rent free. I have had £120 without a house. I shall be 81 before I leave this chapelry." In a strong case how much more effective is a plain statement of facts! The simple sentence, "I have had £120 without a house," following on that which preceded it, brings the tragedy of the man's life before us in a better way than if he had written to us pages relating to his grievances. He has not even spirit enough to suggest the formation of a Federation.

The Paris Exhibition and the Savings Bank.

AN exhibit showing in an artistic and practical form the work that has been, and is being, accomplished by the Post Office Savings Bank in Great Britain, is on view at the Paris Exhibition. This most creditable piece of workmanship is due to the labour and artistic taste of Mr. C. James, a Second Division Clerk in the Department. It must be gratifying to him, as it is to the Controller and the Department, to know that the exhibit has been awarded a "Grand Prix," and we congratulate both him and all his colleagues on the honour they have achieved. We cannot do better than quote a paragraph from *The Civilian*, in order to show that there is some doubt existing as to what can be done by a Government Department with a "Grand Prix." Without committing ourselves to agreement with our contemporary's suggestions, we think they are worthy of earnest consideration.

"The question what the Savings Bank department will now do with its 'Grand Prix' will be left over for settlement, we imagine,

until the Controller returns from his annual leave. If it is not proposed to advertise the fact on depositors' books, we shall, at least, expect to see illustrations of the medal (if medal it be) in the left-hand corner of the letters signed by the Controller. Then indeed it will be a matter of pride to be a Savings Bank depositor. A 'C.B.' signs letters to us on 'Grand Prix' notepaper, and if we have successfully withheld the fact that we are 'personal servants or tradesmen' from the knowledge of the Post Office, replies to our letters of complaint are addressed 'with the appellation Esq.,' to quote from the most recent order issued to the department. By the way, we note that if we refrain from writing letters of complaint and merely content ourselves with depositing and withdrawing, a plain 'Mr.' is the only appellation which we can claim, even though we write from Park Lane, or live away from our shop. Surely the fact that the Savings Bank depositors have won the 'Grand Prix' entitles them to more liberal treatment."

The Old Post Office at Tintagel.

IN our sixth volume, page 213, will be found a picture of the old Post Office at Tintagel, which is familiar to all visitors to Cornwall. The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest has issued the following appeal:—

"In the village street of Trevena, better known as Tintagel, in Cornwall, stands a curious little cottage, whose deep set porches and irregularly sloping roof of heavy slabs of slate have long been the delight of artists. Locally known as the 'Old Post Office,' having at one time served that purpose, its plan is that of a fourteenth century house, small indeed, but sufficiently commodious, its low construction and massive walls protecting the inmates from the fury of the Atlantic gales. Entering through one of the heavy doors which shelter behind the porches, the visitor finds himself in a passage communicating with a large sitting room open to the roof, having a huge stone fireplace and cosy window seats in snug recesses. A low roofed kitchen and caretaker's room adjoin the sitting room, over which hangs a gallery, probably once used to sleep in. Three bedrooms, curiously placed, complete the accommodation, and over all stretch the great roof timbers, black with the smoke of ages.

"In 1895 the building was put up for sale by auction, and it was feared that it might be bought with the object of clearing the ground and rebuilding. It was then that Miss Johns bought the building with a view to its preservation, and a number of artists, by the sale of their works, made a handsome contribution towards the cost of putting it into repair. The National Trust has now, through the kindness of Miss Catherine Johns, the opportunity of becoming the owner of this interesting specimen of fourteenth century architecture, the terms being that the National Trust pay £200 down, and grant Miss Johns a lease of the building for her lifetime at a nominal rent. The permanent preservation of the 'Old Post Office' is thus assured, affording to each successive generation a glimpse of the

domestic life of bygone times. The council of the trust now appeal for help to raise the necessary £200. They would especially appeal to Cornishmen not to pass over this opportunity of preserving a most interesting relic of the 'Delectable Duchy.' Donations should be sent to the secretary of the National Trust, 1, Great College Street, S.W."

Postmen of the British Central Africa Protectorate.



THE above picture shows two mailmen of the British Central Africa Protectorate about to start with the night mail from Zomba to Blantyre. The journey of some forty miles is divided into two stages of about twenty miles each. Leaving at sun-down the mailmen reach the halfway rest-house at about midnight, and there transfer the bags to other carriers, who are waiting to receive and convey them forward to their destination. This is usually reached shortly after sunrise.

The illustration shows the native method of carrying mails on the head, and also the snider rifles with which the mailmen are equipped for purpose of defence against wild beasts, chiefly lions and leopards. The Central African native considers that the carrying of a gun

adds greatly to his dignity. On one occasion the man on the right of the picture was carried away by the current when fording a river in flood. In his struggles to regain his foothold he was obliged to relinquish either the rifle or the mail bag, and accordingly allowed the latter—which he regarded as the least important—to be washed away.

Some Reminiscences of Mr. Matthew Cooper.

MR. W. S. SMART, of West Hartlepool, writes as follows—
May I supplement the interesting contribution from the pen of "R.W.J.," which appeared in the April number of *St. Martin's*, respecting the late Mr. Matthew Cooper of the Engineer-in-Chief's Office, by attempting to fill in a gap in the account of his career. I refer to the period between his entry into the service of the Electric Telegraph Company in 1861 and the time of the transfer in 1870.

During that time I was closely associated with him. At Norwich, in those days, about three telegraphists were found sufficient for the traffic at the Town Office, and a similar number at the Railway Station. The Superintendent of both offices was mine host of the "Vine Tavern," while the senior telegraphist was a retired or worn-out baker! In London, at the old Shoreditch Station and the Shoreditch High Street Office, we again come together for several years, assisting at the many race meetings at Newmarket, where six old "Morse embossers," with as many pump-handled keys, did the whole work of the Meetings. We were again under the supervision of our old friend and tutor from Norwich, Mr. Henry Draper of the "Vine Tavern," a gentleman in every sense of the word, and much esteemed by all, although a publican and possibly a sinner.

Our duties were frequently from 8 a.m. to 1 a.m., as the midnight betting had to be telegraphed for the clubs and morning papers. If anything went wrong with the wires, embossers, or "packers," we had to fall back on our own resources. There was no engineer, no mechanic, but we had poor "Matt," who always pulled us through. Somewhere about 1867 he learned the watch-making business, in London; and this added considerably to his mechanical knowledge, which he found so useful during his career under the Government.

Cooper's love of harmless practical joking made him a universal favourite. I remember how on one occasion he stuffed poor "Paddy" Forresthall's cornet with paper, and rearranged his music, just before Paddy was about to render a solo to his staff at Ely! His pranks at our closely-packed palatial hotel at Newmarket, the "Marquis of Granby," near the railway station, all bring to mind his genial good nature and love of fun, and the happy days we spent together in the old Company's time.

His death is deeply deplored by his many hundreds of friends in the provinces, and by none more than the writer, one of his earliest and oldest friends.

A. Caillard Pasha, C.M.G.

WE regret to record the death of His Excellency Caillard Pasha, Director-General of Customs and ex-Postmaster-General of Egypt. Like Halton Pasha, who succeeded him as Postmaster-General, Caillard Pasha commenced his official career in the Accountant-General's Department of the General Post Office, London. He was appointed in April, 1853, and became a First Class Clerk in March, 1870. In September, 1875, at the request of the Egyptian Government, he was nominated Financial Controller of the Egyptian Postal Administration. In this position he devoted himself with great energy to reform the finances of the Administration with the result that the deficit in the Postal Budget was from the first year changed into a surplus.

The following account of his work in Egypt is taken from the *Bulletin Postal Egyptien* of the 5th July last :—

"Appointed Postmaster-General in April, 1876, Caillard Pasha held this position until December 31st, 1879, when he was nominated Director-General of Customs. During these years he reorganised the service, and, under his able direction, the Post Office developed, rates were reduced, and a further extension was given to postal communications by the organisation of a steam boat service between Assiout and Assouan. Until then, mails between those places were carried by runners, and travellers, with the exception of tourists, had no means of transport except by sailing boats.

"Caillard Pasha represented Egypt at the Postal Congress which met in Paris in 1878, where his labours were much appreciated by his colleagues. In 1879, he was entrusted with the reorganisation of the Khedivial Mail Steamers Administration. He was as successful in this as he had been in the Post Office.

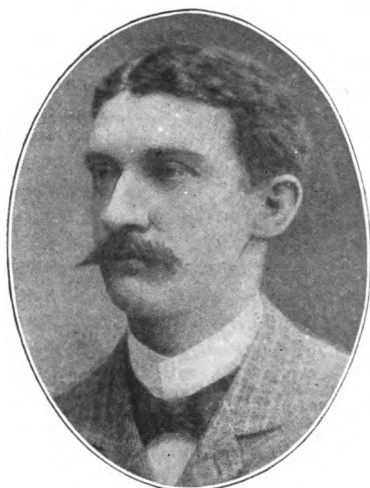
"By his intellect, his kindness of heart and his great affability, Caillard Pasha acquired the respect and affection of his colleagues and subordinates. The news of his death will be deeply felt by all those in the Postal Administration who worked under him as well as by those in the service who were able to appreciate the results of his labours."

Mr. T. Eardley Wilmot.

THE Secretary's Office lost a very valuable officer in T. Eardley Wilmot, who retired on June 30th, to the great regret of his many official friends. Entering the Receiver and Accountant General's Office for temporary service in February, 1870, he was transferred thence after seven months' time to the Secretary's Office as an Established Clerk, and in 1891 was promoted to be a Principal Clerk of the Lower Section, or First Class Clerk as it is now called. That he remained on that class, and that he retired prematurely after only 30 years' service, was due to no want of ability or of merit, for both of which qualities he was conspicuous, but to the accident of a failing eyesight. Those of his colleagues who knew what valuable work he performed for years, under conditions which would

have woefully handicapped most people, were conscious that his long experience, and his remarkable memory, combined with a lucidity and a directness of expression, made him a very pillar of strength to the branch in which he spent so much of his official career. It is currently reported, indeed, that there are only two men living who know what a "book packet" and a "newspaper supplement" respectively are, and that those two disagree. If this be so, it is certain that Eardley Wilmot is one of the two, and it is equally certain that his view is the correct one.

Remembering the precedent of Professor Fawcett, his friends were fain to hope that so useful an officer would have been allowed to run his official course until the natural term was reached; but the Higher Powers decreed otherwise.† It was generally felt that, given



MR. T. EARDLEY WILMOT.

good eyesight, Eardley Wilmot would soon have reached the rank of Assistant Secretary, for which he seemed singularly fitted, if ability, experience, decision, and tact are any qualifications for the post. It is safe to say that few men have taken with them into retirement more regrets, or more hearty wishes for their future health and happiness. Eardley Wilmot's many friends are justified in expecting that the physical disability which appeared to sit so lightly upon him, thanks to a courageous and truly philosophic elasticity of spirits, will grow still lighter as time goes on. While they may feel that his loss to the office is almost irreparable, they can rejoice to know that he lays down the burden of official business in the prime of life, and full of an energy that is sure to find a useful development in some form or another. There is room, indeed, in literature, although there is none in Her Majesty's Service, for so clear a writer of the Queen's English. G.C.B.

The New Postmaster-General of Natal.

WE are glad to be able to present our readers with a portrait of Mr. J. F. Brown, who has recently been appointed Postmaster-General of Natal and who left England to take up his new duties on the 15th of September. Mr. Brown is a native of



MR. J. F. BROWN.

Gloucester and entered the Confidential Enquiry Branch of the Secretary's Office in November, 1883. He was transferred to the Surveyor's Department in January, 1885, and was for several years attached to the North Midland District, where he was appointed Assistant-Surveyor in May, 1895. About three years ago he removed to the Western District, where he succeeded Mr. W. G. Hamilton, who has since been for nearly two years temporarily occupying the position in Natal to which, by a strange coincidence, Mr. Brown is now appointed.

Mr. Brown took an active part in athletics in his native city, and the local newspapers, in referring to the important position to which he has now been appointed, allude with pride to the wonderful success obtained by him as Captain of the Gloucester Football Club, and to the fact that in 1882-3 he led the team through the Season without sustaining a single defeat. He was also Captain of the Gloucester Cricket Club for two or three years, and in his day was one of the best fast bowlers of the District. Many of his colleagues in the Post Office in London recall stirring incidents which took place during his captaincy of the Civil Service Football Club. The energy and ability which he showed in the athletic field have not been lacking in the less exacting duties of his official life, and will have ample scope in the colonial work he has now taken up.

Mr. Brown goes out to South Africa at an opportune moment, and in the distribution of the spoils to the victors it is not likely that the spirited little Colony of Natal will be forgotten. In the promising future now opening before that Colony the Post Office administration at any rate will have a strong and skilful chief.

Retirement of Mr. H. L. Creswell.

WE much regret to have to record that the Postmaster-General is losing an important and distinguished officer in the person of Mr. H. L. Creswell, Secretary of the Post Office in Scotland. Mr. Creswell, who is retiring somewhat prematurely on account of the unsatisfactory state of his health, was appointed on the 16th of April 1860, entering the Secretary's Department of the Post Office as a supplementary clerk. These were the days of limited competition: six candidates had been nominated to compete

for two posts; and the two successful competitors were Mr. Buxton Forman and Mr. Creswell. Mr. Creswell passed his first term of service in the Foreign and Colonial Branch, over which his official twin, so to speak, at present presides, but then directed by William Page. It was not long before Mr. Creswell was appointed Private Secretary to the late Sir John Tilley, then Mr. Tilley, and there are still some on active service who remember how discreetly and pleasantly the young official fulfilled that office—not only somewhat delicate, but also at that time giving rise to no extra emolument. Indeed the official designation was “Clerk attached to the Secretary.”

In 1869 he was appointed to the newly created post of Inspector of Mails, and some two years from that time the post was abolished, and he was brought back to the Secretary's Department, in which he became one of those who were employed in an experiment for conducting certain of the provincial surveying duties from London. On his promotion to a Principal Clerkship in the summer of 1873 he joined the Telegraph Branch under the late Mr. Patey. Always an extremely hard and conscientious worker, Mr. Creswell's health broke down about the close of 1876; but he made a quick recovery; and in 1877 he became a Provincial Surveyor. In the summer of 1885, the Secretaryship in Ireland fell vacant; and Mr. Creswell was selected to fill that important post, which he did until November 1897, when, at his own request, he was transferred to the similar post in Scotland now about to be vacated by him.

Born of a Post Office family so to speak, Mr. Henry Creswell's credit has stood high from the very first; and it is scarcely invidious to say that he has beaten the family record. His father, Mr. George Creswell, was highly respected at the time of the son's entry into the service as Surveyor of the Western District of England. His uncle, the late Mr. Edward Creswell, was Deputy Postmaster-General of Gibraltar and Surveyor of British Post Offices in the Mediterranean; and his cousin, Miss Margaret Creswell, has most ably succeeded her father in carrying on the Gibraltar service as Postmistress, though dropping the Mediterranean Surveyorship. Mr. Henry Creswell's personal qualities are such as to make him as acceptable to his colleagues as he has been valuable to his Department; he is indeed universally beloved and respected in the Postal Service; and his retirement will be deeply regretted by all who know him. We may refer our readers, for Mr. Creswell's portrait, to Vol. V. (page 129) and Vol. IX. (page 1); and we hope to give another in our January number.

Some of Mr. Creswell's friends, in expressing to him their best hopes for the results of his retirement, have ventured to remind him that St. Martin is not the only saint in the calendar, excellent patron saint as he is. Mr. Creswell is said to have replied with that characteristic gentle humour of his that his official life, in spite of hard work, of which he has done more than his share, has been a sort of St. Martin's summer; for no official frosts have ever touched him. All

has gone happily and pleasantly; and he declares that he shall carry away into his retirement sufficient of the warmth of that summer to cheer him through the winter of his remaining time. We wish him heartily complete restoration, and hope and trust that not only one more St. Martin's summer, but many and many, are in store for him.

Mrs. Glueck.

WE have much pleasure in publishing a portrait of Mrs. Glueck, Postmistress of Lady Grey, Cape Colony, an account of whose heroism, when the town was occupied by a Free State commando in the early months of the war, was given in our last number (page 264). The following extract from the recently



MRS. GLUECK.

published Report of the Postmaster-General of Cape Colony shows that Mrs. Glueck has not been content to rest on her laurels.

"The Postmistress of Lady Grey has again proved her high value as a public servant by taking charge of both the Lady Grey and the Herschel Post Offices while the Postmaster of the latter place proceeded with the military forces to Barkly East, and re-opened the telegraph office there. The Postmistress travelled on horseback from her own station to Herschel and back daily, and so temporarily served the requirements of both communities in regard to postal and telegraph matters."

Mr. J. Lambert.

ON the 16th July last Mr. Lambert retired from the position of Postmaster of Cambridge after a service of nearly 47 years. He was appointed to a Clerkship at Stamford on the 2nd August, 1853, was transferred to Sheffield in 1856, and promoted to be Chief

Clerk at that office in July, 1868. In 1886 he received the appointment of Postmaster of Lincoln, and was transferred to Cambridge in September, 1891.

On the day of his retirement, his staff and the sub-postmasters of his district presented him with a writing desk as a token of esteem, and to show their appreciation of his unvarying kindness. An



MR. J. LAMBERT.

original feature in connection with the presentation was the reading of some verses written for the occasion by Mr. S. Ellis, Superintendent. Mr. Lambert's many friends will heartily echo the sentiment of the last couplet—

"We will not say 'Good-bye' to-day, for as the years speed on
their way

We hope to meet you yet again, so 'Au revoir' is now our strain."

Mr. F. E. Smith.

IN the retirement on the 1st August last, owing to the age limit, of Mr. F. E. Smith, Principal Bookkeeper in the Accountant-General's Department, the Post Office has sustained a real loss. His ability was recognised far beyond the walls of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and my Lords of the Treasury themselves felt constrained to show their appreciation of his work by prolonging his service over the 65 years of age limit. Mr. Smith was one of the few remaining links between the old Telegraph Companies and the Post Office, having been "acquired" by the State when the transfer of the Electric Telegraph took place in 1870. He entered the service of the United Kingdom Telegraph Company on the 15th July, 1861, in which he subsequently became the Accountant. He was transferred to the General Post Office on the 29th January, 1870, where his ability as an accountant was soon made manifest. In the early days of the transfer his services were invaluable to Mr. Chetwynd

and Mr. Richardson, at that time respectively Receiver and Accountant-General and Principal Bookkeeper, both of whom were ever ready to acknowledge his worth. In 1883, he attained to the important post of Principal Bookkeeper, a position he has since filled with the greatest success. Bookkeeping hardly lends itself to deeds of brilliancy, so that one can hardly look for eventful episodes or exciting incidents in the career of the recently retired Principal Bookkeeper. But this much may be said, that his knowledge and grasp of the technicalities and routine of bookkeeping were quite extraordinary, while as a sound and infallible referee on all questions pertaining to the accounting work of the Department he was never known to fail. No more fitting tribute could perhaps be paid to



MR. F. E. SMITH.

his ability, and the manner in which Mr. Smith fulfilled his important duties, than is conveyed in the words used by the chairman of the Public Accounts Committee when reviewing the last report of the Comptroller and Auditor-General on the Post Office Vote III. "I think," he said, "considering that there is an amount of over eight millions involved in the Post Office Vote, it is a very remarkable thing that the Comptroller and Auditor-General cannot object to a single halfpenny in the account. It seems to show that it is a most admirably conducted service."

Mr. Smith's personality was a loveable one, and of him it could be truly said that he had not an enemy in the whole place. Never, even, was an ill-natured word heard to be said about him. It was not surprising, therefore, that the severance of his long connection with the Post Office caused genuine sorrow on all sides.

Mr. A. H. Salmon.

AN interesting gathering took place on Wednesday, August 8th, at the Western District Office, when Mr. J. Ardron, one of the Assistant Secretaries, made a presentation on behalf of his colleagues to Mr. A. H. Salmon, late Postmaster of that District, on

his retirement from the Service. There were present at the gathering various officers from different parts of the District, who were subscribers to the testimonial, which consisted of a case of 12 fish knives and forks with servers, a silver-plated teapot, and a cruet-stand. The presentation was accompanied by a graceful speech from Mr. Ardron, who recapitulated the various official positions



MR. A. H. SALMON.

that Mr. Salmon had successively occupied during a service extending over 40 years, and thanked him for the interest which he had always shown in the welfare of his subordinates. Speeches were made by Messrs. A. H. Mann and E. A. Martin, and with a vote of thanks to the chairman for making the presentation, the proceedings closed.

We wish Mr. Salmon every happiness in his retirement.

Some Changes in the A.G.D.

THE appointment of Mr. F. T. Swayne to be Principal Book-keeper in the Accountant General's Department in the place of Mr. Smith, though a foregone conclusion, was none the less popular on that account. Mr. Swayne was originally appointed in 1867 to the Money Order Office, an office which has served as the nursery of so many of our prominent officials. He was transferred to the Receiver and Accountant General's Office in 1872, since which date he has steadily risen to his present position.

The Cashiership of the department, rendered vacant by Mr. Swayne's promotion, has been conferred on Mr. E. W. Chetwynd, who entered the service in 1870, being appointed to the Receiver and Accountant General's Office. Mr. Chetwynd rose quickly in the service, having attained to a Principal Clerkship as far back as 1881. For many years past he has been associated with telephone account work, which took him a good deal out of London.

The Accountantship vacated by Mr. Chetwynd has been given to Mr. L. McLean, whose place as an Assistant Accountant has been taken by Mr. Alfred Farmer. Both Mr. McLean and Mr. Farmer have spent close on thirty years in the service. By the retirement of Mr. A. Goodwin another vacancy in the Assistant Accountant's class was created, and this fell to Mr. G. F. Lee, who has the satisfaction of being the youngest member of his class. He entered the service in 1875 as a Boy Clerk in the Savings Bank Department. The four examinerships which were also vacant were given to Messrs. H. J. Green, F. Rendell, W. W. Hiron, and H. H. Batten.

Bravery.

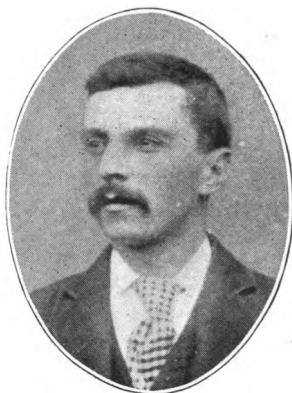
ON the 28th August a large company, composed chiefly of members of the staff, assembled within the Dundee Post Office, to do honour to Mr. Harry S. Millan, postman, the hero of a recent drowning accident on the River Tay. On 25th July last the river steamer "Bonnie Dundee" left Dundee for Bridge of Earn with a full complement of passengers. At a point near Balmbreich, Mr. Low, one of the excursionists, and his child, accidentally fell



MR. H. S. MILLAN.

overboard. The way on the vessel carried her rapidly away from the father and child, and it was seen that their position was one of extreme peril. Mr. Millan, without divesting himself of any of his clothing, leapt into the water and succeeded in rescuing the boy, but the unfortunate parent sank just when succour seemed certain, and was drowned within sight of his wife and brother. The presentation, which was made by Mr. W. K. Bryson, the Postmaster, took the form of a massive gold albert, with a pendant of the same material, which bore the inscription—"Presented to Harry S. Millan, from comrades and friends in G.P.O., for saving life in River Tay, 25th July, 1900."

MR. J. H. SMITH is a town postman attached to the Wakefield Post Office. On the 23rd May last, whilst proceeding on his evening delivery, his attention was attracted by the cries of a little boy whose companion, Harry Garrod, 7 years of age, had fallen into the Chald Dam near the lock, where the water is from 7 to 8 feet deep. Mr. Smith divested himself of a portion of his uniform,



MR. J. H. SMITH.

jumped into the dam and rescued the boy, who had sunk for the third time, and was in an exhausted and unconscious condition. Mr. Smith has been awarded a testimonial from the Royal Humane Society in recognition of his act of bravery.

* * *

MR. JAMES TUTTY, postman at Plymouth, whilst completing his last delivery of letters in Higher Batter Street, on the 4th December last, noticed that the curtains of the second floor window of No. 5 were burning, and that a boy, who was in bed close to the window, was in great danger. Mr. Tutty at once rushed up the stairs and rescued the boy, who was about four years of age. Not only were the curtains on fire, but the bed was burning, and the room was full of smoke. In effecting the rescue, Mr. Tutty had one of his hands badly burnt. On the 20th July he was awarded a certificate, with a gratuity of three guineas, by the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire.

* * *

ON the 6th May last at Brighton, Mr. E. A. F. Howes, auxiliary postman in the S.E. District, London, displayed great gallantry in rescuing James Rapley, of Brighton, from drowning. Rapley had taken a horse into the water. The animal got too far out, and fell into deep water, throwing its rider, who began to drift out to sea. Between 20 and 30 men were on the beach watching the drowning man, who went down for the second time without any effort being made to save him. Thereupon Mr. Howes, who had

cycled to Brighton the previous evening, dashed into the water and succeeded in bringing the man safely to shore.

We are glad to see that Mr. Howes has been awarded a testimonial (with gratuity) by the Royal Humane Society.

A Chinese Postal Guide.

EVERYTHING is China nowadays. Once the rage was South Africa and the Boers, but the newspapers, which settle our tastes for us, have decided that Khaki has had its day, so special correspondents have been withdrawn from Africa and despatched hot-foot to China to write up blood-curdling accounts of atrocities committed by the Boxers on defenceless men, women and children. It is all very shocking, and we would rather have none of it; but we are forced, in spite of ourselves, to work up interest sufficient, at all events, morning after morning to scan the headlines of our newspapers and occasionally to dip into the columns of reports. Just when we are wishing China and its affairs further, there is sprung upon us the first edition of the *Chinese Postal Guide*, a little book with a yellow jacket inscribed with fantastic hieroglyphics like those on a Horniman's tea label or the wrapper of a tin of Nestlé's Milk. Considering all things, the guide is, for completeness and utility, not far behind our own. It is printed in English, hence the wisdom of our remarks. The introduction contains the profound announcement that the "hereafter mentioned rules are provisional and subject to revision," and that "it is within the discretion of the Imperial Postal Administration to suspend their action at any time with or without previous notice." In the light of recent events, this reservation strikes us as being peculiarly apt.

The most interesting chapter is, perhaps, that dealing with complaints. The heathen Chinese is particularly invited to air his grievances in every instance in which an apparent irregularity has occurred. But mark the diplomacy of the officials. It is advised that "when correspondence has been missent or delayed (both of which are liable to happen occasionally) all that the complainant need do is to write on the cover:—*Sent to*—, or, *Delivered at*—, or, *Not received till the*—*instant*, or as the case may be, and forward it without any note or letter whatever to the Postmaster concerned. Attention to this would save much writing and needless trouble." We distinctly agree with this; and would commend it to the country clergymen at home who are so fond of spreading a complaint of some fancied irregularity over at least six pages of their sermon paper.

Until the present disturbances occurred, China was making a rapid advance in postal matters. It even sent a representative—His Excellency Wu Ting Fang—to the Postal Congress held at Washington in 1897, and, with the evident intention of adhering to the Postal Union at an early date, asked specially that the protocol of the Convention might be kept open for it. Up to the time of the Boxer rising, however, the great step of adhering to the Union had

not been taken. Postal communication with the outside world is carried on through the agencies of the various Postal Union countries located at the Treaty Ports. The great volume of business is, however, conducted through Hong Kong.

R. W. H.

Retirement of Mr. H. Osborne Harley.

AS we go to press we learn of the retirement, through ill-health, of Mr. H. Osborne Harley, Postmaster of Manchester and Surveyor of the Manchester District. The news has caused widespread regret. "No staff" (writes R. C. M.) "could have had a finer Chief; no Department a more capable administrator. Let us hope that his retirement may be the means of completely restoring him to health, and that he may live long to enjoy that rest and quiet to which his busy official career so richly entitles him."

We shall hope in our next number to publish Mr. Harley's portrait and to give some particulars of his service.

Odds and Ends.

THE Manchester staff are to be congratulated that they have not lost their Post Office as well as their Postmaster. The building had a narrow escape from total destruction by fire on the 19th September, when the Instrument Room, which occupies almost the whole of the top story, was burnt out. For a short time Manchester was cut off from telegraphic communication with the rest of the world; but thanks to the magnificent work of the Engineering Department connexion with the principal centres was speedily re-established.

* * *

WE offer our congratulations to "H. S. C." on his marriage. His verses have often delighted our readers in the past, and the most constant enquiry made to us during the last two years or so has been, "What has become of H. S. C.?"

* * *

WE have received from Milan a most handsome volume entitled *Les Fêtes Voltiennes des Télégraphistes; Chronique Illustrée*. Milan Imprimerie, L. F. Cogliate, 1900. The work consists of Italian, French, German, English and American accounts of the Volta Centenary, together with verbatim reports of the various speeches and lectures delivered on the occasion. Excellent portraits, views and designs accompany the letterpress; indeed no labour or expense appears to have been spared to make the volume what it is, a delightful souvenir of a most interesting gathering.

* * *

A SCOTCH postmaster, who had already suffered much from people who regarded his office as a General Information Bureau, recently received a telegram, "Is Miss Jeanie Macfarlane

well? Please wire; Captain Perks." Miss Macfarlane was a resident in the postmaster's district, but why the gallant captain was anxious about her health and why he made enquiries through the postmaster, are mysteries which the readers of penny novelettes may be able to answer.

* * *

ON the 6th July last, the Postal Employees' Travel Association organised a trip up the River Thames on the "Queen Elizabeth." In spite of the cold and changeable weather which prevailed the evening was a great success. A concert was held on board, and the performers were the Tudor Orchestra, The River Glee Party, and several well known vocalists and reciters in the service.

* * *

AT a certain sub-office in the Thames Valley (writes Mr. J. B. Gadd), where a telegraph messenger and also a lad to perform a Station Service (at 3/- weekly) were required, notices were exhibited in the window inviting application for the posts. Subsequently the sub-postmaster reported as follows:—"I have had no one apply for employment at present except Sir Arthur Sullivan. He wanted to be messenger, and he thought his nephew, Mr. Bertie Sullivan, could do the Station Service. *I did not let them start*, and told them they were older than the boys we wanted."

* * *

MR. TOMBS kindly corrects a statement made in Vol. V. of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* (page 97), that Sir Francis Freeling, the Secretary to the Post Office from 1798 to 1836, was buried in St. Mary Redcliffe Church, Bristol. That was a mistake, as Kensal Green Cemetery is the last resting place of the famous Secretary.

* * *

THE Post Office is accustomed to abuse more than praise, therefore when the latter does come along it is prized all the more. But considerateness on the part of the Department has hitherto been regarded as quite an unknown quantity by the general public, and they will therefore read the following with some surprise:—A pensioner recently died, and it was found that a small balance of his pension remained to be paid. This in due course was paid to his brother as next of kin, who was so pleased with the way in which the matter had been carried through that he felt constrained to give expression to his feelings. Not only had he to thank the department, he remarked, for the promptness with which the business had been arranged, but also for the considerateness and delicate feeling it had shown, which he deeply appreciated, in using black-edged envelopes in carrying on the correspondence!

* * *

THROUGH pressure on our space we are compelled to hold over a review of the annual Reports of the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, and Hong Kong Post Offices.

Promotions.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sec.'s Office ...	Lochner, G. J....	Insp., H.M.B. ...	1881; Asst. Clk., '93
" " ...	Hilton, C. F. ...	Regy. Asst. ...	Tel., C.T.O., '88
" " ...	Gribble, J. W. P.	" " ...	Tel., C.T.O., '92
" " ...	Owen, G. ...	" " ...	Sr., S.E., '93
" " ...	Slattery, J. ...	" " ...	Sr., C.O., '93
" " ...	White, J. E. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Manchester, '95
" " ...	Cove, P. P. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Kidderminster, '96; Guildford, '98
" " ...	Jones, R. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Ruabon, '97
" " ...	Clark, D. F. ...	" " ...	C.C. & T., E.C., '89
A.G.D. ...	Swayne, F. T....	Prin. Book-Kr. and Registrar of Bonds	M.O.O., '67; R.A.G.O., '72; Princ. Clk., '88; Acct., '92; Cashier, '00
" ...	Chetwynd, E. W.	Cashier ...	1869; Princ. Clk., '81; Acct., '92
" ...	Maclean, L.W.B.	Acct. ...	Boy Clk., S.B., '69; Est., '71; R.A.G.O., '72; Exr., '92; Asst. Acct., '96
" ...	Farmer, A. ...	Asst. Acct. ...	1870; Exr., '96
" ...	Lee, G. F. ...	" " ...	Boy Clk., S.B., '75; Est., R.A.G.O., '76; Exr., '96
" ...	Green, H. J. ...	Exr. ...	M.T. Co., '69; G.P.O., '70; Hr. Gr., '93
" ...	Rendell, F. ...	" ...	Boy Clk., S.B., '74; Est., '76; R.A.G.O., '80; Hr. Gr., '93
" ...	Hiron, W. W....	" ...	Boy Clk., S.B., '74; Est., '75; R.A.G.O., '83; Hr. Gr., '93
" ...	Batten, H. H....	" ...	Boy Clk., M.O.O., '73; Est., '78; R.A.G.O., '83; Hr. Gr., '93
" C.H.B.	Miss E.M.Carson	Princ. Clk. ...	1881; Clk., 1st Cl., '91
" "B.	" S. Samson...	Clk., 1st Cl. ...	1886
" P.O.B.	" E. L. A. Krumbholz	" " ...	1891
C.T.O. ...	Smith, J. D. ...	Over. and Senr.Tel.	Arbroath, '74; Edin., '78; C.T.O., '87
" ...	Bird, E. ...	" " "	Dublin, '74; C.T.O., '82
" ...	Cowell, G. H. ...	" " "	Rotherham, '74; C.T.O., '83
" ...	Miss E. Cooper .	Asst. Super. Hr. Gr.	U.K.T.Co., '67; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '87
" ...	" S. Ashton...	" " "	U.K.T.Co., '61; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '87

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
C.T.O.	Miss C. Samuel.	Asst. Super.	1873
"	" E. E. Coldwell	" "	1873
"	" A. J. Brown	" "	1873
E. in C.O.	Kempe, H. R....	Prin. Tech. Offr. ...	Engr. Dept., S. Div., '73; E. in C.O., '78; Tech. Offr., 1st Cl., '97
" "	Plummer, T. ...	Tech. Offr., 2nd Cl.	Jr. Clk., '85; Engr., '93; 1st Cl., '97.
" "	Ward, J.	Clk., 1st Cl.	Clk., 2nd Div., '82
" "	Pollock, S. A. ...	Clk., 2nd Cl....	Tel., Belfast, '89; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '94; Clk., '95
" "	Fisher, H. G. ...	" "	E. in C.O., '91; Tel., C.T.O., '93; Clk., E. in C.O., '96
" "	Voller, O....	" "	Tel., E.C., '77; E. in C.O., '80; Clk., T.S.D., '93; E. in C.O., '98
" "	Kerr, W. H. ..	" "	Tel., Edin., '89; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '96; Clk., '98
" "	Crotch, A. ...	Clk., 3rd Cl.	Tel., Norwich, '83; Relay Clk., E. in C.O., '96
" "	Tennant, T. M..	" "	Tel., Edin., '88; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '95
" "	Thomas, F. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Belfast, '92; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '98
" "	Macpherson, H.	" "	S.C. & T., Glasgow, '90; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '99
" "	Watson, D. W...	" "	S.C. & T., Edin., '91; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '99
" "	Vernon, G. H....	" "	S.C. & T., Manchester, '91; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '99
" "	Mercer, C. J. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Folkestone, '92; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '99
" "	Burge, C. W. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Dublin, '93; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '99
" "	Atkinson, J. W.	" "	S.C. & T., B'ham, '93; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '99
" "	Sinclair, W. M...	" "	S.C. & T., Aberdeen, '94; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '99
" "	Brown, H. P. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Newc'le-on-Tyne, '97; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '99
" "	McNair, W. ...	Asst. Supg. Engr. (Provs.)	M.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; Insp., '84; Engr., 1st Cl., '94

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
E. in C.O. ...	Bathurst, N. ...	Engr., 1st Cl. ...	Tel., C.T.O., '71; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '80; Senr. Clk., '92; Engr., '95
" " ...	Crane, J. ...	" " ...	Tel., Burton-on-Trent, '72; Cardiff, '76; Junr. Clk., E. in C.O., '82; Senr. Clk., '87; Engr., '93
" " ...	Chapman, A. E.	" " ...	Tel., C.T.O., '82; Relay Clk., E. in C.O., '91; Engr., '95
" " ...	Laslett, G. ...	Engr., 2nd Cl. ...	Tel., Folkestone, '85; C.T.O., '91; Sub-Engr., E. in C.O., '97
" " ...	Gomersall, E. ...	" " ...	Tel., Leeds, '93; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '96; Clk., '98
" " ...	Halton, R. ...	" " ...	Tel., Manchester, '86; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '94
" " ...	Cowie, F. E. W.	" " ...	Tel., Aberdeen, '85; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '94
" " ...	Blomley, C. ...	Sub. Engr. ...	1883; Clk., Rochdale, '95
" " ...	Stone, H. C. ...	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '85
" " ...	Colegate, G. H.	" ...	S.C. & T., Liverpool, '85
" " ...	Harrison, W. L.	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '85
" " ...	Hatfield, W. A.	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '85
" " ...	Giles, H. W. ...	" ...	Tel., E., '86
" " ...	Beetlestone, M. A.	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '86
" " ...	McNicol, A. J. ...	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '87
" " ...	Mackwick, J. J.	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '87
" " ...	Roberts, P. A. ...	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '87
" " ...	Eagar, H. C. ...	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '88
" " ...	Roberts, A. E. ...	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '89
" " ...	Cockshutt, W. J.	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '90
" " ...	Allen, F. J. ...	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '96
" " ...	Coates, G. A. ...	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '92
" " ...	Hunter, H. J. ...	" ...	L.P.S., '96; C.T.O., '97
" " ...	Beasley, J. B. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Oxford, '83; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '99
" " ...	Davidson, J. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Dundee, '85; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '99
" " ...	Bellwood, G. F.	" ...	S.C. & T., York, '85; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '99
" " ...	Hetherington, T.	" ...	S.C. & T., Chester, '85; Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '99
" " ...	Farrar, S. ...	Relay Clk. ...	S.C. & T., Leeds, '82; Relay Clk. (Lr. Scale), E. in C.O., '99
" " ...	Kemplay, R. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Hull, '82
" " ...	Fraser, A. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Aberdeen, '96
" " ...	Brown, J. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Newcastle-on-Tyne, '89
" " ...	Hewins, H. J. ...	Jr. Clk. (Prov.) ...	S.C. & T., B'ham, '85
" " ...	Wyatt, J. ...	" " ...	" C. & T., Rochdale, '88

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
E. in C.O. ...	Buckland, J. ...	Jr. Clk. (Prov.) ...	S.C. & T., Taunton, '83 Birmingham, '99
" " ...	Smith, D. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Aberdeen, '89
" " ...	Corless, W. H. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Manchester, '89
" " ...	Grocott, J. R. ...	" " ...	S. C. & T., Manchester, '90
" " ..	Lemont, G. A....	" " ...	S.C. & T., Newcastle-on-Tyne, '90
" " ...	Lawson, R. J. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Dundee, '90
" " ...	Johnston, R. R. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Newcastle-on-Tyne, '90
" " ...	Gibbon, A. O....	" " ...	S.C. & T., Liverpool, '90
" " ...	McMurray, C.H.	" " ...	S.C. & T., Pontypridd, '90 ; Cardiff, '92
" " ...	Atkinson, F. W..	" " ...	S.C. & T., Leeds, '91
" " ...	Hay, C. E. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Liverpool, '91
" " ...	Hammond, G.W.	" " ...	S.C. & T., Hull, '91
" " ..	Pollock, C. E. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Newcastle-on-Tyne, '97
" " ...	Aspinall, H. O. .	" " ...	S.C. & T., Manchester, '92
" " ...	Fletcher, J. E....	" " ...	S.C. & T., Stockton-on-Tees, '92
" " ...	Johnston, T. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Newcastle-on-Tyne, '92
" " ...	Innes, G. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Edinburgh, '93
" " ...	Barlow, J. E. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Manchester, '93
" " ...	Evans, T....	" " ...	S.C. & T., Cardiff, '94
" " ...	Shadforth, F. J..	" " ...	S.C. & T., Newcastle-on-Tyne, '94
" " ...	Arundel, D. S....	" " ...	S.C. & T., Nottingham, '95
L.P.S.D., Cont.'s Off.	James, F. ...	Clk., 2nd Cl....	S.C. & T., Newton Abbott, '82; Kingston-on-Thames, '84; Plymouth, '85; Clk., C.O., '93
" Cir. Off.	Tearman, C. J. .	Insp. ...	1875; Sr., '77; Over., '92
" "	Haines, G. W....	" ...	1871; Sr., '72; Wtg. Asst., '85; Over, '87
" "	McCarthy, J. T.	Over. ...	1876; Sr., '81
" "	Merckel, A. ...	" ...	1877; Sr., '80
" W.C.	Miss F. C. Baylis	Super., 4th Cl. ...	1883
" N....	" C. E. Munton	" "	1881
" S.W....	Hull, J. T. C. ...	Over. ...	1882; Sr., '85
" "	Watts, S. ...	" ...	1882; Sr., '85
" "	May, T. P. ...	" ...	1874; Hd. Pn., '96
" "	Sant, W. C. ...	" ...	1870; Lobby Offr., '91
" "	Miss M. G. Pat-	Super., 4th Cl. ...	1871
	more		

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
L.P.S.D., S.W.	Miss E. M. McCarraher	Super., 4th Cl. ...	1871
" " ...	" W. J. M. A. Albrecht	" ...	1873
" " ...	" J. Smith ...	" ...	1873
" " ...	" H. L. Tribe	" ...	1883
" " ...	" M. Meade	" ...	1884
" S.E....	Earle, G. ...	Over. ...	1873; Sr., '76
" " ...	Rixon, J. ...	" ...	1873; Lobby Offr., '88; Hd. Pn., '96
" " ...	Miss C. Dudgeon	Super., 4th Cl. ...	C.T.O., '73; W., '78
" " ...	" C.M.A. Byrne	" ...	1873
" W. ...	Gay, S. G. ...	Insp. ...	1866; Sr., '72; Over., '74
" " ...	Baker, J. ...	Over. ...	1873
" " ...	Miss E. Lebish	Super., 4th Cl. ...	1870
" " ...	" M.M. White	" ...	1881
" " ...	" N.M. Kittle	" ...	1882
" Padd.	Wilkinson, H. ...	Insp. ...	1870; Lobby Offr., '79; Over., '83
" " ...	Gilbraith, W. W.	Over. ...	1877; Sr., '81
" " ...	Forrester, G. F.	" ...	1881; Sr., '85; Hd. Pn., '96
" " ...	Miss A. L. Carter	Super., 4th Cl. ...	1880
" " ...	" E. Whamond	" ...	1881
" " ...	" L. M. Coote	" ...	1881
" N.W.	Mason, J....	Over. ...	1878; Hd. Pn., '84
" " ...	Perry, A. E. ...	" ...	1876; Sr., '79
" " ...	Chaksfield, C. J.	" ...	1876; Over., 2nd Cl., '84; Hd. Pn., '98
" " ...	Miss L. H. Stuart	Super., 4th Cl. ...	1881
" " ...	" A. Stennett	" ...	1884
P.S.D. ...	Gates, C. ...	Clk. ...	Boy Clk., '88; 2nd Div. Clk., M. O. O., '91; Jr. Clk., P.S.D., '95
S.B.D. ...	Miss E. F. Hamblen	Prin. Clk. ...	1882; 1st Cl., '90
" ...	" A. C. Balchier	" ...	1882; 1st Cl., '94
" ...	" L. F. Raybould	" ...	1883; 1st Cl., '94
" ...	" F. S. MacRae	" ...	P. O. B., '83; S.B., '84; 1st Cl., '95
" ...	" A. M. Dixon	Clk., 1st Cl. ...	1890
" ...	" E. R. Scott	" ...	1890
" ...	" F. Brooke	" ...	1890
" ...	" A. R. Paterson	" ...	1890
" ...	" J. Buchanan	" ...	1891
Sur. Dept. ...	Hamilton, W. G.	Sur. ...	R. A. G. O., '70; Sur. Clk., '84; Asst. Sur., '94
" ...	Brown, W. ...	Asst. Sur., 1st Cl. ...	Clk., Gloucester, '78; S.O., '85; Sur. Clk., '86
" ...	Shawfield, E. D.	" ...	Stg. Clk., Glasgow, '81; Sur. Clk., '87; S.O., '96; Asst. Sur., 2nd Cl., '98

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sur. Dept.	Speed, T. G. ...	Sur.'s Travg. Clk....	Tel., Grimsby, '90; Sur. Sta. Clk., '93
„ ...	Harding, P. W.	Sta. Clk.	S.C. & T., Loughboro', '92
T.S.D.	Etheredge, W. J.	Suptg. Exr.	E.T. Co., '69; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Suptg. Exr., '91
„	Percy, S. W. ...	Asst. Suptg. Exr. ...	1870; T.S.D., '78; Exr., 1st Cl., '91
„	Lofthouse, J. ...	„ „	E.T. Co., '63; G.P.O., '70; T.S.D., '78; Exr., 1st Cl., '91
„	Gudgeon, R. W.	„ „	E.T. Co., '63; G.P.O., '70; E. in C.O., '78; T.S.D., '82; Exr., 1st Cl., '91
„	Allen, W. H. ...	„ „	Clk., 2nd Div., '82; Exr., '88; 1st Cl., '91
„	Taylor, J. H. G.	Exr., 1st Cl.	Boy Clk., S. B., '88; Clk., 2nd Div., A.G.D., '91; Exr., T.S.D., '92
„	Honnor, W. J. ...	„ „	Tel., C.T.O., '83; Exr., T.S.D., '92
„	Filmer, T. S. ...	„ „	Tel., C.T.O., '81; Exr., T.S.D., '93
„	Busher, S.... ...	„ „	Tel., C.T.O., '81; Exr., T.S.D., '88
„	Banwell, E. ...	„ „	Tel., C.T.O., '85; Exr., T.S.D., '94

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

Birmingham ...	Hinge, H.... ...	Clk. (P.)	Kingston - on - Thames, '82; B'ham, '87
Bradford, Yks...	Miss F. H. Brown	Super.	1890
Bristol	Oakshott, A. J. H.	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	Tel., Falmouth, '70; Bristol, '76; Clk., '90
„	Bradbeer, R. L.	Clk. (T.)	1874
Burton-on-Trent	Walker, W. H....	Asst. Super.	S.C. & T., Derby, '74; Burton-on-Trent, '81; Clk., '98
„	Miss A. L. Myatt	Super.	1885
Cambridge ...	Bowman, A. J. T.	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	1866; S.C. & T., '68; Clk., '80
„	Sheldrick, J. A...	„ „	1865; S.C. & T., '68; Clk., '98
„	Fulcher, G. ...	Clk. (P.)	1871
„	Haddow, S. J....	„ „	1884; S.C. & T., '86
Cardiff	Miss A. H. S. Trounce	Asst. Super.	1892
Chelmsford ...	Latham, J. ...	Clk.	S.C. & T., Barrow, '80; Dover, '88
Croydon	Pym, E. A. ...	Super.	1875; Clk., '85; Asst. Super., '91
„	Chuter, T. ...	Asst. Super.	1871; Clk., '86

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Guildford	Puttick, H.	Ch. Clk.	1874; Clk., '87; Asst. Super., '97
"	Stedman, W. F.	Asst. Super.	1879; Clk., '92
"	Hutchison, T. L.	Clk.	1882
Hastings	Carter, A.	Asst. Super.	1874; Clk., '88
"	Chivers, W. F.	Clk.	1883
"	Nash, A.	"	1886
"	Miss C. Stone	Super.	1881; Asst. Super., '91
"	Miss J. M. Mitchell	Asst. Super.	1890
Ilford	Vyse, C.	Clk.	S.C. & T., Braintree, '87; Norwich, '91
Ipswich	Rance, H. C.	Super. (P.)	1873; Clk., '90; Asst. Super., '91
"	King, J. W. B.	Asst. Super. (P.)	1860
"	Smith, F. H.	"	1870; Clk., '82
"	Allen, C. E.	"	1879; Clk., '98
"	Abbott, G. F.	Clk. (P.)	1883
"	Flowers, J. H.	"	1884
"	Ralph, R. W. H.	"	1883
"	Lamb, W. K.	Super. (T.)	1871; Clk., '86; Asst. Super., '96
"	Cable, J. E.	Asst. Super. (T.)	1878; Clk., '87
"	Horrex, A. J.	Clk. (T.)	1880
Kingston-on-Thames	Chapman, F. T.	Ch. Clk.	1871; Clk., '87; Ch. Clk., Aldershot, '91
Leeds	Ellis, E.	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (P.)	1870; Clk., '88; Asst. Super., '90
"	Brayshaw, T. H.	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (P.)	1876; Clk., '90
"	Eaton, R.	Clk. (P.)	1873; S.C. & T., '82
"	Garnett, C.	"	1883
Lowestoft	Benstead, R. W.	"	1878
Manchester	Owens, O.	Asst. Super. (P.)	1873; Clk., '93
"	Saul, J. S.	Clk. (P.)	1878
"	Miss E. S. Jewell	Asst. Super.	1877
Merthyr Tydvil	Price, D.	Clk.	1889
Middlesborough	Balcombe, J. J.	Asst. Super.	1873; S.C. & T., '77; Clk. (P.), Sunderland, '91
Newport, Mon.	Miss A. Connor	"	1891
Nottingham	Rushmer, F. T.	Asst. Super. (T.)	1870; Clk., '92
"	Lloyd, E. L.	Clk. (T.)	1872
"	Miss M. N. Knight	Asst. Super.	1885
Oxford	Packford, H. A. T.	Ch. Clk.	1884; Clk., '96; Asst. Super., '97; Super., '98
"	Baylis, R.	Super. (P.)	1882; Clk., Worcester, '91; Asst. Super., Oxford, '99
"	Lucas, A. C.	Asst. Super. (P.)	1880; Clk., '99
"	Hook, T.	Clk. (P.)	Coventry, '79; Oxford, '82
"	Sirett, A.	"	1888
Peterborough	Cornwell, J. W.	"	1882
"	Sillis, J.	Clk. (T.)	1871
"	Baker, F. T.	"	1881

OFFICE	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Plymouth ...	Saunders, J. A.	Clk. (P.) ...	1883
Richmond, Surrey	Bettswood, C. E.	Clk. ...	1886
Rochdale ...	Mather, G. A. ...	„ ...	1886
Rochester ...	Gardener, E. ...	„ ...	1887
Scarborough ...	Dunning, W. ...	Asst. Super. ...	1876; Clk., '91
Sevenoaks ...	Thompson, A. W.	Clk. ...	1886
Sheffield ...	Charlesworth, A. K.	Clk. (T.) ...	1875
„	Miss M. Howard	Asst. Super. ...	1895
Shrewsbury ...	Davies, S. T. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1884
Swansea ...	Richards, G. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	1871; Clk., '90
„	Miss E. A. Howells	Asst. Super. ...	1885
Swindon ...	Rainger, W. ...	Clk. ...	1871
Torquay ...	Tucker, W. G. A.	Ch. Clk. ...	1870; Clk., '86; Asst. Super., '94
„	Collihole, R. ...	Asst. Super. ...	1879; Clk., '91
Wellingboro' ...	Hall, W. A. ...	Clk. ...	S.C. & T., Newcastle-on-Tyne, '84; St. Ives, '90; Clk., Chelmsford, '97
Wisbech ...	Wittlesea, H. W.	„ ...	1883; S.C. & T., '86
York ...	Davies, F. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1882

IRELAND.

Armagh ...	Uprichard, W. H.	Clk. ...	1882
Belfast ...	Weir, W. ...	„ (P.) ...	1885
Dublin, Acct.'s Off.	Bowesman, H. N.	Clk., 2nd Div. (Hr. Gr.)	S.B., '83; A.O., Dub., '85
Limerick ...	Savage, H. J. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	1887; Clk., Mullingar, '92
Londonderry ...	Vincent, B. ...	„ (T.) ...	1879; Clk., '94
„	Gallagher, J. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1883

SCOTLAND.

Ayr ...	Paterson, W. ...	Clk. ...	1879; S.C. & T., '81
„	Hislop, J. G. ...	„ ...	1874; S.C. & T., '84
Coatbridge ...	Bell, W. P. ...	„ ...	1884
Dundee ...	Miss M. E. S. Pithie	Asst. Super. ...	1888
Edinburgh, Acct.'s Off.	Irons, D. ...	Cashier ...	Clk., I.O., '64; A.O., '68; 1st Cl., '92
„	Stewart, J. A. ...	Clk., 1st Cl. ...	1873; Hr. Gr., '94
Glasgow ...	Cameron, M. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	1874; Clk., '96
„	Douglas, J. R. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	Perth, '74; Glasgow, '78
Oban ...	Mitchell, A. R. ...	„ ...	1877
Paisley ...	Day, J. ...	Ch. Clk. ...	1886; Clk., '91

Retirements.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sec.'s Off. ...	Eardley Wilmot, T.	Prin. Clk. (Lr. Sec.)	Clk., '70; 2nd Cl., '78; 1st Cl., '83; Prin. Clk., Lr. Sec., '91
A.G.D. ...	Smith, F. E. ...	Prin. Bk.-Kr. and Registrar of Bonds	U.K.T. Co., '61; G.P.O., '70; Princ. Clk., '77; Princ. Book-Kr., '83
" ...	Goodwin, A. ...	Asst. Acct. ...	Clk., '56; 1st Cl., '75; Asst. Acct., '92
" ...	*Morrish, E. R....	Sr.-Tr. ...	1894
C.T.O. ...	Kelling, F. N....	Over. & Senr. Tel.	1876; Sen. Tel., '97
" ...	Ball, W. T. ...	Tel. ...	1882
" ...	Elvin, C. O. ...	" ...	1888
" ...	Framjee, C. ...	" ...	Sub. Tel.Co., '74; G.P.O., '89
" ...	Miss E. Gloyns .	Super. ...	E.T. Co., '64; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '81; Super., '96
" ...	" M. E. A. E. Morris	Tel. ...	1864
" ...	" E. A. S. Poole	" ...	E.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70
" ...	" R. M. Nash	" ...	1871
" ...	" J. M. McDonald	" ...	1870
L.P.S.D., Cir. Off.	Beattie, G. W....	Sr. ...	1859; Sr., '61
" "	Spaul, S. ...	" ...	1860; Sr., '61
" "	Chapman, H. ...	" ...	1863; Sr., '66
" "	Lousley, R. H. .	" ...	1877; Sr., '81
" "	Oakey, A. C. ...	" ...	1885
" "	Jeffrey, J. ...	" ...	1877; Sr., '92
" "	Atkins, H. E. ...	" ...	1882; Sr., '92
" "	Heath, T....	" ...	Pr.-Sr., S.B., '73; Sr., C.O., '93
" "	*Arters, H....	" ...	1890
" E.C.	Miss E. C. Reeve	C. C. & T. ...	1870
" W.	Salmon, A. H....	Pmr. ...	Clk., '60; 1st Cl., W.C., '76; Asst. Super., '78; Ch. Clk., N.W., '84; S.E., '86; Pmr., N., '87; W., '92
" Padd.	Cracock, E. J. ...	Over. ...	1869; Hd. Pn., '82; Over., '89
" S.W.	Nutland, H. ...	" ...	1871; Wtg. Asst., '85; Over., '87
" "	Miss S. Cook ...	C. C. & T. ...	1870
" "	" C. Wood ...	" ...	E.T. Co., '67; G.P.O., '70

* Awarded a Gratuity.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
L.P.S.D., S.W.	*Miss F. M. Reddall	C. C. & T. ...	Scarborough, '92; L.P.S., '98
M.O.O. ...	,, A. E. K. Fowler	Prin. Clk. ...	Clk., C.H.B., '83; 1st Cl., M.O.O., '98; Prin. Clk., '99
,, ...	,, F. Smith ...	Sr. ...	P.O.B., '85; M.O.O., '98
R.L.O. ...	,, E. W. Daw	Retr. ...	C.T.O., '82; R.L.O., '86
,, ...	,, K. Churchman	,, ...	L.P.S., '84; R.L.O., '91
S.B.D. ...	Sherburn, H. A..	1st Cl. Clk. ...	Clk., '69; 1st Cl., '99
,, ...	Miss K. M. A. Webb	,, ,,	1881; 1st Cl., '92
,, ...	,, A. S. McBlain	Clk. ...	1879

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

Bath ...	Rodman, E. ...	Ch. Clk. ...	1859; Jr. Clk., '63; Clk., '73; Super., '91; Ch. Clk., '91
,, ...	Nash, T. J. ...	Clk. ...	1858; Clk., '74
Brecon ...	Miss E. J. Cunningham	S.C. & T. ...	1889
Brighton ...	Field, J. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1870; Clk., '91
Cambridge ...	Lambert, J. ...	Pmr. ...	Clk., Stamford, '53; Sr., '56; Clk., '59; Ch.Clk., Sheffield, '68; Pmr., Lincoln, '86; Camb'ge, '91
Crediton ...	Stoye, W....	,, ...	1872
Hull... ..	Major, W....	Asst. Super. ...	1865; Clk., '79; Asst. Super., '91
Leeds ...	Hart, C. ...	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (P.) ...	1863; Clk., '74; Asst. Super., '81; 1st Cl., '90.
,, ...	Sparks, S. G. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.) ...	M.T. Co., '58; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '82; Asst. Super., '90
,, ...	Braham, D. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1870; Clk., '92
Leicester... ..	Page, J. ...	Insp. of Postmen...	S.C. & T., '76; Insp., '92
Maidenhead ...	Winkup, J. L. ...	Pmr. ...	Clk., Bury St. Edmunds, '63; Pmr., Barnet, '84; Maidenhead, '95
Manchester ...	Mrs. A. Morgan ..	S.C. & T. ...	1882
,, ...	Miss C. J. Godby	,, ...	1883
Merthyr Tydvil	Wilkins, F. ...	Clk. ...	1882; Clk., '92
Middlesboro' ...	Miss A. A. Mackinnon	S.C. & T. ...	1882
Newcastle-on-Tyne	Lisle, A. S. ...	,, ...	1882
,, ...	Sargent, L. S. ...	,, ...	Epsom, '87; N'castle, '94.
Oxford ...	Yarnton, H. ...	Clk. ...	1859; Clk., '87
Poole ...	Wood, G....	Pmr. ...	Sr., '57; Clk., Brighton, '73; Pmr., Sheerness, '89; Poole, '92

RETIREMENTS.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Ripon	Burdon, H. ...	Pmr.	M.T. Co., '61; G.P.O., '70; Clk., M'chester, '90; Pmr., Ripon, '92
Rochester ...	Sharp, J. J. ...	"	Clk., '61; Pmr., '67
Soham	Smith, J.	"	1852; Pmr., '66
Southampton ...	Staveley, J. R. ...	S.C. & T.	1871
"	Miss A. V. Tubbs	Tel.	1890
Stourbridge ...	Hart, A.	S.C. & T.	1869; S.C. & T., '71
Truro	Palmer, R. E. ...	Pmr.	Sur. Sta. Clk., '52; Pmr., Truro, '70

IRELAND.

Dublin, A.O. ...	Miss K. A. O'Brien	Clk.	A.G.D., Lon., '84; A.O., Dub., '97
" Tel. Off.	Hiron, W. ...	Asst. Super., 1st Cl.	E.T. Co., '58; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '81; Asst. Super., '91; 1st Cl., '92
" Stg. Off.	Duggan, J. H. ...	Clk.	1884; Clk., '98
"	Wright, J. ...	S.C. & T.	Londonderry, '75; Dub., '81

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh, A.O.	Mrs. M. W. Dowling	Super.	1871
" ...	McCracken, J. C.	S.C. & T.	1882
" ...	Wilson, A. G. ...	"	1885
" ...	*Dryburgh, A. ...	"	1899
" ...	Miss C. McKenzie	Tel. "	1883
Inverness ...	Macdonald, J. J. W.	S.C. & T.	1891
Lanark	Miss E. Ballantyne	Pms.	Clk., '57; Pms., '75

* Awarded a Gratuity.

Deaths.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sec.'s Off. ...	Webb, W. J. ...	Clk., 3rd Cl., Supply. Est.	Boy Clk., '89; Clk., 2nd Div., M.O.O., '91; Clk., S.O., '94
" ...	Woollacott, E. S.	" "	Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '95; Clk., S.O., '98
A.G.D. ...	*Harris, E....	Sr. Tr. ...	1896
C.T.O. ...	Haggerty, E. ...	Asst. Super. ...	1871; Sen. Tel., '87; Asst. Super., '97
" ...	Parker, T....	Over. & Sen. Tel....	1864; Sen. Tel., '84
" ...	Davies, H. A. B.	" "	1870; Sen. Tel., '90
" ...	*Frew, W. F. ...	Tel. ...	1880
" ...	Broadway, R. H.	" "	1883
" ...	Miss E. M. Emes	" "	1887
E. in C.O. ...	Cooper, M. ...	Prin. Tech. Offr. ...	E.T. Co., '61; G.P.O., '70; E. in C.O., '78; Tech. Offr., 1st Cl., '87; Suptg. Engr., '97; Prin. Tech. Offr., '99
L.P.S., Cir. Off.	Barker, H. ...	Sr. ...	1874
" "	Duncombe, J. T.	Sr. ...	1889
" "	Field, J. ...	" "	1899
" W.	Clark, C. ...	Insp. ...	1862; Over., '74; Insp., '90
" Padd.	Hunter, T. F. ...	" "	1867; Over., '82; Insp., '99
" S.E.	Caney, P. ...	Sr. ...	1887; Sr., '92
S.B....	Renouf, L.H. ...	Clk., 2nd Div. ...	Sub. Tel. Co., '80; G.P.O., '89
Barnsley ...	Pierrepont, C. ...	S.C. & T. ...	M.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70
Grimsby ...	Wyatt, E. H. ...	" "	Southampton, '93; Grimsby, '95
Halifax ...	Fowler, D. ...	" "	1878
Hull... ..	Curtis, R. C. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	Stg. Clk., '66; Insp. of Pr., '76; Clk., '80; Asst. Super., '91
Jersey ...	Leat, T. M. ...	Clk. ...	1872; Clk., '92
Leeds ...	Hall, T. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1870
Liverpool ...	Jacobs, W. H. ...	" "	1897
Manchester ...	Weston, G. H. ...	" "	1892
Nottingham ...	Stevens, A. ...	Asst. Super. (T.)...	E. T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '91; Asst. Super, '98
Sheffield ...	Cookson, H. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1871; Clk., '95
Sutton, Surrey	Church, C. B. ...	" "	1886; Clk., '92
Wareham ...	Cooper, W. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1887
York ...	Clough, W. H. ...	" "	1889
Dublin ...	Daly, O. ...	" "	1870; S.C. & T., '81
" "	Lowther, E. ...	" "	1872
Aberdeen ...	Milne, A. ...	" "	1883
Edinburgh ...	Boyle, E. ...	" "	1897
Inverary ...	Mrs. M. A. Rose	Pms. ...	1880
Musselburgh ...	Sutherland, J. A.	S.C. & T. ...	1894
Port Ellen ...	Sinclair, M. ...	Pmr. ...	1894

Postmasters Appointed.

OFFICE.	NAME.	PREVIOUS APPOINTMENTS.
Bishop Auckland Bracknell	Rose, H. Paton, T. W.	Clk., N. Shields; Ch. Clk., Durham S.C. & T., Clk., Ch. Clk., North Shields
Camelford Crediton	Mrs. G. P. Evelyn Williams, T.	S.C. & T., Oxford, Leeds; C.C. & T., E.C.
Dukinfield Hitchin Kendal	Lydford, W. Willis, G. Graham, R.	S.C. & T., Hungerford, Wallingford Sr., Over., Insp., L.P.S. S.C. & T., Clk., Asst. Super., Ch. Clk., Oxford
Kington Margate	Cox, W. H. Rose, J.	S.C. & T., Falmouth Tel., Glasgow, Aberdeen; Sur. Clk.; Clk., S.O.
Newark Uxbridge	Heath, R. Baker, J. W.	Clk., Ch. Clk., Torquay S.C. & T., Clk., Rotherham; Pmr., Nantwich, Pembroke Dock
Wantage Wellington, Salop	Wood, W. J. Chambers, W. H. A. B. McD.	Lobby Messr.; Over., L.P.S. Clk., Asst. Super., Chester; Pmr., Pontefract
Abbeyleix Craigellachie	Coen, J. MacPherson, J. M.	S.C. & T., Galway; Tel., C.T.O. Tel., Edinburgh; S.C. & T., Inver- ness
Glasgow	Seton, B. W.	Clk., R.A.G.O.; Sur. Clk.; 1st Cl.; Sur.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Acct., Accountant; Asst., Assistant; C.C. & T., Counter Clerk and Telegraphist; Ch., Chief; Cl., Class; Clk., Clerk; Cont., Controller; Div., Division; Engr., Engineer; Exr., Examiner; Gr., Grade; Hd., Head; Hr., Higher; Insp., Inspector; Jr., Junior; Lr., Lower; Offr., Officer; Over., Overseer; P., Postal; Pn., Postman; Pmr., Postmaster; Pms., Postmistress; Pr.-Kr., Paper-Keeper; Prin., Principal; Prob., Probationary; Prov., Provinces; Retr., Returner; Sec.'s, Secretary's; Senr., Senior; S.C. & T., Sorting Clerk and Telegraphist; Sr., Sorter; Stg., Sorting; Sta., Stationary; Supply., Supplementary; Sur., Surveyor; Super., Superintendent or Supervisor; Tech., Technical; Tel., Telegraphist; Temp., Temporary; Tr., Tracer; Wtg., Writing.

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